

THE

god 3

WORKS

OF

Jonathan Swift, D. D.

Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin.

VOLUME III. PART I.

LONDON,

Printed for C. BATHURST, in Fleetstreet.

MDCCLV.

THE

WORKS

OF



OF ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN

VOLUME III. PART I.

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MDCCLXXV

C O N T E N T S

Of the HISTORY of JOHN BULL.

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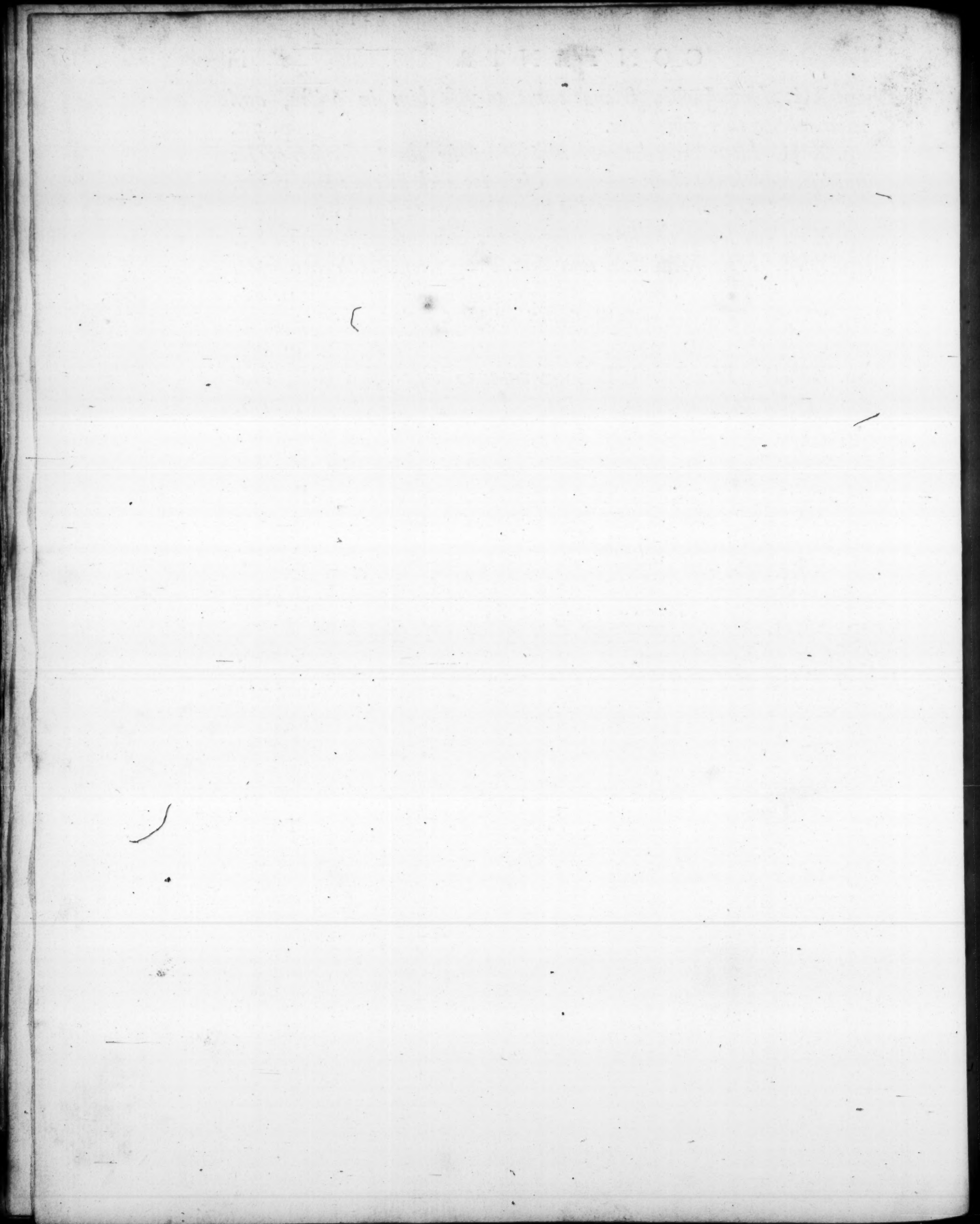
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THE



Law is a Bottomless Pit.

O R,
T H E H I S T O R Y
O F
J O H N B U L L.

Published from

A Manuscript found in the Cabinet of the famous Sir *H. Pole-*
worth, in the Year 1712.

LAND IS A BOTTOMLESS TREASURE
OR
THE HISTORY
OF
JOHN BULL

A Manuscript found in the Library of the House of Commons
written in the Year 1714

THE PREFACE.

WHEN I was first called to the office of historiographer to *John Bull*, he expressed himself to this purpose: *Sir Humphry Poleworth**, I know you are a plain-dealer; it is for that reason I have chosen you for this important trust; speak the truth, and spare not. That I might fulfil those his honourable intentions, I obtained leave to repair to, and attend him in his most secret retirements; and I put the journals of all transactions into a strong box, to be opened at a fitting occasion, after the manner of the historiographers of some *eastern* monarchs: this I thought was the safest way; though I declare I was never afraid to be *choped*† by my master for telling of truth. It is from those journals that my memoirs are compiled: therefore let not posterity a thousand years hence look for truth in the voluminous annals of pedants, who are entirely ignorant of the secret springs of great actions; if they do, let me tell them they will be *nebused*‡.

With incredible pains have I endeavoured to copy the several beauties of the § ancient and modern historians; the impartial temper of *Herodotus*; the gravity, austerity, and strict morals of *Thucydides*, the extensive knowledge of *Xenophon*, the sublimity and grandeur of *Titus Livius*; and to avoid the careless style of *Polybius*, I have borrowed considerable ornaments from *Dionysius Halicarnassensis* and *Diodorus Siculus*. The *specious gilding* of *Tacitus* I have endeavoured to shun. *Mariana*, *Davila*, and *Fra. Paulo*, are those amongst the moderns, whom I thought most worthy of imitation; but I cannot be so disingenuous, as not to own the infinite obligations I have to the *Pilgrims Progress* of *John Bunyan*, and the *Tenter Belly* of the reverend *Joseph Hall*.

* A member of parliament, eminent for a certain cant in his conversation; of which there is a good deal in this book.

† A cant word of *sir Humphry's*.

‡ Another cant word, signifying *deceived*.

§ A parody on *Boyer's* preface to his *History of queen Anne*.

From such encouragement and helps, it is easy to guess to what a degree of perfection I might have brought this great work, had it not been nipt in the bud by some illiterate people in both *houses of parliament*, who envying the great figure I was to make in future ages, under pretence of raising money for the war, have padlocked* all those very pens that were to celebrate the actions of their heroes, by silencing at once the whole university of *Grub-street*. I am persuaded that nothing but the prospect of an approaching *peace* could have encouraged them to make so bold a step. But suffer me, in the name of the rest of the matriculates of that famous university, to ask them some plain questions: Do they think that peace will bring along with it the golden age? Will there be never a dying speech of a traitor? Are *Cethegus* and *Catiline* turned so tame, that there will be no opportunity to cry about the streets, *A dangerous plot*? Will peace bring such plenty, that no gentleman will have occasion to go upon the highway, or break into a house? I am sorry, that the world should be so much imposed upon by the dreams of a *false prophet*, as to imagine the *Millennium* is at hand. *O Grub-street!* thou fruitful nursery of towering genius's! How do I lament thy downfall? Thy ruin could never be meditated by any who meant well to *english liberty*: no modern *Lyceum* will ever equal thy glory: whether in soft pastorals thou didst sing the flames of pampered apprentices and coy cook-maids; or mournful ditties of departing lovers; or if to *Maeonian* strains thou raisedst thy voice, to record the stratagems, the arduous exploits, and the nocturnal scalade of needy heroes, the terror of your peaceful citizens, describing the powerful *Betty* or the artful *Picklock*, or the secret caverns and grotto's of *Vulcan* sweating at his forge, and stamping the queen's image on viler metals, which he retales for beef, and pots of ale: or if thou wert content in simple narrative to relate the cruel acts of im-

* Act restraining the liberty of the press, etc. which was passed in 1712; and the peace of *Utrecht*, concluded in 1713.

P R E F A C E.

placable revenge, or the complaints of ravished virgins blushing to tell their adventures before the listening crowd of city damsels; whilst in thy faithful history thou interminglest the gravest counsels and the purest morals. Nor less acute and piercing wert thou in thy search and pompous description of the works of nature; whether in proper and emphatick terms thou didst paint the blazing comet's fiery tail, the stupendous force of dreadful thunder and earthquakes, and the unrelenting inundations. Sometimes, with *Machiavelian* sagacity, thou unravelledst intrigues of state, and the traiterous conspiracies of rebels, giving wise counsel to monarchs. How didst thou move our terror and our pity with thy passionate scenes between *Jack-Catch* and the heroes of the *Old-Bailey*! How didst thou describe their intrepid march up *Holborn-hill*! Nor didst thou shine less in thy theological capacity, when thou gavest ghostly counsel to dying felons, and didst record the guilty pangs of sabbath-breakers. How will the noble arts of *John Overton's** painting and sculpture now languish! where rich invention, proper expression, correct design, divine attitudes, and artful contrast, heightened with the beauties of *Clar. Obscur.* embellished thy celebrated pieces, to the delight and astonishment of the judicious multitude! Adieu, persuasive eloquence! the quaint metaphor, the poignant irony, the proper epithet, and the lively simile, are fled for ever! Instead of these, we shall have, *I know not what!*—*The illiterate will tell the rest with pleasure*†!

I hope, the reader will excuse this digression, due by way of condolence to my worthy brethren of *Grub-street* for the approaching barbarity that is likely to overspread all its regions by this oppressive and exorbitant tax. It has been my good fortune

* The engraver of the cuts before the *Grub-street* papers.

† Vid. the preface to four sermons by *William Fleetwood* bishop of *St. Asaph*, printed in 1712; where having displayed the *beautiful and pleasing prospect* which was opened by the war, he

complains that the spirit of discord had given us in its stead—*I know not what*—*Our enemies will tell the rest with pleasure*. This preface was by order of the house of commons burnt by the hangman in *Palace-yard, Westminster*.

to receive my education there; and so long as I preserved some figure and rank amongst the learned of that society, I scorned to take my degree either at *Utrecht* or *Leyden*, though I was offered it *gratis* by the professors in those universities.

And now, that posterity may not be ignorant in what age so excellent a history was written (which would otherwise, no doubt, be the subject of its enquiries) I think it proper to inform the learned of future times, that it was compiled when *Lewis* the XIVth was king of *France*, and *Philip* his grandson of *Spain*; when *England* and *Holland*, in conjunction with the emperor and the allies, entered into a war against these two princes, which lasted ten years under the management of the duke of *Marlborough*, and was put to a conclusion by the treaty of *Utrecht* under the ministry of the earl of *Oxford* in the year 1713.

Many at that time did imagine the history of *John Bull*, and the personages mentioned in it, to be *allegorical*, which the author would never own. Notwithstanding; to indulge the reader's fancy and curiosity, I have printed at the bottom of the page the *supposed* allusions of the most obscure parts of the story.

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THE HISTORY OF JOHN BULL.

CHAP. I.

The occasion of the law-suit.

I NEED not tell you of the great quarrels, that have happened in our neighbourhood since the death of the late lord *Strutt*¹; how the parson², and a³ cunning attorney, got him to settle his estate upon his cousin⁴ *Philip Baboon* to the great disappointment of his cousin⁵ esquire *South*. Some stick not to say, that the parson and the attorney forged a will, for which they were well paid by the family of the *Baboons*: let that be as it will, it is matter of fact, that the honour and estate have continued ever since in the person of *Philip Baboon*.

You know, that the lord *Strutts* have for many years been possess'd of a very great landed estate, well-conditioned, wooded, watered, with coal, salt, tin, copper, iron, &c. all within themselves; that it has been the misfortune of that family to be the property of their stewards, tradesmen, and inferior servants, which has brought great incumbrances upon them; at the same time, their not abating

¹ *Charles II. of Spain* died without issue, and

² *Card. Portocarero* and the

³ *Marshal of Harcourt*, employed, as is supposed, by the *House of Bourbon*, prevailed upon him to make a will, by which he settled the

succession of the *Spanish* monarchy upon

⁴ *Philip of Bourbon Duke of Anjou*, though his right had by the most solemn renunciations been barred in favour of

⁵ the *Archduke Charles of Austria*;

of their expensive way of living has forced them to mortgage their best manors: it is credibly reported, that the butchers and bakers bill of a lord *Strutt*, that lived two hundred years ago, are not yet paid.

When *Philip Baboon* came first to the possession of the lord *Strutt's* estate, his tradesmen, as is usual upon such occasions, waited upon him to wish him joy and bespeak his custom: the two chief were ⁶ *John Bull* the clothier, and ⁷ *Nic. Frog* the linen-draper: they told him, that the *Bulls* and *Frogs* had served the lord *Strutts* with drapery-ware for many years; that they were honest and fair dealers; that their bills had never been questioned; that the lord *Strutts* lived generously, and never used to dirty their fingers with pen, ink, and counters; that his lordship might depend upon their honesty; that they would use him as kindly, as they had done his predecessors. The young lord seem'd to take all in good part, and dismissed them with a deal of seeming content, assuring them he did not intend to change any of the honourable maxims of his predecessors.

CHAP. II.

How Bull and Frog grew jealous, that the lord Strutt intended to give all his custom to his grandfather Lewis Baboon¹.

IT happened unfortunately for the peace of our neighbourhood, that this young lord had an old cunning rogue, or (as the *Scots* call it) a *false loon*, of a grandfather, that one might justly call a *Jack of all trades*²; sometimes you would see him behind his counter selling broad-cloth, sometimes measuring linen; next day he would be dealing in mercery-ware; high heads, ribbons, gloves, fans, and lace, he understood to a nicety; *Charles Mather* could

⁶ the *English* and

⁷ the *Dutch* congratulated *Philip* upon a succession, which they were not able to prevent: but to disappoint the ambition of

¹ *Lewis the XIV*, and hinder the *French* nation, whose

² *trade and character* are thus described, and whose king had a

not bubble a young beau better with a toy; nay, he would descend even to the selling of tape, garters, and shoebuckles: when shop was shut up, he would go about the neighbourhood, and earn half a crown by teaching the young men and maids to dance. By these methods he had acquired immense riches, which he used to squander³ away at back-sword, quarter-staff, and cudgel-play, in which he took great pleasure, and challenged all the country. You will say it is no wonder if *Bull* and *Frog* should be jealous of this fellow. "It is not impossible (says *Frog* to *Bull*) but this old rogue will take the management of the young lord's business into his hands; besides the rascal has good ware, and will serve him as cheap as any body. In that case, I leave you to judge what must become of us and our families; we must starve, or turn journey-men to old *Lewis Baboon*; therefore, neighbour, I hold it adviseable, that we write to young lord *Strutt* to know the bottom of this matter."

CHAP. III.

A copy of Bull and Frog's letter to lord Strutt.

MY LORD,

I Suppose your lordship knows, that the *Bulls* and the *Frogs* have served the lord *Strutts* with all sorts of drapery-ware time out of mind: and whereas we are jealous, not without reason, that your lordship intends henceforth to buy of your grandfire old *Lewis Baboon*; this is to inform your lordship, that this proceeding does not suit with the circumstances of our families, who have lived and made a good figure in the world by the generosity of the lord *Strutts*. Therefore we think fit to acquaint your lordship, that you must find sufficient *security*⁴ to us, our heirs and assigns, that you will

³ *strong disposition to war*, from becoming too potent, an alliance was formed to "procure a reasonable satisfaction to the house of *Austria*

"for its pretensions to the *Spanish* succession, and sufficient

⁴ "security to *England* and *Holland* for their

not employ *Lewis Baboon*; or else we will take our remedy at law, clap an action upon you of 20,000*l.* for old debts, seize and distrain your goods and chattels, which, considering your lordship's circumstances, will plunge you into difficulties, from which it will not be easy to extricate yourself; therefore we hope, when your lordship has better considered on it, you will comply with the desire of

Your loving friends,

JOHN BULL,
NIC. FROG.

Some of *Bull's* friends advised him to take gentler methods with the young lord; but *John* naturally loved rough play. It is impossible to express the surprize of the lord *Strutt* upon the receipt of this letter; he was not flush in *ready* either to go to law, or clear old debts, neither could he find good bail: he offered to bring matters to a friendly accommodation; and promised upon his word of honour, that he would not change his drapers; but all to no purpose, for *Bull* and *Frog* saw clearly that old *Lewis* would have the cheating of him.

CHAP. IV.

How Bull and Frog went to law with lord Strutt about the premises, and were joyned by the rest of the tradesmen.

ALL endeavours of accommodation between lord *Strutt* and his drapers proved vain; jealousies increased, and indeed it was rumoured abroad, that lord *Strutt* had bespoke his new liveries of old *Lewis Baboon*. This coming to Mrs *Bull's* ears, when *John Bull* came home, he found all his family in an uproar. Mrs. *Bull*

"dominions, navigation, and commerce, and
"to prevent the union of the two monarchies
"France and Spain." To effect these purposes,

queen *Ann* was by
"the parliament precipitated into the war as a
principal. Among her allies were

you

you must know, was very apt to be cholerick. "You sot, says she, "you loiter about ale-houses and taverns, spend your time at billiards, ninepins, or puppet-shows, or flaunt about the streets in your new gilt chariot, never minding me nor your numerous family. Don't you hear how lord *Strutt* has bespoke his liveries at *Lewis Baboon's* shop? Don't you see how that old fox steals away your customers, and turns you out of your business every day, and you sit like an idle drone with your hands in your pockets? Fie upon't! up man, rouze thyself; I'll sell to my shift, before I'll be so used by that knave." You must think Mrs. *Bull* had been pretty well tuned up by *Frog*, who chimed in with her learned harangue. No further delay now, but to council learned in the law they go, who unanimously assured them both of the justice and infallible success of their law-suit.

I told you before, that old *Lewis Baboon* was a sort of a *Jack of all trades*, which made the rest of the tradesmen jealous, as well as *Bull* and *Frog*; they hearing of the quarrel were glad of an opportunity of joining against old *Lewis Baboon*, provided that *Bull* and *Frog* would bear the charges of the suit; even lying *Ned*,² the chimney-sweeper of *Savoy*, and *Tom*,³ the *Portugal* dustman, put in their claims; and the cause was put into the hands of ⁴ *Humphry Hocus* the attorney.

A declaration was drawn up to shew "That *Bull* and *Frog* had "undoubted right by prescription to be drapers to the lord *Strutts*; "that there were several old contracts to that purpose; that *Lewis Baboon* had taken up the trade of clothier and draper, without "serving his time or purchasing his freedom; that he sold goods, "that were not marketable, without the stamp; that he himself "was more fit for a bully than a tradesman, and went about through "all the country fairs challenging people to fight prizes, wrestling "and cudgel-play;" and abundance more to this purpose.

² the Duke of Savoy and

³ the King of Portugal; and

⁴ John Churchill Duke of Marlborough was appointed general in chief of the confederate army.

CHAP. V.

The true characters of John Bull, Nic. Frog, and Hocus.

FOR the better understanding the following history, the reader ought to know, that *Bull*, in the main, was an honest plain-dealing fellow, cholerick, bold, and of a very unconstant temper; he dreaded not old *Lewis* either at back-sword, single faulchion, or cudgel-play; but then he was very apt to quarrel with his best friends, especially if they pretended to govern him: if you flatter'd him you might lead him like a child. *John's* temper depended very much upon the air; his spirits rose and fell with the weather-glass. *John* was quick, and understood his business very well; but no man alive was more careless in looking into his accounts, or more cheated by partners, apprentices, and servants. This was occasioned by his being a boon companion, loving his bottle and his diversion; for, to say truth, no man kept a better house than *John*, nor spent his money more generously. By plain and fair dealing *John* had acquired some plumbs, and might have kept them, had it not been for his unhappy law-suit.

NIC. FROG was a cunning sly whoreson, quite the reverse of *John* in many particulars; covetous, frugal; minded domestic affairs; would pinch his belly to save his pocket; never lost a farthing by careless servants, or bad debtors. He did not care much for any sort of diversions, except tricks of *high german* artists, and *leger-de-main*: no man exceeded *Nic.* in these; yet it must be owned, that *Nic.* was a fair dealer, and in that way acquired immense riches.

HOCUS was an old cunning attorney; and though this was the first considerable suit, that ever he was engaged in, he shewed himself superior in address to most of his profession: he kept always good clerks, he loved money, was smooth-tongued, gave good words, and seldom lost his temper: he was not worse than an infidel,

fidel, for he provided plentifully for his family; but he loved himself better than them all: the neighbours reported, that he was hen-pecked; which was impossible by such a mild-spirited woman, as his wife was.

CHAP. VI.

Of the various success of the law-suit.

LAW is a bottomless pit; it is a cormorant, a harpy, that devours everything. *John Bull* was flatter'd by the lawyers, that his suit would not last above a year or two at most; that before that time he would be in quiet possession of his business: yet ten long years did *Hocus* steer his cause through all the meanders of the law, and all the courts. No skill, no address was wanting; and, to say truth, *John* did not starve his cause; there wanted not yellow-boys to fee counsel, hire witnesses, and bribe juries: lord *Strutt* was generally cast, never had one verdict in his favour; ¹ and *John* was promised that the next, and the next, would be the final determination; but alas! that final determination and happy conclusion was like an enchanted island, the nearer *John* came to it, the further it went from him: new trials upon new points still arose; new doubts, new matters to be cleared; in short, lawyers seldom part with so good a cause, till they have got the oyster, and their clients the shell. *John's* ready money, book-debts, bonds, mortgages, all went into the lawyers pockets: then *John* began to borrow money upon *Bank-stock* and *East-India* bonds; now and then a farm went to pot: at last ² it was thought a good expedient to set up esquire *South's* title, to prove the will forg'd, and dispossess *Philip* lord *Strutt* at once. Here again was a new field for the law-

¹ The war was carried on against *France* and *Spain* with great success, and a peace might have been concluded upon the principles of the alliance; but a partition of the *Spanish* dominions in favour of the house of *Austria*, and an engagement that the same person

should never be king of *France* and *Spain*, were not now thought sufficient.

² It was insisted, that the will in favour of *Philip* was contrary to treaty; and there was a parliamentary declaration for continuing the war, till he should be dethroned.

yers, and the cause grew more intricate than ever. *John* grew madder and madder; wherever he met any of lord *Strutt's* servants, he tore off their cloaths: now and then you would see them come home naked, without shoes, stockings, and linen. As for old *Lewis Baboon*, he was reduced to his last shift, though he had as many as any other: his children were reduced from rich silks to *Doily* stuffs, his servants in rags, and bare-footed; instead of good victuals, they now lived upon neck-beef, and bullock's liver: in short, no-body got much by the matter, but the men of law.

CHAP. VII.

How John Bull was so mightily pleased with his success, that he was going to leave off his trade, and turn lawyer.

IT is wisely observed by a great philosopher, that habit is a second nature: this was verified in the case of *John Bull*, who, from an honest and plain tradesman, had got such a haunt about the courts of justice, and such a jargon of law-words, that he concluded himself as able a lawyer as any that pleaded at the bar, or sat on the bench: he was overheard one day talking to himself after this manner. “How capriciously does fate or chance dispose of mankind? How seldom is that business allotted to a man, for which he is fitted by nature? It is plain, I was intended for a man of law: how did my guardians mistake my genius in placing me, like a mean slave, behind a counter? Bless me! what immense estates these fellows raise by the law? Besides, it is the profession of a gentleman. What a pleasure is it to be victorious in a cause? to swagger at the bar? What a fool am I to drudge any more in this woollen trade? for a lawyer I was born, and a lawyer I will be; one is never too old to learn.” All this while *John* had conned over such a catalogue of hard

^a The manners and sentiments of the nation became extravagant and chimerical.

words,

words, as were enough to conjure up the devil; these he used to babble indifferently in all companies, especially at coffee-houses; so that his neighbour tradesmen began to shun his company as a man that was cracked. Instead of the affairs of *Blackwell-hall*, and price of broad cloath, wool and bayfes, he talks of nothing but *actions upon the case, returns, capias, alias capias, demurrers, venire facias, replevins, supersedeas's, certiorari's, writs of error, actions of trover and conversion, trespasses, precipe's and dedimus*. This was matter of jest to the learned in law; however, *Hocus*, and the rest of the tribe, encourag'd *John* in his fancy, assuring him, that he had a great genius for law; that they questioned not, but in time he might raise money enough by it to reimburse him all his charges; that if he studied, he would undoubtedly arrive to the dignity of a lord chief justice²: as for the advice of honest friends and neighbours, *John* despised it; he looked upon them as fellows of a low genius, poor groveling mechanicks; *John* reckon'd it more honour to have got one favourable verdict, than to have sold a bale of broad-cloth. As for *Nic. Frog*, to say the truth, he was more prudent; for though he followed his law-suit closely, he neglected not his ordinary business, but was both in court and in his shop at the proper hours.

CHAP. VIII.

How John discovered, that Hocus had an intrigue with his wife; and what followed thereupon.

JOHN had not run on a madding so long, had it not been for an extravagant bitch of a wife, whom *Hocus* perceiving *John* to be fond of, was resolved to win over to his side. It is a true saying, *that the last man of the parish, that knows of his cuckoldom, is himself*. It was observed by all the neighbourhood, that

² Hold the balance of power.

Hocus had dealings with *John's* wife¹, that were not so much for his honour; but this was perceived by *John* a little too late: she was a luxurious jade, loved splendid equipages, plays, treats, and balls, differing very much from the sober manners of her ancestors, and by no means fit for a tradesman's wife. *Hocus* fed her extravagancy (what was still more shameful) with *John's* own money. Every body said, that *Hocus* had a month's mind to her body; be that as it will, it is matter of fact, that upon all occasions she run out extravagantly on the praise of *Hocus*. When *John* used to be finding fault with his bills, she used to reproach him as ungrateful to his greatest benefactor; one that had taken so much pains in his law-suit, and retrieved his family from the oppression of old *Lewis Baboon*. A good swinging sum of *John's* readiest cash went towards building of *Hocus's* country-house². This affair between *Hocus* and Mrs. *Bull* was now so open, that all the world were scandalized at it; *John* was not so clod-pated, but at last he took the hint.³ The parson of the parish preaching one day with more zeal than sense against adultery⁴, Mrs. *Bull* told her husband, that he was a very uncivil fellow to use such coarse language before people of condition; that *Hocus* was of the same mind; and that they would join to have him turned out of his living for using personal reflections. "How do you mean, says *John*, by personal reflections? I hope in God, wife, he did not reflect upon you?" "No, thank God, my reputation is too well established in the world to receive any hurt from such a foul-mouthed scoundrel as he; his doctrine tends only to make husbands tyrants, and

¹ And it was believed, that the general tampered with the parliament,

² who settled upon him the manor of *Woodstock*, and afterwards entailed that, with 5000 *l. per annum*, payable out of the Post-office, to descend with his honours; over and above this an immense sum was expended in building *Blenheim House*. About this time (Nov. 6, 1709)

³ Dr. *Henry Sacheverel* preached a sermon against popular resistance of regal authority.

⁴ The house of commons voted this sermon a libel on her majesty and her government, the revolution, the protestant succession, and the parliament; they impeached him of high crimes and misdemeanours; he was silenced for three years, and the sermon burnt by the hangman.

“wives slaves; must we be shut up, and husbands left to their
 “liberty? Very pretty indeed! a wife must never go abroad with
 “a Platonick to see a play or a ball; she must never stir without
 “her husband; nor walk in *Spring-garden* with a cousin. I do
 “say, husband, and I will stand by it, that without the innocent
 “freedoms of life, matrimony would be a most intolerable state;
 “and that a wife’s virtue ought to be the result of her own rea-
 “son, and not of her husband’s government; for my part, I
 “would scorn a husband that would be jealous, if he saw a fel-
 “low a-bed with me ⁵.” All this while *John*’s blood boiled in
 his veins: he was now confirmed in all his suspicions; jade, bitch,
 and whore were the best words, that *John* gave her ⁶. Things went
 from better to worse, till Mrs. *Bull* aimed a ⁷ knife at *John*, though
John threw a bottle ⁸ at her head very brutally indeed ⁹: and after
 this, there was nothing but confusion: bottles, glasses, spoons,
 plates, knives, forks, and dishes flew about like dust; the result of
 which was, that ¹⁰ Mrs. *Bull* received a bruise in her right side, of
 which she died half a year after. The bruise imposthumated, and
 afterwards turned to a stinking ulcer, which made every body shy
 to come near her; yet she wanted not the help of many able phy-
 sicians, who attended very diligently, and did what men of skill
 could do: but all to no purpose, for her condition was now quite
 desperate, all regular physicians, and her nearest relations, having
 given her over.

⁵ These proceedings caused a great ferment in the nation.

⁶ The house complained of being *asperged* and *vilified*; opprobrious terms were used by both parties, and one had recourse to

⁷ *military power*, because it was assaulted by the other with

⁸ *tumult and riot*.

⁹ The confusion every day encreased: the whig or low church party in the house of commons began to decline; after much contention and debate

¹⁰ the Parliament was prorogued.

CHAP. IX.

How some quacks undertook to cure Mrs. Bull of her ulcer¹.

THERE is nothing so impossible in nature, but mountebanks will undertake; nothing so incredible, but they will affirm: Mrs. *Bull's* condition was looked upon as desperate by all the men of art; but there were those, that bragged they had an infallible ointment and plaister, which being applied to the sore, would cure it in a few days; at the same time they would give her a pill, that would purge off all her bad humours, sweeten her blood, and rectify her disturbed imagination. In spite of all applications, the patient grew worse every day; she stunk so, no body durst come within a stone's throw of her, except those quacks who attended her close, and apprehended no danger. If one asked them, how Mrs. *Bull* did? Better and better, said they; the parts heal, and her constitution mends; if she submits to our government, she will be abroad in a little time. Nay, it is reported, that they wrote to her friends in the country, that she should dance a jig next *October* in *Westminster-Hall*, and that her illness had been chiefly owing to bad physicians. At last², one of them was sent for in great haste, his patient grew worse and worse: when he came, he affirmed that it was a gross mistake, and that she was never in a fairer way: Bring hither the salve, says he, and give her a plentiful draught of my cordial. As he was applying his ointments, and administering the cordial, the patient gave up the ghost, to the great confusion of the quack, and the great joy of *Bull* and his friends. The quack flung away out of the house in great disorder, and swore there was foul play, for he was sure his medicines were infallible. Mrs. *Bull* having died without

¹ and notwithstanding many attempts to prolong it, particularly some difficulties started by the Lord

² chancellor, it was dissolved on the 21 Sept. 1710.





any signs of repentance or devotion, the clergy would hardly allow her a christian burial. The relations had once resolved to sue *John* for the murder, but considering better of it, and that such a trial would rip up old sores, and discover things not so much to the reputation of the deceased, they dropt their design. She left no will, only there was found in her strong box the following words wrote on a *Scrip* of paper, *My curse on John Bull, and all my posterity, if ever they come to any composition with the Lord Strutt.*

She left him three daughters, whose ³ names were *Polemia*, *Discordia*, and *Usuria*.

CHAP. X.

Of John Bull's second wife, and the ¹ good advice that she gave him.

JOHN quickly got the better of his grief, and seeing that neither his constitution, or the affairs of his family could permit him to live in an unmarried state, he resolved to get him another wife; a cousin of his last wife's was proposed, but *John* would have no more of the breed: in short, he wedded a sober country gentlewoman, of a good family, and a plentiful fortune, the reverse of the other in her temper; not but that she loved money, for she was saving, and applied her fortune to pay *John's* clamorous debts, that the unfrugal methods of his last wife, and this ruinous law-suit, had brought him into. One day, as she had got her husband in a good humour, she talked to him after the following manner ². "My dear, since I have been your wife, I have
"observed great abuses and disorders in your family; your servants are mutinous and quarrelsome, and cheat you most abominably; your cook-maid is in a combination with your but-

³ *War, faction, and usury.*

¹ The new parliament, which was averse to the war, made

² a representation of the mismanagement in the several offices, particularly those for victualling and cloathing the navy and army;

"cher,

“cher, poulterer, and fishmonger: your butler purloins your li-
 “quor, and the brewer sells your hogwash; your baker cheats
 “both in weight and in tale; even your milk-woman and your
 “nursery-maid have a fellow-feeling; your taylor, instead of
 “shreads, cabages whole yards of cloath; besides, leaving such
 “long scores, and not going to market with ready money, forces
 “us to take bad ware of the tradesmen at their own price. You
 “have not posted your books these ten years; how is it possible
 “for a man of business to keep his affairs even in the world at this
 “rate? Pray God this *Hocus* be honest: would to God you would
 “look over his bills, and see how matters stand between *Frog* and
 “you³: prodigious sums are spent in this law-suit, and more must
 “be borrowed of scriveners and usurers at heavy interest. Besides,
 “my dear, let me beg of you to lay aside that wild project of leav-
 “ing your business to turn lawyer, for which, let me tell you, na-
 “ture never designed you. Believe me, these rogues do but flat-
 “ter, that they may pick your pocket; observe what a parcel of
 “hungry ragged fellows live by your cause; to be sure they will
 “never make an end on’t; I foresee this haunt, you have got
 “about the courts, will one day or another bring your family
 “to beggary. Consider, my dear, how indecent it is to abandon
 “your shop, and follow pettifoggers; the habit is so strong upon
 “you, that there is hardly a plea between two country esquires
 “about a barren acre upon a common, but you draw your self
 “in as bail, surety, or solicitor⁴.” *John* heard her all this while
 with patience, till she pricked his maggot, and touched him in
 the tender point; then he broke out into a violent passion.
 “What I not fit for a lawyer! let me tell you, my clod-pated re-
 “lations spoiled the greatest genius in the world, when they bred
 “me a mechanick. Lord *Strutt*, and his old rogue of a grand-

³ and of the sums that had been expended on the war,

⁴ which was however still a favorite with the people,

“ fire,

“ fire, have found to their cost, that I can manage a law suit as
 “ well as another.” “ I don’t deny what you say, reply’d Mrs.
 “ *Bull*, nor do I call in question your parts ; but, I say, it does
 “ not suit with your circumstances : you and your predecessors
 “ have lived in good reputation among your neighbours by this
 “ same cloathing trade, and it were madness to leave it off. Be-
 “ sides, there are few that know all the tricks and cheats of these
 “ lawyers ; does not your own experience teach you, how they
 “ have drawn you on from one term to another, and how you
 “ have danced the round of all the courts, still flattering you
 “ with a final issue, and, for aught I can see, your cause is not a
 “ bit clearer than it was seven years ago.” “ I will be damn’d,
 “ says *John*, if I accept of any composition from *Strutt* or his
 “ grandfather ; I’ll rather wheel about the streets an engine to
 “ grind knives and scissars ; however, I’ll take your advice, and
 “ look over my accompts.”

CHAP. XI.

How John look’d over his attorney’s bill.

WHEN *John* first brought out the bills, the surprize of all
 the family was unexpressible at the prodigious dimensions
 of them ; they would have measured with the best bale of cloth
 in *John’s* shop. Fees to judges, puny judges, clerks, prothonotaries,
 philizers, chirographers, under-clerks, proclamators, council, wit-
 nesses, jury-men, marshals, tipstuffs, cryers, porters ; for enrol-
 lings, exemplifications, bails, vouchers, returns, caveats, exami-
 nations, filings of writs, entries, declarations, replications, recor-
 dats, *noli prosequi’s*, *certiorari’s*, *mittimus’s*, demurrers, special ver-
 dict, informations, *scire facias*, *supersedeas*, *habeas corpus*, coach-
 hire, treating of witnesses, &c. “ Verily, says *John*, there are a
 “ prodigious number of learned words in this law ; what a pretty
 “ science it is !” “ Ay ! but husband, you have paid for every syl-
 “ lable

“ lable and letter of these fine words ; bless me, what immense
 “ fums are at the bottom of the accompt ! ” *John* spent several
 weeks in looking over his bills, and by comparing and stating his
 accompts he discovered, that, besides the extravagance of every ar-
 ticle, he had been egregiously cheated ; that he had paid for
 council that were never fee’d, for writs that were never drawn, for
 dinners that were never dressed, and journeys that were never
 made : in short, that the tradesmen, lawyers, and *Frog*, had agreed
 to throw the burden of the law-suit upon his shoulders.

CHAP. XII.

*How John grew angry, and resolved to accept a composition¹ ; and
 what methods were practised by the lawyers for keeping him from it.*

WELL might the learned *Daniel Burgess* say, that a law-
 suit is a suit for life. He that sows his grain upon marble,
 will have many a hungry belly before harvest. This *John* felt by
 woeful experience. *John’s* cause was a good milch cow, and many
 a man subsisted his family out of it. However *John* began to think
 it high time to look about him. He had a cousin in the country,
 one Sir² *Roger Bold*, whose predecessors had been bred up to the
 law, and knew as much of it as any body ; but having left off the
 profession for some time, they took great pleasure in compounding
 law-suits among their neighbours, for which they were the aver-
 sion of the gentlemen of the long robe, and at perpetual war with
 all the country attorneys. *John* put his cause in Sir *Roger’s* hands,
 desiring him to make the best of it : the news had no sooner
 reached the ears of the lawyers, but they were all in an uproar.
 They brought all the rest of the tradesmen upon *John* : ³ Squire

¹ when at length peace was thought to be eli-
 gible upon more moderate terms, a treaty was
 entered into by

² *Robert Harley*, afterward E. of *Oxford*,
 who was made treasurer in the stead of the

Lord *Godolphin*, and there was now not only a
 new parliament, but a new ministry :

³ the measure was opposed by the allies and
 the general :

South swore he was betrayed, that he would starve before he compounded; *Frog* said he was highly wronged; even lying *Ned* the chimney-sweeper, and *Tom* the dustman complained, that their interest was sacrificed. The lawyers, solicitors, *Hocus*, and his clerks, were all up in arms, at the news of the composition; they abused him and his wife most shamefully, "You silly, awkward, ill-bred, country-fow, (quoth one) have you no more manners than to rail at *Hocus*, that has saved that clod-pated, numskull'd, ninny-hammer of yours from ruin, and all his family? It is well known, how he has rose early and sat up late to make him easy, when he was sotting at every ale-house in town. I knew his last wife; she was a woman of breeding, good humour, and complaisance; knew how to live in the world: as for you, you look like a puppet moved by clock-work; your cloaths hang upon you, as they were upon tenter-hooks, and you come into a room as you were going to steal away a piss-pot: get you gone into the country to look after your mother's poultry, to milk the cows, churn the butter, and dress up nose-gays for a holy-day, and not meddle with matters, which you know no more of, than the sign-post before your door: it is well known, that *Hocus* had an established reputation; he never swore an oath, nor told a lie in all his life; he is grateful to his benefactors, faithful to his friends, liberal to his dependants, and dutiful to his superiors; he values not your money more than the dust under his feet, but he hates to be abused. Once for all, Mrs. *Mynx*, leave off talking of *Hocus*, or I will pull out those saucer eyes of yours, and make that redstreak country face look as raw as an ox-cheek upon a butcher's stall: remember, I say, that there are pillories and ducking-stools." With this away they flung, leaving Mrs. *Bull* no time to reply. No stone was left unturned to fright *John* from his composition:

* the house of commons was censured as totally ignorant of business;

sometimes they spread reports at coffee-houses, that *John* and his wife were run mad; that they intended to give up house, and make over all their estate to *Lewis Baboon*; that *John* had been often heard talking to himself, and seen in the streets without shoes or stockings; that he did nothing from morning till night but beat his servants, after having been the best master alive: as for his wife, she was a meer natural. Sometimes *John's* house was beset with a whole regiment of attorney's clerks, bailiffs, and bailiffs-followers, and other small retainers of the law, who threw stones at his windows, and dirt at himself, as he went along the street. When *John* complained of want of ready money to carry on his suit, they advised him to pawn his plate and jewels, and that Mrs. *Bull* should sell her linen and wearing-cloaths.

CHAP. XIII.

*Mrs. Bull's vindication of the indispensable duty of cuckoldom, incumbent upon wives in case of the tyranny, infidelity, or insufficiency of husbands: being a full answer to the doctor's sermon against adultery*¹.

JOHN found daily fresh proofs of the infidelity and bad designs of his deceased wife; amongst other things, one day looking over his cabinet, he found the following paper.

IT is evident that matrimony is founded upon an *original contract*, whereby the wife makes over the right she has by the law of nature to the *concubitus vagus*, in favour of the husband; by which he acquires the property of all her posterity. But then the obligation is mutual: and where the contract is broken on one side, it ceases to bind on the other. Where there is a right, there

¹ and it was said, that the nation would at last be sacrificed to the ambition of *France*.

² The Tories representation of the speeches at *Sacheverel's* trial.

must

must be a power to maintain it, and to punish the offending party. This power I affirm to be that original right, or rather that indispensable duty of cuckoldom, lodged in all wives in the cases above-mentioned. No wife is bound by any law, to which herself has not consented: all oeconomical government is lodged originally in the husband and wife, the executive part being in the husband; both have their privileges secured to them by law and reason: but will any man infer from the husband's being invested with the executive power, that the wife is deprived of her share, and that which is the principal branch of it, the original right of cuckoldom? and that she has no remedy left, but *preces et lacrymæ*, or an appeal to a supreme court of judicature? No less frivolous are the arguments, that are drawn from the general appellations and terms of husband and wife. A husband denotes several different sorts of magistracy, according to the usages and customs of different climates and countries. In some Eastern nations it signifies a tyrant, with the absolute power of life and death: in *Turkey* it denotes an arbitrary governor, with power of perpetual imprisonment: in *Italy* it gives the husband the power of poison and padlocks: in the countries of *England*, *France*, and *Holland*, it has a quite different meaning, implying a free and equal government, securing to the wife in certain cases the liberty of cuckoldom, and the property of pin-money, and separate maintenance. So that the arguments drawn from the terms of husband and wife are fallacious, and by no means fit to support a tyrannical doctrine, as that of absolute unlimited chastity, and conjugal fidelity.

The general exhortations to chastity in wives are meant only for rules in ordinary cases, but they naturally suppose three conditions of ability, justice, and fidelity in the husband: such an unlimited, unconditioned fidelity in the wife could never be supposed by reasonable men; it seems a reflection upon the church, to charge her with doctrines that countenance oppression.

This doctrine of the original right of cuckoldom is congruous to the law of nature, which is superior to all human laws, and for that I dare appeal to all wives: it is much to the honour of our *English* wives, that they have never given up that *fundamental point*; and that though in former ages they were muffled up in darkness and superstition, yet that notion seemed engraven on their minds, and the impression so strong, that nothing could impair it.

To assert the illegality of cuckoldom upon any pretence whatsoever, were to cast odious colours upon the married state, to blacken the necessary means of perpetuating families: such laws can never be supposed to have been designed to defeat the very end of matrimony, the propagation of mankind. I call them necessary means; for in many cases what other means are left? Such a doctrine wounds the honour of families; unsettles the titles to kingdoms, honours, and estates; for if the actions from which such settlements spring were illegal, all that is built upon them must be so too: but the last is absurd, therefore the first must be so likewise. What is the cause that *Europe* groans at present under the heavy load of a cruel and expensive war, but the tyrannical custom of a certain nation, and the scrupulous nicety of a silly Queen,² in not exercising this indispensable duty of cuckoldom, whereby the kingdom might have had an heir, and a controverted succession might have been avoided? These are the effects of the narrow maxims of your clergy, *That one must not do evil, that good may come of it.*

The assertors of this indefeasible right, and *jus divinum* of matrimony, do all in their hearts favour gallants, and the pretenders to married women; for if the true legal foundation of the married state be once sapped, and instead thereof tyrannical maxims introduced, what must follow but elopements instead of secret and peaceable cuckoldom?

* The Queen of *Ch. II.* of *Spain*, upon whose death without issue the war broke out.

From all that has been said, one may clearly perceive the absurdity of the doctrine of this seditious, discontented, hot-headed, ungifted, unedifying preacher, asserting, *That the grand security of the matrimonial state, and the pillar upon which it stands, is founded upon the wife's belief of an absolute unconditional fidelity to the husband's bed*: by which bold assertion he strikes at the root, digs the foundation, and removes the basis, upon which the happiness of a married state is built. As for his personal reflections, I would gladly know who are those *wanton wives* he speaks of? who are those ladies of high stations, that he so boldly traduces in his sermon? It is pretty plain, who these aspersions are aimed at, for which he deserves the pillory or something worse.

In confirmation of this doctrine of the indispensable duty of cuckoldom, I could bring the example of the wisest wives in all ages, who by these means have preserved their husband's families from ruin and oblivion by want of posterity: but what has been said, is a sufficient ground for punishing this pragmatical parson.

CHAP. XIV.

The two great parties of wives, the ' Devoto's and the Hitts.

THE doctrine of unlimited chastity and fidelity in wives was universally espoused by all husbands; who went about the country, and made the wives sign papers, signifying their utter detestation and abhorrence of Mrs. Bull's wicked doctrine of the indispensable duty of cuckoldom. Some yielded, others refused to part with their native liberty; which gave rise to two great parties amongst the wives, the *Devoto's* and the *Hitts*. Though it must be owned, the distinction was more nominal than real; for the *Devoto's* would abuse freedoms sometimes; and those who were distinguished by the name of *Hitts*, were often very honest. At the

* Those who were for and against the doctrine of non-resistance.

same

same time there came out an ingenious treatise with the title of *good advice to husbands*; in which they are counselled not to trust too much to their wives owning the doctrine of unlimited conjugal fidelity, and so to neglect family duty, and a due watchfulness over the manners of their wives; that the greatest security to husbands was a vigorous constitution, good usage of their wives, and keeping them from temptation; many husbands having been sufferers by their trusting too much to general professions, as was exemplified in the case of a foolish and negligent husband, who trusting to the efficacy of this principle, was undone by his wife's elopement from him.

CHAP. XV.

An account of the conference between Mrs. Bull and Don Diego.

THE lawyers, as their last effort to put off the composition, sent ¹ *Don Diego* to *John*. *Don Diego* was a very worthy gentleman, a friend to *John*, his mother, and present wife; and therefore supposed to have some influence over her: he had been ill used himself by *John's* lawyers, but, because of some ² animosity to sir *Roger*, was against the composition³: the conference between him and Mrs. *Bull* was word for word as follows.

Don Diego. Is it possible, cousin *Bull*, that you can forget the honourable maxims of the family you are come of, and break your word with three of the honestest best-meaning persons in the world, esquire *South*, *Frog*, and *Hocus*, that have sacrificed their interests to yours? It is base to take advantage of their simplicity and credulity, and leave them in the lurch at last.

¹ Amongst other obstacles to the treaty was the opposition of the earl of *Nottingham*, a tory nobleman, who had great influence in the house of commons.

² The cause of his animosity, from which this conduct is supposed to proceed, was Mr. *Har-*

ley's being chosen to succeed him as principal secretary of state, when he was removed from that office in the year 1704.

³ He expostulated against the peace with great warmth in the house, when the queen was present *incog*.

Mrs.

Mrs. Bull. I am sure they have left my family in a bad condition, we have hardly money to go to market; and no-body will take our words for six-pence. A very fine spark this esquire *South*! My husband took him in, a dirty, snotty-nosed boy; it was the business of half the servants to attend him, ⁴ the rogue did bawl and make such a noise: sometimes he fell in the fire and burnt his face, sometimes broke his shins clambering over the benches, often pissed a-bed, and always came in so dirty, as if he had been dragged through the kennel at a boarding school. He lost his money at chuck-farthing, shuffle-cap, and all fours; sold his books, pawned his linen, which we were always forced to redeem. Then the whole generation of him are so in love with bagpipes and puppet-shews! I wish you knew what my husband has paid at the pastry-cook's and confectioner's for *Naples* biscuit, tarts, custards, and sweet-meats. All this while my husband considered him as a gentleman of a good family, that had fallen into decay, gave him good education, and has settled him in a good creditable way of living, having procured him by his interest, one of the best places of the country: and what return, think you, does this fine gentleman make us? He will hardly give me or my husband a good word, or a civil expression⁵: instead of *sir* and *madam* (which, tho' I say it, is our due) he calls us *goody* and *gaffer* such-a-one: says, he did us a great deal of honour to board with us; huffs and dings at such a rate, because we will not spend the little we have left to get him the title and estate of lord *Strutt*; and then, forsooth, we shall have the honour to be his woollen-drapers. Besides, esquire *South* will be esquire *South* still; fickle, proud, and ungrateful. If he behaves himself so, when he depends on us for his daily bread, can any man say, what he will do when he is got above the world?

⁴ Something relating to the manners of a great prince, superstition, love of operas, shows, &c.

⁵ Something relating to forms and titles.

D. Diego.

D. Diego. And would you lose the honour of so noble and generous an undertaking? Would you rather accept this scandalous composition, and trust that old rogue, *Lewis Baboon*?

Mrs. Bull. Look you, friend *Diego*, if we law it on, till *Lewis* turns honest, I am afraid our credit will run low at *Blackwell-hall*. I wish every man had his own; but I still say, that lord *Strutt*'s money shines as bright and chinks as well as esquire *South*'s. I don't know any other hold, that we tradesmen have of these great folks, but their interest; buy dear and sell cheap, and I'll warrant ye you will keep your customer. The worst is, that lord *Strutt*'s servants have got such a haunt about that old rogue's shop, that it will cost us many a firkin of strong beer to bring them back again; and the longer they are in a bad road, the harder it will be to get them out of it.

D. Diego. But poor *Frog*, what has he done! On my conscience, if there be an honest, sincere man in the world, it is that *Frog*.

Mrs. Bull. I think, I need not tell you how much *Frog* has been obliged to our ⁶ family from his childhood; he carries his head high now, but he had never been the man he is, without our help. Ever since the commencement of this law-suit it has been the business of *Hocus*, in sharing our expences, to plead for *Frog*. "Poor *Frog* (says he) is in hard circumstances, he has a
 "numerous family, and lives from hand to mouth; his children
 "don't eat a bit of good victuals from one year's end to the other,
 "but live upon salt herring, sowre crud, and borecole; he does
 "his utmost, poor fellow, to keep things even in the world, and
 "has exerted himself beyond his ability in this law-suit; but he
 "really has not wherewithal to go on. What signifies this hundred pounds? place it upon your side of the account; it is a
 "great deal to poor *Frog*, and a trifle to you." This has been

⁶ On the other side complaint was made of the unequal burden of the war,

Hocus's constant language, and I am sure he has had obligations enough to us to have acted another part.

D. Diego. No doubt *Hocus* meant all this for the best, but he is a tender-hearted, charitable man; *Frog* is indeed in hard circumstances.

Mrs. Bull. Hard circumstances! I swear this is provoking to the last degree⁷. All the time of the law-suit, as fast as I have mortgaged, *Frog* has purchased: from a plain tradesman with a shop, warehouse, and a country hutt with a dirty fish-pond at the end of it, he is now grown a very rich country gentleman, with a noble landed estate, noble palaces, manors, parks, gardens, and farms, finer than any we were ever master of. Is it not strange, when my husband disbursed great sums every term, *Frog* should be purchasing some new farm or manor? So that if this law-suit lasts, he will be far the richest man in his country. What is worse than all this, he steals away my customers every day; twelve of the richest and the best have left my shop by his persuasion, and whom, to my certain knowledge, he has under bonds never to return again: judge you if this be neighbourly dealing.

D. Diego. *Frog* is indeed pretty close in his dealings, but very honest: you are so touchy, and take things so hotly, I am sure there must be some mistake in this.

Mrs. Bull. A plaguy one indeed! You know, and have often told me of it, how *Hocus*, and those rogues kept my husband *John Bull* drunk for five years together with punch and strong waters; I am sure he never went one night sober to bed, till they got him to sign the strangest deed, that ever you saw in your life. The methods they took to manage him I'll tell you another time; at present I'll read only the writing.

⁷ and of the acquisitions of the *Dutch* in *Flanders*: during these debates the house took in consideration

ARTICLES *of* AGREEMENT*betwixt* JOHN BULL, Clothier,*and* NICHOLAS FROG, Linen-draper⁸.

“ I. THAT for maintaining the ancient good correspond-
 “ ence and friendship between the said parties, I *Nicholas Frog*
 “ do solemnly engage and promise to keep peace in *John Bull's*
 “ family; that neither his wife, children, nor servants give him
 “ any trouble, disturbance, or molestation whatsoever, but to
 “ oblige them all to do their duty quietly in their respective stati-
 “ ons: and whereas the said *John Bull*, from the assured confi-
 “ dence that he has in my friendship, has appointed me executor
 “ of his last will and testament, and guardian to his children, I
 “ do undertake for me, my heirs and assigns, to see the same
 “ duly executed and performed, and that it shall be unalterable
 “ in all its parts by *John Bull*, or any body else: for that purpose
 “ it shall be lawful and allowable for me to enter his house at
 “ any hour of the day or night; to break open bars, bolts, and
 “ doors, chests of drawers, and strong boxes, in order to secure the
 “ peace of my friend *John Bull's* family, and to see his will duly
 “ executed.

“ II. In consideration of which kind neighbourly office of *Ni-*
 “ *cholas Frog*, in that he has been pleased to accept of the afore-
 “ said trust, I *John Bull* having duly considered, that my friend
 “ *Nicholas Frog* at this time lives in a marshy soil and unwhole-
 “ some air, infested with fogs and damps destructive of the health

⁸ a treaty which had been concluded by the lord *Townshend* at the *Hague* between the Queen and the States in 1709. for securing the protestant succession, and for settling a barrier for *Holland* against *France*. And it was resolved, that several articles of this treaty were destruc-

tive to the trade and interest of *Great Britain*, that lord *Townshend* had no authority to agree to them, and that he and all those, who advised ratifying the treaty, were enemies to their country.

“ of

“ of himself, wife, and children; do bind and oblige me, my heirs
 “ and assigns, to purchase for the said *Nicholas Frog*, with the best
 “ and readiest of my cash, bonds, mortgages, goods, and chattels,
 “ a landed estate, with parks, gardens, palaces, rivers, fields, and
 “ outlets, consisting of as large extent, as the said *Nicholas Frog*
 “ shall think fit. And whereas the said *Nicholas Frog* is at pre-
 “ sent hemmed in too close by the grounds of *Lewis Baboon*,
 “ master of the science of defence, I the said *John Bull* do oblige
 “ myself, with the readiest of my cash, to purchase and enclose the
 “ said grounds, for as many fields and acres as the said *Nicholas*
 “ shall think fit; to the intent that the said *Nicholas* may have free
 “ egress and regress, without lett or molestation, suitable to the
 “ demands of himself and family.

“ III. Furthermore, the said *John Bull* obliges himself to make
 “ the country neighbours of *Nicholas Frog* allot a certain part
 “ of yearly rents to pay for the repairs of the said landed estate, to
 “ the intent that his good friend *Nicholas Frog* may be eased of
 “ all charges.

“ IV. And whereas the said *Nicholas Frog* did contract with the
 “ deceased lord *Strutt* about certain liberties, privileges, and immu-
 “ nities, formerly in the possession of the said *John Bull*; I the said
 “ *John Bull* do freely by these presents renounce, quit, and make
 “ over to the said *Nicholas*, the liberties, privileges, and immuni-
 “ ties contracted for, in as full a manner, as if they never had
 “ belonged to me.

“ V. The said *John Bull* obliges himself, his heirs and assigns,
 “ not to sell one rag of broad or coarse cloth to any gentleman
 “ within the neighbourhood of the said *Nicholas*, except in such
 “ quantities and such rates, as the said *Nicholas* shall think fit.

“ Signed and sealed,

JOHN BULL,
NIC. FROG.”

The reading of this paper put Mrs. *Bull* in such a passion, that she fell downright into a fit, and they were forced to give her a good quantity of the spirit of hartshorn before she recovered.

D. Diego. Why in such a passion, cousin? considering your circumstances at that time, I don't think this such an unreasonable contract. You see *Frog*, for all this, is religiously true to his bargain; he scorns to hearken to any composition without your privacy.

Mrs. Bull. You know the⁹ contrary. Read that letter.

[*Reads the superscription*] For *Lewis Baboon*, master of the noble science of defence.

S I R,

I Understand, that you are at this time treating with my friend *John Bull* about restoring the lord *Strutt's* custom, and besides allowing him certain privileges of parks and fish-ponds; I wonder how you, that are a man that knows the world, can talk with that simple fellow. He has been my bubble these twenty years, and to my certain knowledge understands no more of his own affairs, than a child in swaddling cloaths. I know he has got a sort of a pragmatistical silly jade of a wife, that pretends to take him out of my hands: but you and she both will find yourselves mistaken; I'll find those that shall manage her; and for him, he dares as well be hanged as make one step in his affairs without my consent. If you will give me what you promised him, I will make all things easy, and stop the deeds of ejectment against lord *Strutt*: if you will not, take what follows: I shall have a good

⁹ In the mean time the *Dutch* were secretly negotiating with *France*.

action against you, for pretending to rob me of my bubble. Take this warning from

Your loving friend,

NIC. FROG.

I am told, cousin *Diego*, you are one of those that have undertaken to manage me, and that you have said you will carry a green bag yourself, rather than we shall make an end of our lawsuit: I'll teach them and you too to manage.

D. Diego. For God's sake, madam, why so cholerick? I say this letter is some forgery; it never entered into the head of that honest man, *Nic. Frog*, to do any such thing.

Mrs. Bull. I can't abide you: you have been railing these twenty years at esquire *South*, *Frog*, and *Hocus*, calling them rogues and pick-pockets, and now they are turned the honestest fellows in the world. What is the meaning of all this?

D. Diego. Pray tell me how you came to employ this fir *Roger* in your affairs, and not think of your old friend *Diego*?

Mrs. Bull. So, so, there it pinches. To tell you truth, I have employed fir *Roger* in several weighty affairs, and have found him trusty and honest, and the poor man always scorned to take a farthing of me. I have abundance that profess great zeal, but they are damnable greedy of the pence. My husband and I are now in such circumstances, that we must be served upon cheaper terms, than we have been.

D. Diego. Well, cousin, I find I can do no good with you; I am sorry that you will ruin yourself by trusting this fir *Roger*.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

*How the guardians of the deceased Mrs. Bull's three daughters came to John, and what advice they gave him; wherein are briefly treated, the characters of the three daughters: also John Bull's answer to the three guardians*¹.

I Told you in a former chapter, that Mrs. Bull, before she departed this life, had blessed John with three daughters. I need not here repeat their names, neither would I willingly use any scandalous reflections upon young ladies, whose reputations ought to be very tenderly handled; but the characters of these were so well known in the neighbourhood, that it is doing them no injury, to make a short description of them.

² The eldest was a termagant, imperious, prodigal, lewd, profligate wench, as ever breathed: she used to rantipole about the house, pinch the children, kick the servants, and torture the cats and the dogs; she would rob her father's strong box, for money to give the young fellows that she was fond of: she had a noble air, and something great in her mien, but such a noisome infectious breath, as threw all the servants that dressed her, into consumptions; if she smelt to the freshest nosegay, it would shrivel and wither as it had been blighted: she used to come home in her cups, and break the china and the looking glasses; and was of such an irregular temper, and so entirely given up to her passion, that you might argue as well with the North wind, as with her ladyship: so expensive, that the income of three dukedoms was not enough to supply her extravagance. Hocus loved her best, believing her to be his own, got upon the body of Mrs. Bull.

¹ The debates in parliament were however still continued.

² Polemia, War.

³ The second daughter, born a year after her sister, was a peevish, froward, ill-conditioned creature as ever was, ugly as the devil, lean, haggard, pale, with saucer eyes, a sharp nose, and hunch-backed: but active, sprightly, and diligent about her affairs. Her ill complexion was occasioned by her bad diet, which was coffee, morning, noon, and night: she never rested quietly a-bed; but used to disturb the whole family with shrieking out in her dreams, and plague them next day with interpreting them, for she took them all for gospel: she would cry out murder, and disturb the whole neighbourhood; and when *John* came running down stairs to enquire what the matter was: nothing, forsooth, only her maid had stuck a pin wrong in her gown: she turned away one servant for putting too much oil in her sallad, and another for putting too little salt in her water-gruel; but such, as by flattery had procured her esteem, she would indulge in the greatest crime. Her father had two coachmen; when one was in the coach-box, if the coach swung but the least to one side, she used to shriek so loud, that all the street concluded she was overturned; but though the other was eternally drunk, and had overturned the whole family, she was very angry with her father for turning him away. Then she used to carry tales and stories from one to another, till she had set the whole neighbourhood together by the ears; and this was the only diversion she took pleasure in. She never went abroad, but she brought home such a bundle of monstrous lies, as would have amazed any mortal but such as knew her: of a whale that had swallowed a fleet of ships; of the lions being let out of the *Tower* to destroy the protestant religion; of the pope's being seen in a brandy-shop at *Wapping*; and of a prodigious strong man, that was going to shove down the cupola of *St. Paul's*; of three millions of five pound pieces, that esquire *South* had found under an old wall; of blazing stars, flying dragons, and abundance of such

³ *Discordia, Faction.*

stuff. All the servants in the family made high court to her, for she domineered there, and turned out and in whom she pleased; only there was an old grudge between her and sir *Roger*, whom she mortally hated, and used to hire fellows to squirt kennel water upon him, as he passed along the streets; so that he was forced constantly to wear a furtout of oiled cloth, by which means he came home pretty clean, except where the furtout was a little scanty.

⁴ As for the third, she was a thief, and a common mercenary prostitute, and that without any sollicitation from nature, for she owned she had no enjoyment. She had no respect of persons, a prince or a porter was all one, according as they paid; yea, she would leave the finest gentleman in the world to go to an ugly pocky fellow for six-pence more. In the practice of her profession she had amassed vast magazines of all sorts of things; she had above five hundred suits of fine cloaths, and yet went abroad like a cynder-wench: she robbed and starved all the servants, so that nobody could live near her.

So much for *John's* three daughters, which you will say were rarities to be fond of: yet nature will shew itself; nobody could blame their relations for taking care of them: and therefore it was that *Hocus*, with two other of the guardians, thought it their duty to take care of the interest of the three girls, and give *John* their best advice before he compounded the law-suit.

Hocus. What makes you so shy of late, my good friend? There's nobody loves you better than I, nor has taken more pains in your affairs: as I hope to be saved, I would do any thing to serve you; I would crawl upon all four to serve you; I have spent my health and paternal estate in your service. I have, indeed, a small pittance left, with which I might retire, and with as good a conscience as any man; but the thoughts of this disgraceful composition so touches me to the quick, that I cannot sleep: after I had

⁴ *Ufuris*, Usury.

brought

brought the cause to the last stroke, that one verdict more had quite ruined old *Lewis*, and lord *Strutt*, and put you in the quiet possession of every thing; then to compound! I cannot bear it. This cause was my favourite, I had set my heart upon it; it is like an only child; I cannot endure it should miscarry: for God's sake consider only to what a dismal condition old *Lewis* is brought. He is at an end of all his cash; his attorneys have hardly one trick left; they are at an end of all their *chicane*; besides, he has both his law and his daily bread now upon trust. Hold out only one term longer, and I'll warrant you, before the next we shall have him in the *Fleet*. I'll bring him to the pillory; his ears shall pay for his perjuries. For the love of God don't compound: let me be damned, if you have a friend in the world, that loves you better than I: there is no body can say I am covetous, or that I have any interest to pursue, but yours.

2d Guardian. There is nothing so plain, as that this *Lewis* has a design to ruin all his neighbouring tradesmen; and at this time he has such a prodigious income by his trade of all kinds, that if there is not some stop put to his exorbitant riches, he will monopolize every thing; no body will be able to sell a yard of drapery or mercery ware but himself. I then hold it adviseable, that you continue the law-suit, and burst him at once. My concern for the three poor motherless children obliges me to give you this advice; for their estates, poor girls! depend upon the success of this cause.

3d Guardian. I own this writ of ejectment has cost dear; but then consider it is a jewel well worth the purchasing at the price of all you have. None but Mr. *Bull's* declared enemies can say, he has any other security for his cloathing trade, but the ejectment of lord *Strutt*. The only question then that remains to be decided, is, who shall stand the expences of the suit? To which the answer is as plain; who but he, that is to have the advantage of the sentence? When esquire *South* has got possession of his title and hon-

F

our,

our, is not *John Bull* to be his clothier? Who then, but *John*, ought to put him in possession? Ask but any indifferent gentleman, who ought to bear his charges at law? and he will readily answer, his tradesmen. I do therefore affirm, and I will go to death with it, that, being his clothier, you ought to put him in quiet possession of his estate, and, with the same generous spirit you have begun it, compleat the good work. If you persist in the bad measures you are now in, what must become of the three poor orphans? My heart bleeds for the poor girls.

John Bull. You are all very eloquent persons; but give me leave to tell you, you express a great deal more concern for the three girls than for me; I think my interest ought to be considered in the first place. As for you, *Hocus*, I can't but say you managed my law-suit with great address, and much to my honour; and though I say it, you have been well paid for it. Why must the burthen be taken off *Frog's* back, and laid upon my shoulders? He can drive about his own parks and fields in his gilt chariot, when I have been forced to mortgage my estate: his note will go farther than my bond. Is it not matter of fact, that from the richest tradesman in all the country, I am reduced to beg and borrow from scriveners and usurers, that suck the heart, blood, and guts out of me? and what is all this for? Did you like *Frog's* countenance better than mine? Was not I your old friend and relation? Have I not presented you nobly? Have I not clad your whole family? Have you not had an hundred yards at a time of the finest cloth in my shop? Why must the rest of the tradesmen be not only indemnified from charges, but forbid to go on with their own business, and what is more their concern than mine? As to holding out this term, I appeal to your own conscience, has not that been your constant discourse these six years, *one term more, and old Lewis goes to pot*. If thou art so fond of my cause, be generous for once, and lend me a brace of thousands. Ah *Hocus! Hocus!* I know thee; not a sous to save me from goal, I trow. Look
 2 ye,

ye, gentlemen, I have lived with credit in the world, and it grieves my heart, never to stir out of my doors but to be pulled by the sleeve by some rascally dun or other? "Sir, remember my bill: "there's a small concern of a thousand pounds, I hope you think "on't, Sir." And to have these usurers tranfact my debts at coffee-houses, and ale-houses, as if I were going to break up shop. Lord! that ever the rich, the generous *John Bull*, clothier, the envy of all his neighbours, should be brought to compound his debts for five shillings in the pound; and to have his name in an advertisement for a statute of bankrupt. The thought of it makes me mad. I have read somewhere in the *Apocrypha*, that one should not *consult with a woman touching her of whom she is jealous; nor with a merchant concerning exchange; nor with a buyer of selling; nor with an unmerciful man of kindness, &c.* I could have added one thing more, *nor with an attorney about compounding a law-suit.* The ejectment of lord *Strutt* will never do. The evidence is crimp; the witnesses swear backwards and forwards, and contradict themselves; and his tenants stick by him. One tells me, that I must carry on my suit, because *Lewis* is poor; another, because he is still too rich: whom shall I believe? I am sure of one thing, that a penny in the purse is the best friend *John* can have at last; and who can say that this will be the last suit I shall be engaged in? Besides, if this ejectment were practicable, is it reasonable, that when esquire *South* is losing his money to sharpers and pick-pockets, going about the country with fiddlers and buffoons, and squandering his income with hawks and dogs, I should lay out the fruits of my honest industry in a law-suit for him, only upon the hopes of being his clothier? And when the cause is over, I shall not have the benefit of my project for want of money to go to market. Look ye, gentlemen, *John Bull* is but a plain man; but *John Bull* knows when he is ill used. I know the infirmity of our family; we are apt to play the boon companion, and throw away our money in our cups: but it was an unfair thing in you,

gentlemen, to take advantage of my weakness, to keep a parcel of roaring bullies about me day and night, with huzza's and hunting-horns, and ringing the changes on butchers cleavers, never let me cool, and make me set my hand to papers, when I could hardly hold my pen. There will come a day of reckoning for all that proceeding. In the mean time, gentlemen, I beg you will let me into my affairs a little, and that you would not grudge me the small remainder of a very great estate.

CHAP. XVII.

Esquire South's message and letter to Mrs. Bull.

THE arguments used by *Hocus* and the rest of the guardians had hitherto proved insufficient¹: *John* and his wife could not be persuaded to bear the expence of *Esquire South's* law-suit. They thought it reasonable, that since he was to have the honour and advantage, he should bear the greatest share of the charges; and retrench what he lost to sharpers, and spent upon country dances and puppet-plays, to apply it to that use. This was not very grateful to the *Esquire*; therefore, as the last experiment, he resolved to send² signior *Benenato*, master of his fox-hounds, to *Mrs. Bull*, to try what good he could do with her. This signior *Benenato* had all the qualities of a fine gentleman, that were fit to charm a lady's heart; and if any person in the world could have persuaded her, it was he. But such was her unshaken fidelity to her husband, and the constant purpose of her mind to pursue his interest, that the most refined arts of gallantry that were practised, could not seduce her heart. The necklaces, diamond crosses, and rich bracelets that were offered, she rejected with the utmost scorn

¹ But as all attempts of the party to preclude the treaty were ineffectual, and complaints were made of the deficiencies of the house of *Austria*, the Archduke sent a message and letter

² by Prince *Eugene* urging the continuance of the war, and offering to bear a proportion of the expence.

and

and disdain. The musick and serenades, that were given her, founded more ungratefully in her ears than the noise of a screech-owl; however, she received esquire *South's* letter by the hands of signior *Benenato* with that respect, which became his quality. The copy of the letter is as follows, in which you will observe he changes a little his usual style.

M A D A M,

THE writ of ejectment against *Philip Baboon*, (pretended lord *Strutt*) is just ready to pass: there want but a few necessary forms, and a verdict or two more, to put me in the quiet possession of my honour and estate: I question not, but that according to your wonted generosity and goodness you will give it the finishing stroke; an honour that I would grudge any body but yourself. In order to ease you of some part of the charges, I promise to furnish pen, ink, and paper, provided you pay for the stamps. Besides, I have ordered my stewards to pay out of the readiest and best of my rents, five pounds ten shillings a year, till my suit is finished. I wish you health and happiness, being with due respect,

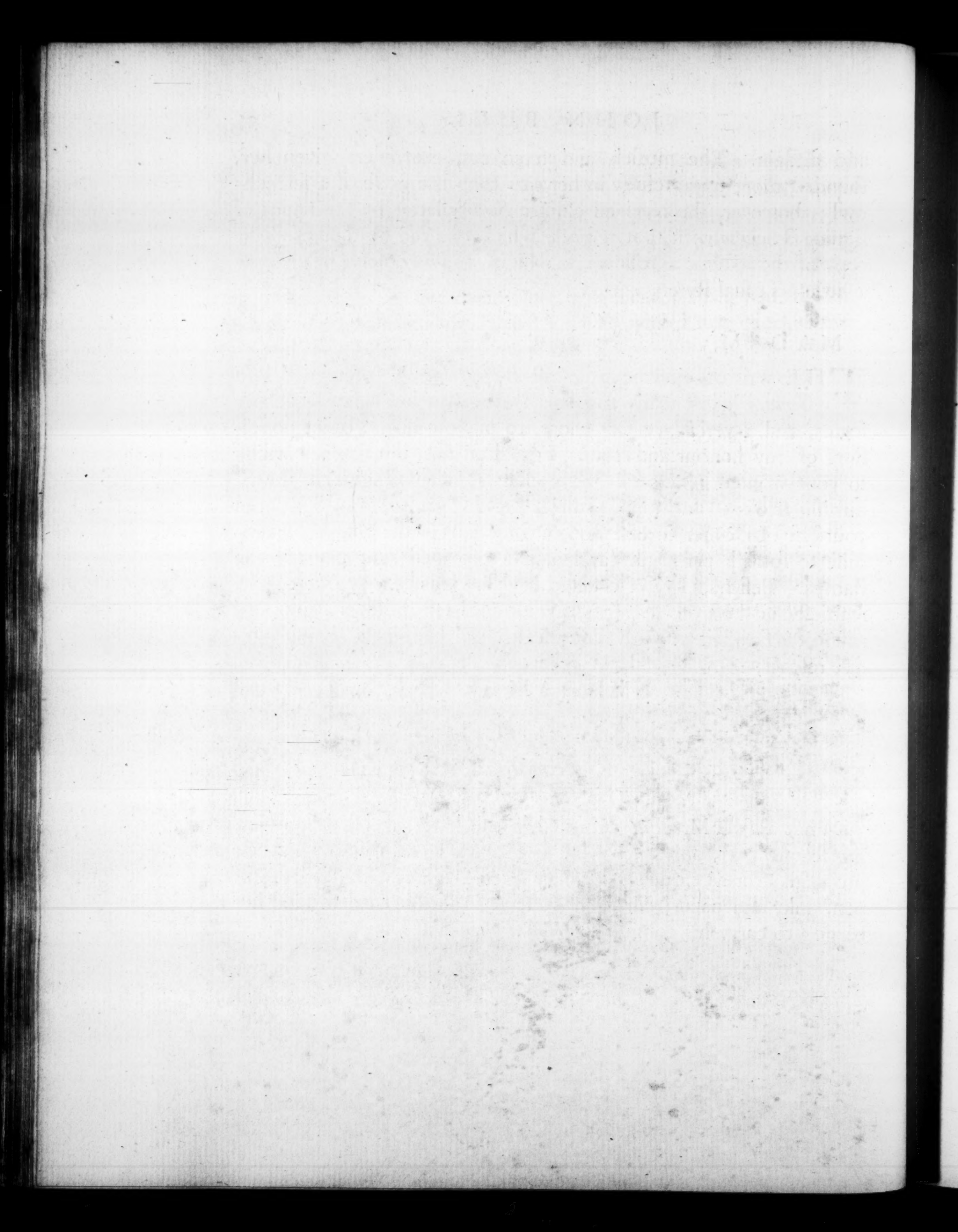
M A D A M,

Your assured friend,

S O U T H.

What answer Mrs. *Bull* returned to this letter, you shall know in my second part, only they were at a pretty good distance in their proposals; for as esquire *South* only offered to be at the charges of pen, ink, and paper, Mrs. *Bull* refused any more than to lend her barge³ to carry his council to *Westminster-hall*.

³ This proportion was however thought to be other effect, than the convoy of the forces by so inconsiderable, that the letter produced no the *English* fleet to *Barcelona*.



Law is a Bottomless Pit.

O R,

THE HISTORY

O F

JOHN BULL.

THE SECOND PART.

M.DCC.XIII.

THE SECOND PART

OF THE HISTORY OF THE

ROYAL NAVY

IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

BY

JOHN BURNET

ESQ.

LONDON

PRINTED BY

JOHN BURNET

AT THE SIGN OF THE

ROSE IN ST. MARTIN'S LANE

1711

THE HISTORY OF JOHN BULL.

PART II.

THE PUBLISHER'S PREFACE.

THE world is much indebted to the famous sir *Humphry Poleworth* for his ingenious and impartial account of *John Bull's* law-suit; yet there is just cause of complaint against him, in that he relates it only by parcels, and won't give us the whole work: this forces me, who am only the publisher, to bespeak the assistance of his friends and acquaintance to engage him to lay aside that stingy humour, and gratify the curiosity of the publick at once. He pleads in excuse, that they are only private memoirs, wrote for his own use, in a loose style, to serve as a help to his ordinary conversation¹. I represented to him the good reception the first part had met with; that though calculated only for the meridian of *Grub-street*, it was yet taken notice of by the better sort; that the world was now sufficiently acquainted with *John Bull*, and interested

¹ This excuse of sir *Humphry* can only relate to the second part, or sequel of the history. See the preface to the first part.

itself in his concerns. He answered, with a smile, that he had indeed some trifling things to impart, that concerned *John Bull's* relations and domestick affairs; if these would satisfy me, he gave me free leave to make use of them, because they would serve to make the history of the law-suit more intelligible. When I had looked over the manuscript, I found likewise some further account of the composition, which perhaps may not be unacceptable to such as have read the former part.

CHAP. I.

The character of ¹ John Bull's mother.

JOHN had a mother, whom he loved and honoured extremely, a discreet, grave, sober, good conditioned, cleanly old gentlewoman as ever lived; she was none of your cross grained, termagant, scolding jades, that one had as good be hanged as live in the house with, such as are always censuring the conduct, and telling scandalous stories of their neighbours, extolling their own good qualities, and undervaluing those of others. On the contrary, she was of a meek spirit, and as she was strictly virtuous herself, so she always put the best construction upon the words and actions of her neighbours, except where they were irreconcilable to the rules of honesty and decency. She was neither one of your precise *pruders*, nor one of your fantastical old *belles*, that dress themselves like girls of fifteen: as she neither wore a ruff, forehead cloth, nor high crowned hat, so she had laid aside feathers, flowers, and crimped ribbons in her head-dress, furbelo-scarfs, and hooped-petticoats. She scorned to patch and paint, yet she loved to keep her hands and her face clean. Though she wore no flaunting laced ruffles, she would not keep herself in a constant sweat with greasy flannel: though her hair was not stuck with jewels, she was not ashamed of a dia-

¹ The church of *England*.

mond cross; she was not like some ladies, hung about with toys and trinkets, tweezer-cases, pocket glasses, and essence bottles; she used only a gold watch and an almanack, to mark the hours and the holy-days.

Her furniture was neat and genteel, well fancied, with a *bon goût*. As she affected not the grandeur of a state with a canopy, she thought there was no offence in an elbow-chair; she had laid aside your carving, gilding, and japan work, as being too apt to gather dirt; but she never could be prevailed upon to part with plain wainscot and clean hangings. There are some ladies, that affect to smell a stink in every thing; they are always highly perfumed, and continually burning frankincense in their rooms; she was above such affectation, yet she never would lay aside the use of brooms and scrubbing-brushes, and scrupled not to lay her linen in fresh lavender.

She was no less genteel in her behaviour, well-bred, without affectation, in the due mean between one of your affected curt'fying pieces of formality, and your romps that have no regard to the common rules of civility. There are some ladies, that affect a mighty regard for their relations; *We must not eat to-day, for my uncle Tom, or my cousin Betty, died this time ten years: Let's have a ball to-night, it is my neighbour such-a-one's birth day*; she looked upon all this as grimace; yet she constantly observed her husband's birth day, her wedding-day, and some few more.

Though she was a truly good woman, and had a sincere motherly love for her son *John*, yet there wanted not those who endeavoured to create a misunderstanding between them, and they had so far prevailed with him once, that he turned her out of doors², to his great sorrow, as he found afterwards, for his affairs went on at fixes and sevens.

She was no less judicious in the turn of her conversation and choice of her studies, in which she far exceeded all her sex: your rakes that

² In the Rebellion of 1641.

hate the company of all sober, grave gentlewomen, would bear hers; and she would, by her handsome manner of proceeding, sooner reclaim them than some that were more sower and reserved: she was a zealous preacher up of chastity, and *conjugal fidelity* in wives, and by no means a friend to the new-fangled doctrine of the *indispensable duty of cuckoldom*: though she advanced her opinions with a becoming assurance, yet she never ushered them in, as some positive creatures will do, with dogmatical assertions, *this is infallible; I cannot be mistaken; none but a rogue can deny it*. It has been observed, that such people are oftner in the wrong than any body.

Though she had a thousand good qualities, she was not without her faults, amongst which one might perhaps reckon too great lenity to her servants, to whom she always gave good counsel, but often too gentle correction. I thought I could not say less of *John Bull's* mother, because she bears a part in the following transactions.

CHAP. II.

The character of John Bull's ¹ sister Peg, with the quarrels that happened between master and miss in their childhood.

JOHN had a sister, a poor girl that had been starved at nurse; any body would have guessed miss to have been bred up under the influence of a cruel step-dame, and *John* to be the fondling of a tender mother. *John* looked ruddy and plump, with a pair of cheeks like a trumpeter; miss looked pale and wan, as if she had the green-sickness; and no wonder, for *John* was the darling, he had all the good bits, was crammed with good pullet, chicken, pig, goose, and capon, while miss had only a little oatmeal and water, or a dry crust without butter. *John* had his golden pippins, peaches, and nectarines; poor miss a crab-apple, floe, or a blackberry. Master lay in the best apartment, with his bed-chamber towards the south fun. Miss lodged in a garret, exposed to the north wind, which shri-

¹ The nation and church of Scotland.

velled her countenance; however, this usage, though it stunted the girl in her growth, gave her a hardy constitution; she had life and spirit in abundance, and knew when she was ill used: now and then she would seize upon *John's* commons, snatch a leg of a pullet, or a bit of good beef, for which they were sure to go to fifty-cuffs. Master was indeed too strong for her; but miss would not yield in the least point, but even when master had got her down, she would scratch and bite like a tiger; when he gave her a cuff on the ear, she would prick him with her knitting-needle. *John* brought a great chain one day to tie her to the bed-post, for which affront, miss aimed a pen-knife at his heart². In short, these quarrels grew up to rooted averfions; they gave one another nick-names: she called him *gundy-guts*, and he called her *lousy Peg*; though the girl was a tight clever wench as any was, and through her pale looks you might discern spirit and vivacity, which made her not, indeed, a perfect beauty, but something that was agreeable. It was barbarous in parents not to take notice of these early quarrels, and make them live better together, such domestick feuds proving afterwards the occasion of misfortunes to them both. *Peg* had, indeed, some odd humours, and comical antipathy, for which *John* would jeer her. "What think you of my sister *Peg* (says he) that faints at the sound of an organ, and yet will dance and frisk at the noise of a bag-pipe?" "What's that to you, *gundy-guts*, (quoth *Peg*) every body's to chuse their own musick." Then *Peg* had taken a fancy not to say her *Pater-noster*, which made people imagine strange things of her. Of the three brothers, that have made such a clutter in the world, lord *Peter*, *Martin*, and *Jack*,³ *Jack* had of late been her inclinations: lord *Peter* she detested: nor did *Martin* stand much better in her good graces, but *Jack* had found the way to her heart. I have often admired, what charms she discovered in

² *Henry VIII.* to unite the two kingdoms under one sovereign offered his daughter *Mary* to *James V.* of *Scotland*; this offer was rejected, and followed by a war: to this event probably the author alludes.

³ Love of Presbytery.

that

that aukward booby, till I talked with a person that was acquainted with the intrigue, who gave me the following account of it.

CHAP. III.

¹ Jack's charms, or the method by which he gained Peg's heart.

IN the first place, *Jack* was a very young fellow, by much the youngest of the three brothers, and people, indeed, wondered how such a young upstart jackanapes should grow so pert and saucy, and take so much upon him.

Jack bragged of greater abilities than other men; he was *well-gifted*, as he pretended; I need not tell you what secret influence that has upon the ladies.

Jack had a most scandalous tongue, and persuaded *Peg* that all mankind, besides himself, were poxed by that scarlet-faced whore ² *Signiora Bubonia*. "As for his brother, lord *Peter*, the tokens were evident on him, blotches, scabs, and the corona: his brother *Martin*, though he was not quite so bad, had some nocturnal pains, which his friends pretended were only scorbutical; but he was sure it proceeded from a worse cause." By such malicious insinuations, he had possessed the lady, that he was the only man in the world of a sound, pure, and untainted constitution: though there were some that stuck not to say, that *Signiora Bubonia* and *Jack* railed at one another, only the better to hide an intrigue; and, that *Jack* had been found with *Signiora* under his cloak, carrying her home in a dark stormy night.

Jack was a prodigious ogler; he would ogle you the outside of his eye inward, and the white upward.

Jack gave himself out for a man of a great estate in the fortunate islands; of which the sole property was vested in his person: by this trick he cheated abundance of poor people of small

¹ Character of the Presbyterians.

² The whore of *Babylon*, or the *Pope*.

sums, pretending to make over plantations in the said islands; but when the poor wretches came there with *Jack's* grant, they were beat, mocked, and turned out of doors.

I told you that *Peg* was whimsical, and loved any thing that was particular: in that way, *Jack* was her man, for he neither thought, spoke, dressed, nor acted like other mortals: he was for your *bold strokes*, he railed at fops, though he was himself the most affected in the world; instead of the common fashion, he would visit his mistress in a mourning cloak, band, short cuffs, and a peaked beard. He invented a way of coming into a room backwards, which, he said, shewed more humility, and less affectation: where other people stood, he sat; where they sat, he stood; when he went to court, he used to kick away the state, and sit down by his prince cheek by jole: *Confound these states*, says he, *they are a modern invention*: when he spoke to his prince, he always turned his br—ch upon him: if he was advised to fast for his health, he would eat roast-beef; if he was allowed a more plentiful diet, then he would be sure that day to live upon water-gruel; he would cry at a wedding, laugh and make jests at a funeral.

He was no less singular in his opinions; you would have burst your sides to hear him talk of politicks³: “All government, “ says he, is founded upon the right distribution of *punishments*; “ decent executions keep the world in awe; for that reason the “ majority of mankind ought to be hanged every year. For ex- “ ample, I suppose, the magistrate ought to pass an irreversibile “ sentence upon all *blue eyed children* from the cradle*; but that “ there may be some shew of justice in this proceeding, these “ children ought to be trained up by masters, appointed for that “ purpose, to all sorts of villainy; that they may deserve their fate, “ and the execution of them may serve as an object of terror to “ the rest of mankind.” As to the giving of *pardons*, he had this

³ Absolute predestination,

* Reprobation.

singular method ⁴, That when these wretches had the rope about their necks, it should be enquired, who believed they should be hanged, and who not? The first were to be pardoned, the last hanged out-right. Such as were once pardoned, were never to be hanged afterwards for any crime whatsoever [†]. He had such skill in physiognomy, that he would pronounce peremptorily upon a man's face, *That fellow, says he, do what he will, can't avoid hanging; he has a hanging look.* By the same art he would prognosticate a principality to a scoundrel.

He was no less particular in the choice of his studies; they were generally bent towards exploded chimera's, ⁵ the *perpetuum mobile*, the circular shot, philosopher's stone, silent gun-powder, making chains for fleas, nets for flies, and instruments to unravel cobwebs and split hairs.

Thus, I think, I have given a distinct account of the methods he practised upon *Peg*. Her brother would now and then ask her, "What a devil do'st thou see in that pragmatistical coxcomb to make thee so in love with him? he is a fit match for a taylor or a shoemaker's daughter, but not for you, that are a gentlewoman." "Fancy is free, quoth *Peg*: I'll take my own way, do you take yours. I do not care for your flaunting beaus, that gang with their breasts open, and their farks over their waistcoats; that accost me with set speeches out of *Sidney's Arcadia*, or the *Academy of compliments*. *Jack* is a sober, grave, young man; though he has none of your studied harangues, his meaning is sincere: he has a great regard to his father's will; and he that shews himself a good son, will make a good husband; besides, I know he has the original deed of conveyance to the fortunate islands; the others are counterfeits." There is nothing so obstinate as a young lady in her amours; the more you cross her, the worse she is.

⁴ Saving faith; a belief that one shall certainly be saved.

[†] Election.

⁵ The learning of the Presbyterians.

CHAP. IV.

How the relations reconciled John and his sister Peg, and what return Peg made to John's message¹.

JOHN BULL, otherwise a good-natured man, was very hard-hearted to his sister *Peg*, chiefly from an aversion he had conceived in his infancy. While he flourished, kept a warm house, and drove a plentiful trade, poor *Peg* was forced to go hawking and peddling about the streets, selling knives, scissars, and shoe-buckles; now and then carried a basket of fish to the market; sewed, spun, and knit for a livelihood, till her fingers-ends were sore, and when she could not get bread for her family, she was forced to hire them out at journey work to her neighbours. Yet in these her poor circumstances she still preserved the air and mien of a gentlewoman, a certain decent pride, that extorted respect from the haughtiest of her neighbours; when she came into any full assembly, she would not yield the *pas* to the best of them. If one asked her, are not you related to *John Bull*? "Yes, says she; he has the honour to be my brother." So *Peg's* affairs went, till all the relations cried out shame upon *John* for his barbarous usage of his own flesh and blood; that it was an easy matter for him to put her in a creditable way of living, not only without hurt but with advantage to himself, being she was an industrious person, and might be serviceable to him in his way of business. "Hang her, jade, quoth *John*; I can't endure her, as long as she keeps that rascal *Jack's* company." They told him, the way to reclaim her was to take her into his house; that by conversation the childish humours of their younger days might be worn out. These arguments were enforced by a certain incident. It happened that *John* was at that time about making his² will,

¹ The treaty of Union between England and Scotland.

² The succession to the crown having been set-

tled by act of parliament in England, upon the house of *Hanover*, and no such act having passed in Scotland, then a separate kingdom, it was

and *entailing his estate*, the very same in which *Nic. Frog* is named executor. Now his sister *Peg's* name being in the entail, he could not make a thorough settlement without her consent. There was, indeed, a malicious story went about, as if *John's* last wife had fallen in love with *Jack* as he was³ eating custard on horseback; that she persuaded *John* to take his sister into the house, the better to drive on the intrigue with *Jack*, concluding he would follow his mistress *Peg*. All I can infer from this story, is, that when one has got a bad character in the world, people will report and believe any thing of one, true or false. But to return to my story; when *Peg* received *John's* message, she huffed and stormed like the devil⁴:

“ My brother *John*, quoth she, is grown wondrous kind-hearted
 “ all of a sudden, but I meikle doubt, whether it be not mair for
 “ their own conveniency than for my good; he draws up his writs
 “ and his deeds, forsooth, and I must set my hand to them, unsight,
 “ unseen. I like the young man he has settled upon well enough,
 “ but I think I ought to have a valuable consideration for my consent.
 “ He wants my poor little farm, because it makes a nook in his
 “ park-wall: ye may e'en tell him, he has mair than he makes good
 “ use of; he gangs up and down drinking, roaring, and quarrelling,
 “ through all the country markets, making foolish bargains in his
 “ cups, which he repents when he is sober; like a thriftless wretch,
 “ spending the goods and gear that his fore-fathers won with the
 “ sweat of their brows; light come, light go, he cares not a farthing.
 “ But why should I stand surety for his contracts; the little I have
 “ is free, and I can call it my awn; hame's hame, let it be never so
 “ hamely. I ken him well enough, he could never abide me,
 “ and when he has his ends, he'll e'en use me as he did before. I
 “ am sure I shall be treated like a poor drudge; I shall be set to

thought a proper time to compleat the union which had been often attempted, and which was recommended to the *Scots* by king *William III.*

³ A Presbyterian lord mayor of *London*.

⁴ The *Scots* expressed their fears for the presbyterian government, and of being burdened with the *English* national debts.

“tend the bairns, dearn the hose, and mend the linen. Then there’s
 “no living with that old carline hismother; she rails at *Jack*, and
 “*Jack*’s an honestest man than any of her kin: I shall be plagued
 “with her spells and her *Pater-nosters*, and silly old-world cere-
 “monies; I mun never pare my nails on a *Friday*, nor begin a
 “journey on *Childermas-day*; and I mun stand becking and bing-
 “ing, as I gang out and into the hall. Tell him he may e’en gang
 “his get; I’ll have nothing to do with him; I’ll stay, like the poor
 “country mouse, in my awn habitation.” So *Peg* talked; but for
 all that, by the interposition of good friends, and by many a bonny
 thing that was sent, and many more that were promised *Peg*, the
 matter was concluded, and *Peg* taken into the house upon certain
 articles: one of which was, that she might have the freedom of
Jack’s conversation^s, and might take him for better and for worse,
 if she pleased; provided always, he did not come into the house at
 unseasonable hours, and disturb the rest of the old woman, *John*’s
 mother.

C H A P. V.

*Of some quarrels, that happened after Peg was taken into the family*¹.

IT is an old observation, that the quarrels of relations are harder to
 reconcile than any other; injuries from friends fret and gall
 more, and the memory of them is not so easily obliterated. This is
 cunningly represented by one of your old fages, called *Æsop* in the
 story of the bird, that was grieved extremely at being wounded with
 an arrow feathered with his own wing; as also of the oak, that let
 many a heavy groan, when he was cleft with a wedge of his own
 timber.

There was no man in the world less subject to rancour than *John*
Bull, considering how often his good nature had been abused; yet I

^s The act of Toleration. ¹ Quarrels about some of the articles of Union, particularly the Peerage,

don't know, but he was too apt to hearken to tattling people, that carried tales between him and his sister *Peg*, on purpose to sow jealousies, and set them together by the ears. They say that there were some hardships put upon *Peg*, which had been better let alone; but it was the business of good people to restrain the injuries on one side, and moderate the resentments on the other; a good friend acts both parts; the one without the other will not do.

² The purchase money of *Peg's* farm was ill paid; then *Peg* loved a little good liquor, and the servants shut up the wine-cellar; but for that *Peg* found a trick, for she made a ³ false key. *Peg's* servants complained that they were debarred from all manner of business, and never suffered to touch the least thing within the house⁴; if they offered to come into the warehouse, then strait went the yard flap over their noddle; if they ventured into the counting-room, a fellow would throw an ink-bottle at their head; if they came into the best apartment, to set any thing there in order, they were saluted with a broom; if they meddled with any thing in the kitchen, it was odds but the cook laid them over the pate with a ladle; one that would have got into the stables, was met by two rascals, who fell to work with him with a brush and a curry-comb; some climbing up into the coach-box, were told, that one of their companions had been there before, that could not drive; then flap went the long whip about their ears.

On the other hand it was complained, that *Peg's* servants were always asking for ⁵ drink-money; that they had more than their share of the *Christmas-box*: to say the truth, *Peg's* lads bustled pretty hard for that, for when they were endeavouring to lock it up, they got in their great fists, and pulled out handfuls of half-crowns, shillings, and six-pences. Others in the scramble picked up guineas and

² By the xvth article of the treaty of Union it was agreed, that *Scotland* should have an equivalent for several customs and excises, to which she would become liable, and this equivalent was not paid.

³ Run wine.

⁴ By the test act dissenters are excluded from places and employments.

⁵ Endeavoured to get their share of places.

broad-

broad-pieces. But there happened a worse thing than all this; it was complained that *Peg's* servants had great stomachs, and brought so many of their friends and acquaintance to the table, that *John's* family was like to be eat out of house and home. Instead of regulating this matter as it ought to be, *Peg's* young men were thrust away from the table; then there was the devil and all to do; spoons, plates, and dishes flew about the room like mad: and sir *Roger*, who was now *major domo*, had enough to do to quiet them. *Peg* said, this was contrary to agreement, whereby she was in all things to be treated like a child of the family; then she called upon those, that had made her such fair promises, and undertook for her brother *John's* good behaviour; but, alas! to her cost she found, that they were the first and readiest to do her the injury. *John* at last agreed to this regulation; that *Peg's*⁶ footmen might sit with his book-keeper, journey-men, and apprentices; and *Peg's* better sort of servants might sit with his footmen, if they pleased.

Then they began to order plumb porridge and minced-pies for *Peg's* dinner: *Peg* told them she had an aversion to that sort of food; that upon forcing⁷ down a mess of it some years ago, it threw her into a fit, till she brought it up again. Some alledged it was nothing but humour, that the same mess should be served up again for supper, and breakfast next morning; others would have made use of a horn; but the wiser sort bid let her alone, and she might take to it of her own accord.

CHAP. VI.

The conversation between John Bull and his wife.

Mrs. Bull. **T**HOUGH our affairs, honey, are in a bad condition, I have a better opinion of them, since you seemed to be convinced of the ill course you have been in, and are resolved

⁶ Articles of Union, whereby they could make
a Scot's commoner, but not a lord, a peer.

⁷ Introducing episcopacy into Scotland by
Charles I.

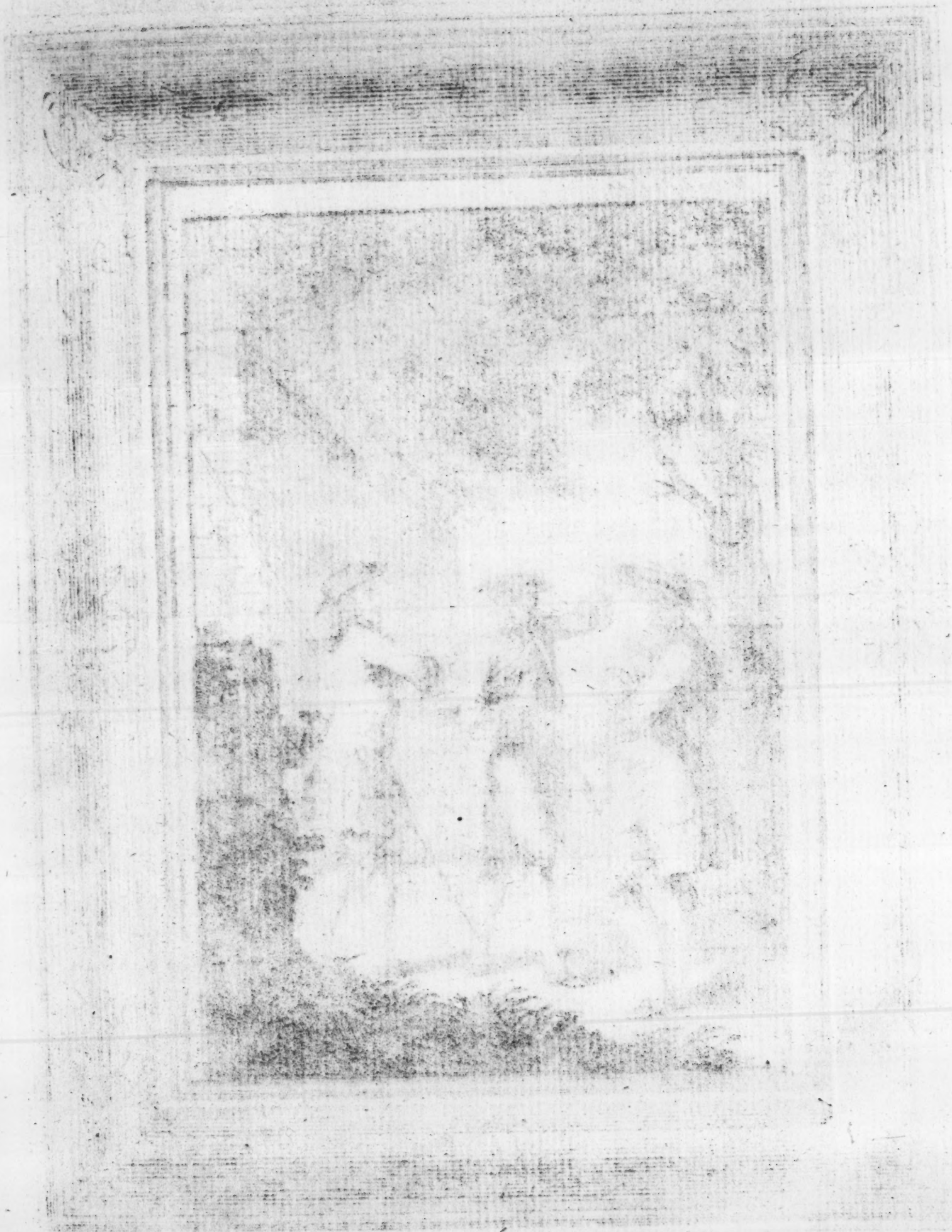
to submit to proper remedies. But when I consider your immense debts, your foolish bargains, and the general disorder of your business, I have a curiosity to know what fate or chance has brought you into this condition.

J. Bull. I wish you would talk of some other subject; the thoughts of it make me mad; our family must have their run.

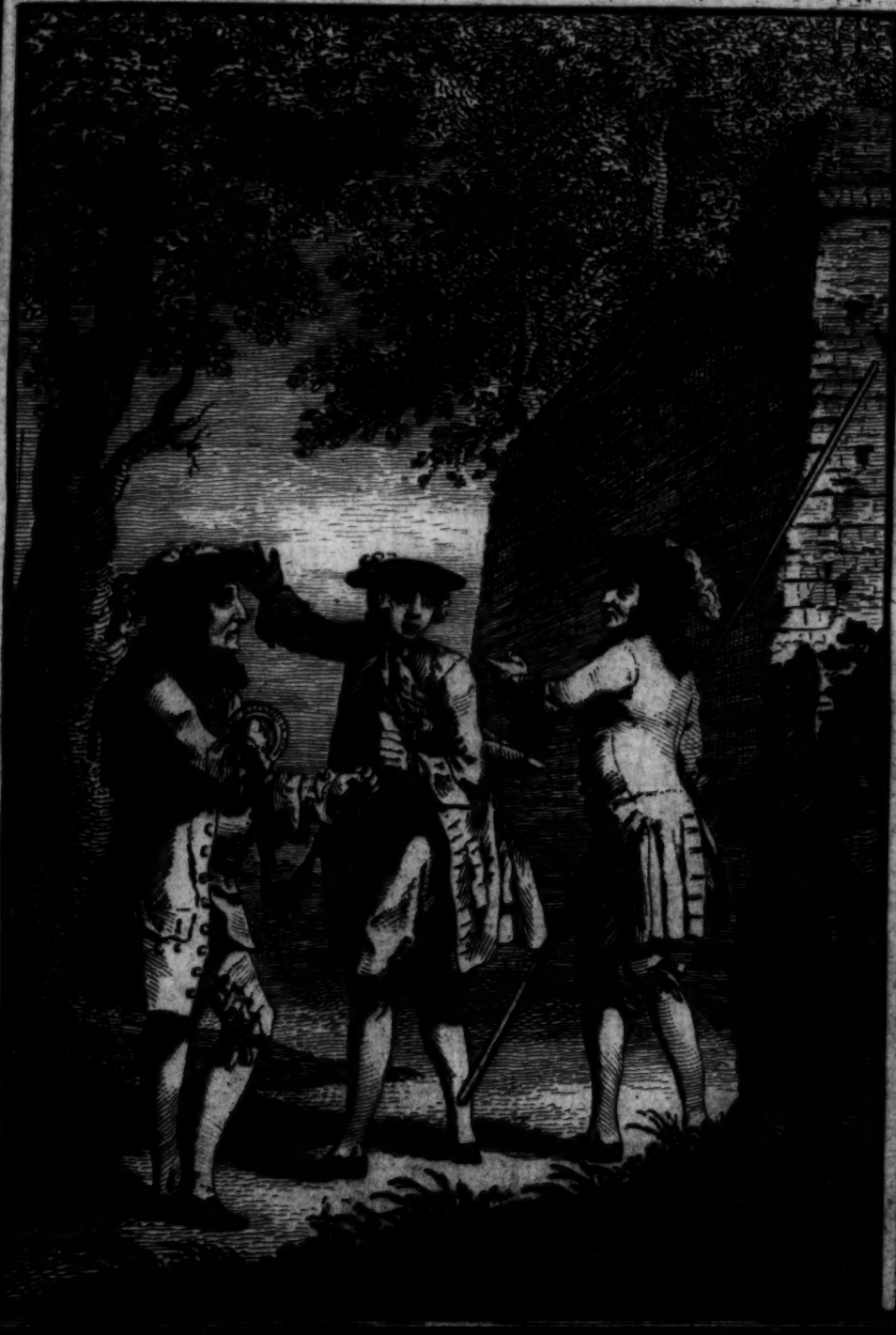
Mrs. Bull. But such a strange thing as this never happened to any of your family before: they have had law-suits, but though they spent the income, they never mortgaged the stock. Sure you must have some of the *Norman* or the *Norfolk* blood in you. Prithee give me some account of these matters.

J. Bull. Who could help it? There lives not such a fellow by bread as that old *Lewis Baboon*: he is the most cheating contentious rogue upon the face of the earth. You must know, one day, as *Nic. Frog* and I were over a bottle making up an old quarrel, the old fellow would needs have us drink a bottle of his *Champagne*, and so one after another, till my friend *Nic.* and I, not being used to such heady stuff, got bloody drunk. *Lewis* all the while, either by the strength of his brain, or flinching his glass, kept himself sober as a judge. "My worthy friends, quoth *Lewis*, henceforth let us live
"neighbourly, I am as peaceable and quiet as a lamb, of my own
"temper, but it has been my misfortune to live among quarrel-
"some neighbours. There is but one thing can make us fall out,
"and that is the *inheritance of lord Strutt's estate*; I am content, for
"peace sake, to wave my right, and submit to any expedient to
"prevent a law-suit; I think an ' *equal division* will be the fairest
"way." *Well moved, old Lewis*, quoth *Frog*; and I hope my friend
John here will not be refractory. At the same time he clapped me on
the back, and flabbered me all over from cheek to cheek, with his
great tongue. *Do as you please, gentlemen*, quoth I; 'tis all one to
John Bull. We agreed to part that night, and next morning to

* A treaty for preserving the ballance of power in *Europe* by a partition of the *Spanish* dominions.



N. 20. fol. 1. 55.



meet at the corner of lord *Strutt's* park wall with our surveying instruments, which accordingly we did. Old *Lewis* carried a chain and a semicircle; *Nic.* paper, rulers, and a lead pencil; and I followed at some distance with a long pole. We began first with surveying the meadow grounds, afterwards we measured the corn fields, close by close; then we proceeded to the wood lands, the² copper and tin mines. All this while *Nic.* laid down every thing exactly upon paper, calculated the acres and roods to a great nicety. When we had finished the land, we were going to break into the house and gardens to take an inventory of his plate, pictures, and other furniture.

Mrs. *Bull.* What said Lord *Strutt* to all this?

J. Bull. As we had almost finished our concern, we were accosted by some of Lord *Strutt's* servants: "Hey day! What's here?" "What a devil's the meaning of all these trankrams and gimcracks, gentlemen? What in the name of wonder are you going about, jumping over my master's hedges, and running your lines cross his grounds? If you are at any field pastime, you might have asked leave, my master is a civil well-bred person as any is."

Mrs. *Bull.* What could you answer to this?

J. Bull. Why truly my neighbour *Frog* and I were still hot-headed; we told him his master was an old doating puppy, that minded nothing of his own business; that we were surveying his estate, and settling it for him, since he would not do it himself. Upon this there happened a quarrel, but we being stronger than they, sent them away with a flea in their ear. They went home and told their master³, "My Lord, said they, there are three odd sort of fellows going about your grounds with the strangest machines, that ever we beheld in our life: I suppose they are going to rob your orchard, fell your trees, or drive away your cattle: they told us strange things of settling your estate: one is a lusty

² The *West Indies*.

³ This partition of the King of *Spain's* dominions was made without his consent or even his knowledge.

"old

“ old fellow, in a black wig, with a black beard, without teeth:
 “ there’s another thick squat fellow, in trunk-hose: the third is a
 “ little, long-nosed thin man. (I was then lean, being just come
 “ out of a fit of sickness) I suppose it is fit to send after them, lest
 “ they carry something away.”

Mrs. *Bull*. I fancy this put the old fellow in a rare tweague.

J. *Bull*. Weak as he was, he called for his long *Toledo*, swore and
 bounced about the room, “ ’Sdeath! what am I come to, to be af-
 “ fronted so by my tradesmen? I know the rascals: my barber,
 “ clothier, and linen-draper dispose of my estate! bring hither my
 “ blunderbuss. I’ll warrant ye, you shall see day-light through them.
 “ Scoundrels! dogs! the scum of the earth! *Frog*, that was my fa-
 “ ther’s kitchen-boy, he pretend to meddle with my estate! with
 “ my will! Ah poor *Strutt*, what art thou come to at last? Thou
 “ hast lived too long in the world, to see thy age and infirmity so
 “ despised: how will the ghosts of my noble ancestors receive these
 “ tidings? They cannot, they must not sleep quietly in their graves.”
 In short, the old gentleman was carried off in a fainting fit, and after
 bleeding in both arms hardly recovered.

Mrs. *Bull*. Really this was a very extraordinary way of proceed-
 ing: I long to hear the rest of it.

J. *Bull*. After we had come back to the tavern, and taken t’other
 bottle of *Champagne*, we quarrelled a little about the division of the
 estate. *Lewis* halled and pulled the map on one side, and *Frog* and
 I on the other, till we had like to have torn the parchment to pieces.
 At last *Lewis* pulled out a pair of great taylor’s sheers, and clipt a
 corner for himself, which he said was a manor that lay convenient
 for him, and left *Frog* and me the rest to dispose of as we pleased.
 We were overjoyed to think *Lewis* was contented with so little, not
 smelling what was at the bottom of the plot. There happened in-
 deed an incident, that gave us some disturbance: a cunning fellow,
 one of my servants, two days after peeping through the key-hole
 observed, that old *Lewis* had stole away our part of the map, and
 saw

saw him fidling and turning the map from one corner to the other, trying to join the two pieces together again: he was muttering something to himself, which we did not well hear, only these words, *'Tis great pity, 'tis great pity!* My servant added, that he believed this had some ill meaning. I told him he was a coxcomb, always pretending to be wiser than his companions: *Lewis* and I are good friends, he's an honest fellow, and I dare say will stand to his bargain. The sequel of the story proved this fellow's suspicion to be too well grounded; for ⁴ *Lewis* revealed our whole secret to the deceased Lord *Strutt*, who, in reward to his treachery and revenge to *Frog* and me, settled his whole estate upon the present *Philip Baboon*. Then we understood what he meant by piecing the map.

Mrs. *Bull*. And was you surprized at this? Had not Lord *Strutt* reason to be angry? Would you have been contented to have been so used yourself.

J. *Bull*. Why truly, wife, it was not easily reconciled to the common methods; but then it was the fashion to do such things. I have read of your golden age, your silver age, *etc.* one might justly call this the age of *lawyers*. There was hardly a man of substance in all the country, but had a ^{*} *counterfeit, that pretended to his estate*. As the philosophers say, that there is a duplicate of every terrestrial animal at sea, so it was in this age of the lawyers, there was at least two of every thing; nay, on my conscience, I think there were three [†] Esquire *Hackums* at one time. In short, it was usual for a parcel of fellows to meet, and dispose of the whole estates in the country: *This lies convenient for me, Tom: Thou wouldst do more good with that, Dick, than the old fellow that has it.* So to law they went with the true owners; the lawyers got well by it; every body else was undone. It was a common thing for an honest man, when he came home at night, to find another fellow domineering in his family,

⁴ It is suspected that the *French* King intended to take the whole, and that he revealed the secret to the court of *Spain*, upon which the will was

made in favour of his grandson.

^{*} Several Pretenders at that time.

[†] Kings of *Poland*.

hectoring his servants, calling for supper, and pretending to go to bed to his wife. In every house you might observe two *Sofia's* quarrelling who was master. For my own part, I am still afraid of the same treatment, and that I should find somebody behind my counter felling my broad cloth.

Mrs. *Bull*. There are a sort of fellows, they call banterers and bamboozlers, that play such tricks; but it seems, these fellows were in earnest.

J. *Bull*. I begin to think, that *justice* is a better rule than *conveniency*, for all some people make so slight on it.

CHAP. VII.

*Of the hard shifts Mrs. Bull was put to, to preserve the manor of Bullock's Hatch; with Sir Roger's method to keep off importunate duns*¹.

AS *John Bull* and his wife were talking together, they were surprized with a sudden knocking at the door: "Those wicked scriveners and lawyers, no doubt," quoth *John*; and so it was: some asking for the money he owed, and others warning to prepare for the approaching term. "What a cursed life do I lead?" quoth *John*. "Debt is like deadly sin: for God's sake, Sir *Roger*, get me rid of the fellows." "I'll warrant you, quoth Sir *Roger*; leave them to me." And indeed it was pleasant enough to observe Sir *Roger's* method with these importunate duns; his sincere friendship for *John Bull* made him submit to many things for his service, which he would have scorned to have done for himself. * Sometimes he would stand at the door with his long staff to keep off the

¹ After the dissolution of the parliament, the sinking ministry endeavoured to support themselves by propagating a notion, that the publick credit would suffer, if the lord treasurer *Godolphin* was removed: the dread of this event produced it: the monied men began to sell their shares in the bank; the governor, deputy governor, and

two directors applied to the Queen to prevent the change; the alarm became general, and all the publick funds gradually sunk.

Perhaps by *Bullock's-Hatch* the author meant the crown lands: see p. 68.

* Manners of the Earl of *Oxford*.

duns,

duns, 'till *John* got out at the back-door. When the lawyers and tradesmen brought extravagant bills, Sir *Roger* used to bargain before-hand for leave to cut off a quarter of a yard in any part of the bill he pleased; he wore a pair of scissars in his pocket for this purpose, and would snip it off so nicely as you cannot imagine. Like a true goldsmith, he kept all your holidays; there was not one wanting in his calendar: when ready money was scarce, he would set them a telling a thousand pounds in six-pences, groats, and three-penny pieces. It would have done your heart good to have seen him charge through an army of lawyers, attorneys, clerks, and tradesmen; sometimes with sword in hand, at other times nuzzling like an eel in the mud. When a fellow stuck like a bur, that there was no shaking him off, he used to be mighty inquisitive about the health of his uncles and aunts in the country; he could call them all by their names, for he knew every body, and could talk to them in their own way. The extremely impertinent he would send away to see some strange sight, as the dragon of *Hockley in the Hole*; or bid him call the 30th of next *February*. * Now and then you would see him in the kitchen, weighing the beef and butter; paying ready money, that the maids might not run a tick at the market, and the butchers, by bribing of them, sell damaged and light meat. Another time he would slip into the cellar, and gauge the casks. In his leisure minutes he was posting his books, and gathering in his debts. Such frugal methods were necessary, where money was so scarce, and duns so numerous. All this while *John* kept his credit, could shew his head both at 'Change and *Westminster-hall*; no man protested his bill, nor refused his bond; only the sharpers and the scriveners, the lawyers and other clerks pelted Sir *Roger* as he went along. The squinters were at it with their kennel water, for they were mad for the loss of their bubble, and that they could not get him to mortgage the manor of *Bullock's-Hatch*. Sir *Roger* shook his ears, and

* Some regulations as to the purveyance in the Queen's family.

nuzzled along, well satisfied within himself, that he was doing a charitable work in rescuing an honest man from the claws of *barpies* and *blood-suckers*. Mrs. Bull did all that an affectionate wife, and a good housewife could do; yet the boundaries of virtues are indivisible lines; it is impossible to march up close to the frontiers of frugality, without entering the territories of parsimony. Your good housewives are apt to look into the minutest things; * therefore some blamed Mrs. Bull for new heel-pieceing of her shoes, grudging a quarter of a pound of *soap* and *sand* to scowre the rooms; but especially, † that she would not allow her maids and apprentices the benefit of *John Bunyan*, the *London apprentices*, or the *Seven champions* in the black-letter.

CHAP. VIII.

A continuation of the conversation betwixt John Bull and his wife.

Mrs. Bull. **I**T is a most sad life we lead, my dear, to be so teased, paying interest for old debts, and still contracting new ones. However, I don't blame you for vindicating your honour, and chastizing old *Lewis*: to curb the insolent, protect the oppressed, recover one's own, and defend what one has, are good effects of the law: the only thing I want to know, is, how you came to make an end of your money, before you finished your suit.

John Bull. I was told by the learned in the law, that my suit stood upon three firm pillars; *more money for more law, more law for more money, and no composition*. More money for more law, was plain to a demonstration, for who can go to law without money? and it was plain, that any man that has money, may have law for it. The third was as evident as the other two; for what composition could be made with a rogue, that never kept a word he said?

* Too great savings in the house of commons. † Restraining the liberty of the press by act of parliament.

Mrs. Bull. I think you are most likely to get out of this labyrinth by the second door, by want of ready money to purchase this precious commodity: but you seem not only to have bought too much of it, but have paid too dear for what you bought; else, how was it possible to run so much in debt, when at this very time, the yearly income of what is mortgaged to those usurers, would discharge *Hocus's* bills, and give you your belly full of law for all your life, without running one six-pence in debt? You have been bred up to business; I suppose you can cypher; I wonder you never used your pen and ink.

John Bull. Now you urge me too far; prithee, dear wife, hold thy tongue. Suppose a young heir, heedless, raw, and unexperienced, full of spirit and vigour, with a favourite passion, in the hands of money scriveners: such fellows are like your wire-drawing mills; if they get hold of a man's finger, they will pull in his whole body at last, 'till they squeeze the heart, blood and guts out of him. * When I wanted money, half a dozen of these fellows were always waiting in my antichamber with their securities ready drawn. I was tempted with the *ready*, some farm or other went to pot. I received with one hand, and paid it away with the other to lawyers, that like so many hell-hounds were ready to devour me. Then the rogues would plead poverty, and scarcity of money, which always ended in receiving ninety for the hundred. After they had got possession of my best rents, they were able to supply me with my own money. But what was worse, when I looked into the securities, there was no clause of redemption.

Mrs. Bull. No clause of redemption say you? that's hard.

John Bull. No great matter, for I cannot pay them. They had got a worse trick than that; the same man bought and sold to himself, paid the money, and gave the acquittance; the same man was butcher and grafter, brewer and butler, cook and poulterer. There

* Methods of preying upon the necessities of the government.

is something still worse than all this; there came twenty bills upon me at once, which I had given money to discharge; I was like to be pulled to pieces by brewer, butcher, and baker; even my herb-woman dunned me, as I went along the streets. (Thanks to my friend Sir *Roger*, else I must have gone to goal.) When I asked the meaning of this, I was told, the money went to the lawyers; counsel won't tick, Sir; *Hocus* was urging: my book-keeper sat sopping all day, playing at *put* and *all-fours*: in short, by griping usurers, devouring lawyers, and negligent servants, I am brought to this pass.

Mrs. *Bull*. This was hard usage! but methinks, the least reflection might have retrieved you.

John Bull. It is true: yet consider my circumstances; my honour was engaged, and I did not know how to get out; besides, I was for five years often drunk, always muddled; they carried me from tavern to tavern, to ale-houses and brandy-shops, and brought me acquainted with such strange dogs! “* There goes the prettiest fellow in the world, says one, for managing a jury; make him yours. There's another can pick you up witnesses: serjeant such-a-one has a silver tongue at the bar.” I believe, in time I should have retained every single person within the inns of court. The night after a trial I treated the lawyers, their wives and daughters, with fiddles, hautboys, drums, and trumpets. I was always hot-headed; then they placed me in the middle, the attornies and their clerks dancing about me, whooping, and hollowing, *Long live John Bull, the glory and support of the law!*

Mrs. *Bull*. Really, husband, you went through a very notable course.

John Bull. One of the things, that first alarmed me, was † that they shewed a spite against my poor old mother. “Lord, quoth I, what makes you so jealous of a poor, old, innocent gentlewoman, that minds only her prayers, and her practice of piety: she never

* Hiring still more troops.

† Railing against the church.

“ meddles in any of your concerns? Foh, *say they*, to see a hand-
 “ some, brisk, genteel, young fellow, so much governed by a doat-
 “ ing old woman! why don’t you go and suck the bubby? Do
 “ you consider she keeps you out of a good jointure? She has the
 “ best of your estate settled upon her for a rent-charge: hang her,
 “ old thief, turn her out of doors, seize her land, and let her go to
 “ law if she dares.” “ Soft and fair, gentlemen, *quoth I*; my mo-
 “ ther’s my mother; our family are not of an unnatural temper.
 “ Though I don’t take all her advice, I won’t seize her jointure;
 “ long may she enjoy it, good woman; I don’t grudge it her, she
 “ allows me now and then a brace of hundreds for my law-suit;
 “ that’s pretty fair.” About this time the old gentlewoman fell ill
 of an * odd sort of a distemper; it began with a coldness and
 numbness in her limbs, which by degrees affected the nerves, (I
 think the physicians call them) seized the brain, and at last ended in
 a lethargy. It betrayed itself at first in a sort of indifference and
 carelessness in all her actions, coldness to her best friends, and an
 aversion to stir or go about the common offices of life. She, that
 was the cleanliest creature in the world, never shrunk now, if you set
 a close-stool under her nose. She, that would sometimes rattle off her
 servants pretty sharply, now, if she saw them drink, or heard them
 talk profanely, never took any notice of it. † Instead of her usual
 charities to deserving persons, she threw away her money upon
 roaring swearing bullies and beggars, that went about the streets.
 “ What is the matter with the old gentlewoman, said every body,
 “ she never used to do in this manner?” At ‡ last the distemper
 grew more violent, and threw her downright into raving fits; in
 which she shrieked out so loud, that she disturbed the whole neigh-
 bourhood. In her fits she called upon one Sir *William*: “ § Oh!

* Carelessness in forms and discipline.

† Disposing of some preferments to libertine
 and unprincipled persons.

‡ The too violent clamour about the danger

of the church.

§ Sir *William*, a cant name of Sir *Humphry*’s
 for Lord Treasurer *Godolphin*.

“ Sir

“ Sir *William*, thou hast betrayed me! killed me! stabbed me!
 “ fold me to the cuckold of *Dover-street*! See, see, *Clum* with his
 “ bloody knife! seize him, seize him, stop him! Behold the fury
 “ with her hissing snakes? Where’s my son *John*! Is he well, is he
 “ well! poor man, I pity him;” and abundance more of such
 strange stuff, that no body could make any thing of. I knew little
 of the matter; for when I enquired about her health, the answer
 was, that “ she was in a good moderate way.” Physicians were
 sent for in haste: Sir *Roger*, with great difficulty, brought *Rat-*
cliff; *Garth* came upon the first message. There were several others
 called in; but, as usual upon such occasions, they differed strangely
 at the consultation. At last they divided into two parties, one
 sided with *Garth*, the other with *Ratcliff*. * Dr. *Garth*. “ This
 “ case seems to me to be plainly hysterical; the old woman is
 “ whimsical; it is a common thing for your old women to be so;
 “ I’ll pawn my life, blisters, with the steel diet, will recover her.”
 Others suggested strong purging, and letting of blood, because she
 was plethorick. Some went so far as to say the old woman was
 mad, and nothing would be better than a little corporal correction.
Ratcliff, “ Gentlemen, you are mistaken in this case; it is plainly
 “ an acute distemper, and she cannot hold out three days, unless
 “ she is supported with strong cordials.” I came into the room with
 a good deal of concern, and asked them, what they thought of my
 mother? “ In no manner of danger, I vow to *Gad*, quoth *Garth*,
 “ the old woman is hysterical, fanciful, Sir, I vow to *Gad*.” “ I
 “ tell you, Sir, says *Ratcliff*, she cannot live three days to an end,
 “ unless there is some very effectual course taken with her; she has
 “ a malignant fever.” Then fool, puppy, and blockhead were the
 best words they gave. I could hardly restrain them from throw-
 ing the ink-bottles at one another’s heads. I forgot to tell you,
 that one party of the physicians desired, I would take my sister

* *Garth*, the low-church party. *Ratcliff*, high-church party.

Peg into the house to nurse her, but the old gentlewoman would not hear of that. At last one physician asked, if the Lady had ever been used to take *Laudanum*? Her maid answered, not that she knew; but indeed there was a *Highb-German* Livery-man of hers, one * *Yan Ptschirnsooker*, that gave her a sort of quack-powder. The physician desired to see it: "Nay, *says he*, there is *Opium* " in this, I am sure."

Mrs. Bull. I hope you examined a little into this matter.

John Bull. I did indeed, and discovered a great mystery of iniquity. The witnesses made oath, That they had heard some of the † *Livery-men* frequently railing at their mistresses. "They said, she " was a troublesome fiddle-faddle old woman, and so ceremonious, " that there was no bearing of her. They were so plagued with " bowing and cringing as they went in and out of the room, that " their backs ached. She used to scold at one for his dirty shoes, " at another for his greasy hair, and not combing his head: that " she was so passionate and fiery in her temper, that there was no " living with her; she wanted something to sweeten her blood: " that they never had a quiet night's rest, for getting up in the " morning to early sacraments; they wished they could find some " way or another to keep the old woman quiet in her bed." Such discourses were often overheard among the *Livery-men*, while the said *Yan Ptschirnsooker* had undertook this matter. A maid made affidavit, "That she had seen the said *Yan Ptschirnsooker*, one of " the *Livery-men*, frequently making up of medicines, and administering them to all the neighbours; that she saw him one morning make up the powder, which her mistress took; that she had " the curiosity to ask him, whence he had the ingredients? They " come, *says he*, from several parts of de world; dis I have from " *Geneva*, dat from *Rome*, this white powder from *Amsterdam*, and " the red from *Edinburgh*; but the chief ingredient of all comes

* *Yan Ptschirnsooker*, a bishop at that time, a great dealer in politicks and physick.

† The clergy.

“from *Turkey*.” It was likewise proved, that the said *Yan Ptschirn-fooker* had been frequently seen at the *Rose* with *Jack*, who was known to bear an inveterate spite to his mistress: That he brought a certain powder to his mistress, which the examinant believes to be the same, and spoke the following words: “Madam, here is
 “grand secret van de world, my sweetening powder, it does tem-
 “perate de humour, despel de windt, and cure de vapour, it lul-
 “leth and quieteth de animal spirits, procuring rest and pleasant
 “dreams: it is de infallible receipt for de scurvy, all heats in de
 “bloodt, and breaking out upon de skin: it is de true blood-
 “stancher, stopping all fluxes of de blood: if you do take dis,
 “you will never ail any ding; it will cure you of all diseases:”
 and abundance more to this purpose, which the examinant does not remember.

JOHN BULL was interrupted in his story by a porter, that brought him a letter from *Nicholas Frog*, which is as follows.

CHAP. IX.

* *A Copy of Nic. Frog's letter to John Bull.*

[John Bull reads.]

FRIEND JOHN,

“WHAT Schellum is this, that makes thee jealous of thy old
 “friend *Nicholas*? Hast thou forgot how some years ago
 “he took thee out of the † spunging-house? [*'Tis true my friend
 Nic. did so, and I thank him; but he made me pay a swinging rec-
 koning.*] “Thou beginn’st now to repent thy bargain, that thou
 “wast so fond of; and, if thou durst, would’st forswear thy own
 “hand and seal. Thou say’st, that thou hast purchased me too
 “great an estate already; when, at the same time, thou know’st

* A letter from the S—s G——l.

† Alluding to the Revolution.

“I have

" I have only a mortgage : 'tis true, I have possession, and the
 " tenants own me for master; but has not Esquire *South* the equity
 " of redemption? [*No doubt, and will redeem it very speedily;*
poor Nic. has only possession, eleven points of the law.] " As for the
 " * turnpikes I have set up, they are for other people, not for my
 " friend *John*; I have ordered my servant constantly to attend, to
 " let thy carriages through without paying any thing; only I hope
 " thou wilt not come too heavy laden to spoil my ways. Certainly
 " I have just cause of offence against thee, my friend, for suppos-
 " ing it possible that thou and I should ever quarrel: what houndf-
 " foot is it that puts these whims in thy head? Ten thousand last
 " of devils haul me, if I don't love thee as I love my life. [*No*
question, as the devil loves holy-water!] " Does not thy own hand
 " and seal oblige thee to purchase for me, till I say it is enough?
 " Are not these words plain? I say it is not enough. Dost thou
 " think thy friend *Nicholas Frog* made a child's bargain? Mark the
 " words of thy contract, *Totâ pecuniâ*, with all thy money. [*Very*
well! I have purchased with my own money, my childrens, and my
grand-childrens money, is not that enough? Well, totâ pecuniâ let it
be, for at present I have none at all: he would not have me purchase
with other people's money sure; since totâ pecuniâ is the bargain, I
think it is plain, no more money, no more purchase.] " And what-
 " ever the world may say, *Nicholas Frog* is but a poor man in
 " comparison of the rich, the opulent *John Bull*, great clothier of
 " the world. I have had many losses, six of my best sheep were
 " drowned, and the water has come into my cellar, and spoiled a
 " pipe of my best brandy: it would be a more friendly act in thee
 " to carry a brief about the country to repair the losses of thy poor
 " friend. Is it not evident to all the world, that I am still hemmed
 " in by *Lewis Baboon*? Is he not just upon my borders? [*And so he*
will be, if I purchase a thousand acres more, unless he get somebody

* The Dutch prohibition of trade.

betwixt them.] “ I tell thee, friend *John*, thou hast flatterers, that
 “ persuade thee that thou art a man of business; do not believe
 “ them: if thou would’st still leave thy affairs in my hands, thou
 “ should’st see how handsomely I would deal by thee. That ever
 “ thou should’st be dazzled with the enchanted islands, and moun-
 “ tains of gold, that old *Lewis* promises thee! ’Dswounds! why
 “ dost thou not lay out thy money to purchase a place at court, of
 “ honest *Israel*? I tell thee, thou must not so much as think of a
 “ composition. [*Not think of a composition, that’s hard indeed; I*
can’t help thinking of it, if I would.] “ Thou complain’st of want
 “ of money; let thy wife and daughters burn the gold lace of their
 “ petticoats; sell thy fat cattle; retrench but a sirloin of beef and
 “ a peck-loaf in a week from thy gormandizing gutts. [*Retrench*
my beef, a dog! Retrench my beef! then it is plain the rascal has
an ill design upon me, he would starve me.] “ Mortgage thy manor
 “ of *Bullock’s-batch*, or pawn thy crop for ten years. [*A rogue!*
part with my country-seat, my patrimony, all that I have left in the
world; I’ll see him hanged first.] “ Why hast thou changed thy
 “ attorney? Can any man manage thy cause better for thee?
 [*Very pleasant! because a man has a good attorney, he must never*
make an end of his law-suit.] “ Ah *John! John!* I wish thou
 “ knew’st thy own mind; thou art as fickle as the wind. I tell
 “ thee, thou hadst better let this composition alone, or leave it
 “ to thy

Loving friend,

N I C. F R O G.

C H A P.

CHAP. X.

*Of some extraordinary * things, that passed at the Salutation tavern, in the conference between Bull, Frog, Esquire South, and Lewis Baboon.*

FROG had given his word, that he would meet the above-mentioned company at the *Salutation* to talk of this agreement. Though he durst not directly break his appointment, he made many a shuffling excuse; one time he pretended to be seized with the gout in his right knee; then he got a great cold, that had struck him deaf of one ear; afterwards two of his coach-horses fell sick, and he durst not go by water for fear of catching an ague. *John* would take no excuse, but hurried him away: "Come *Nic.* says he, "let's go and hear at least what this old fellow has to propose! I hope there's no hurt in that. Be it so, quoth *Nic.* but "if I catch any harm, woe be to you; my wife and children "will curse you as long as they live." When they were come to the *Salutation*, *John* concluded all was sure then, and that he should be troubled no more with law affairs; he thought every body as plain and sincere as he was. "Well, neighbours, quoth he, "let's now make an end of all matters, and live peaceably together for the time to come; if every body is as well inclined as "I, we shall quickly come to the upshot of our affair." And so pointing to *Frog* to say something, to the great surprize of all the company, *Frog* was seized with a dead palsy in the tongue. *John* began to ask him some plain questions, and whooped and hollowed in his ear. "Let's come to the point. *Nic!* Who wouldest "thou have to be Lord *Strutt?* Wouldest thou have *Philip Baboon?*" *Nic.* shook his head, and said nothing. "Wilt thou

* The treaty of *Utrecht*: the difficulty to liver in their propofals. The house of *Austria* get them to meet. When met, the *Dutch* would talked very high. not speak their sentiments, nor the *French* de-

" then

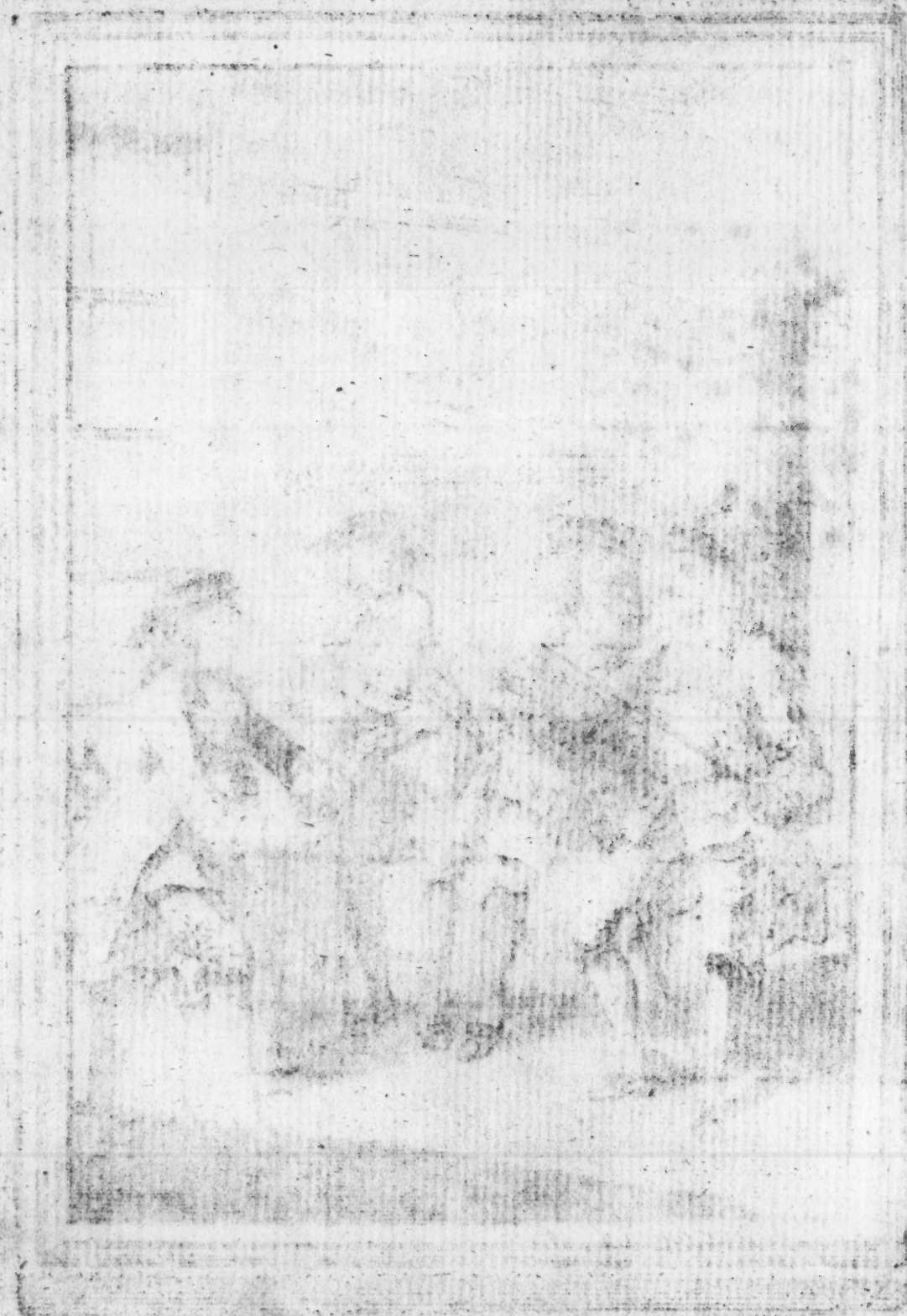
“then have Esquire *South* to be Lord *Strutt*?” *Nic.* shook his head a second time. “Then who the devil wilt thou have? say something or another.” *Nic.* opened his mouth, and pointed to his tongue, and cried, “A, a, a, a!” which was as much as to say, he could not speak. *John Bull.*] “Shall I serve *Philip Ba-boon* with broad-cloth, and accept of the composition that he offers, with the liberty of his parks and fish-ponds?” Then *Nic.* roared like a bull, “O, o, o, o!” *John Bull.*] “If thou wilt not let me have them, wilt thou take them thyself?” Then *Nic.* grinned, cackled, and laughed, till he was like to kill himself, and seemed to be so pleased, that he fell a frisking and dancing about the room. *John Bull.*] “Shall I leave all this matter to thy management, *Nic.* and go about my business?” Then *Nic.* got up a glass, and drank to *John*, shaking him by the hand, till he had like to have shook his shoulder out of joint. *John Bull.*] “I understand thee, *Nic.* but I shall make thee speak before I go.” Then *Nic.* put his finger in his cheek, and made it cry *Buck*; which was as much as to say, I care not a farthing for thee. *John Bull.*] “I have done *Nic.* if thou wilt not speak, I’ll make my own terms with old *Lewis* here.” Then *Nic.* lolled out his tongue, and turned up his bum to him; which was as much as to say, Kifs —

John perceiving that *Frog* would not speak, turns to old *Lewis*: “Since we cannot make this obstinate fellow speak, *Lewis*, pray condescend a little to his humour, and set down thy meaning upon paper, that he may answer it in another scrap.

“I am infinitely sorry, quoth *Lewis*, that it happens so unfortunately; for playing a little at cudgels t’other day, a fellow has given me such a rap over the right-arm, that I am quite lame: I have lost the use of my fore-finger and my thumb, so that I cannot hold my pen.

John Bull. That’s all one, let me write for you.

Lewis.





Lewis. But I have a misfortune, that I cannot read any body's hand but my own.

John Bull. Try what you can do with your left-hand.

Lewis. That's impossible; it will make such a scrawl, that it will not be legible.

As they were talking of this matter, in came ¹ Esquire *South*, all dressed up in feathers and ribbons, stark staring mad, brandishing his sword, as if he would have cut off their heads; crying, "Room, room, boys, for the grand Esquire of the world! the flower of Esquires! What! covered in my presence? I'll crush your souls, and crack you like lice!" With that he had like to have struck *John Bull's* hat into the fire; but *John*, who was pretty strong-fisted, gave him such a squeeze as made his eyes water. He went on still in his mad pranks; "When I am Lord of the Universe, the sun shall prostrate and adore me! Thou, *Frog*, shalt be my bailiff; *Lewis* my taylor; and thou, *John Bull*, shalt be my fool!"

All this while *Frog* laughed in his sleeve, gave the Esquire t'other noggan of brandy, and clapped him on the back, which made him ten times madder.

Poor *John* stood in amaze, talking thus to himself: "Well, *John*, thou art got into rare company! One has a dumb devil, t'other a mad devil, and the third a spirit of infirmity. An honest man has a fine time on't among such rogues. What art thou asking of them, after all? Some mighty boon one would think! only to sit quietly at thy own fire-side. 'Sdeath, what have I to do with such fellows! *John Bull*, after all his losses and crosses, can live better without them, than they can without him. Would to God I lived a thousand leagues off them! but the devil's in't, *John Bull* is in, and *John Bull* must get out as well as he can."

¹ The Archduke was now become Emperor of *Germany*; being unanimously elected upon the death of *Joseph* the first.

As he was talking to himself, he observed *Frog* and old *Lewis* edging † towards one another to whisper; so that *John* was forced to sit with his arms a-kimbo, to keep them asunder.

Some people advised *John* to blood *Frog* under the tongue, or take away his bread and butter, which would certainly make him speak; to give Esquire *South* hellebore; as for *Lewis*, some were for emollient pultesses, others for opening his arm with an incision-knife.

CHAP. XI.

The apprehending, examination, and imprisonment of Jack for suspicion of poisoning.

THE attentive reader cannot have forgot, that the story of *Yan Ptschirnsooker's* powder was interrupted by a message from *Frog*. I have a natural compassion for curiosity, being much troubled with the distemper myself; therefore to gratify that uneasy itching sensation in my reader, I have procured the following account of that matter.

Yan Ptschirnsooker came off (as rogues usually do upon such occasions) by peaching his partner; and being extremely forward to bring him to the gallows. * *Jack* was accused as the contriver of all the roguery. And indeed it happened unfortunately for the poor fellow, that he was known to bear a most inveterate spight

† Some attempts of secret negotiation between the *French* and the *Dutch*.

‡ The receiving the holy sacrament as administered by the church of *England* once at least in every year, having been made a necessary qualification for places of trust and profit, many of the Dissenters came to the altar merely for this purpose. A bill to prevent this practice had been three times brought into the house and rejected, under the title of *A bill to prevent occasional conformity*. But the Earl of *Nottingham* having brought it in a fourth time under an-

other name, and with the addition of such clauses as were said to enlarge the toleration, and to be a further security to the Protestant succession, the Whigs, whose cause the Earl then appeared to espouse, were persuaded to concur; some, because they were indeed willing that the bill should pass, and others, because they believed the Earl of *Oxford* would at last procure it to be thrown out. The four following chapters contain the history of this transaction.

* All the misfortunes of the church charged upon the Presbyterian party.

against

against the old gentlewoman; and consequently, that never any ill accident happened to her, but he was suspected to be at the bottom of it. If she pricked her finger, *Jack*, to be sure, laid the pin in the way; if some noise in the street disturbed her rest, who could it be but *Jack* in some of his nocturnal rambles? If a servant ran away, *Jack* had debauched him: every idle tittle-tattle that went about, *Jack* was always suspected for the author of it: however, all was nothing to this last affair of the tempering, moderating powder.

The hue and cry went after *Jack* to apprehend him dead or alive, where-ever he could be found. The constables looked out for him in all his usual haunts; but to no purpose. Where d'ye think they found him at last? Even smoaking his pipe very quietly at his brother *Martin's*; from whence he was carried with a vast mob at his heels before the worshipful Mr. justice *Overdo*. Several of his neighbours made oath, * that of late the prisoner had been observed to lead a very dissolute life, renouncing even his usual hypocrisy, and pretences to sobriety: that he frequented taverns and eating-houses, and had been often guilty of drunkenness and gluttony at my lord-mayor's table: that he had been seen in the company of lewd women: that he had transferred his usual care of the engrossed copy of his father's will, to bank bills, orders for tallies, and debentures †: these he now affirmed, with more literal truth, to be ‡ *meat, drink, and cloth, the philosopher's stone, and the universal medicine*: that he was so far from shewing his customary reverence to the *will*, that he kept company with those, that called his father a cheating rogue, and his will a forgery §: that he not only sat quietly and heard his father railed at, but often chimed in with the discourse, and hugged the authors as his bosom friends: || *That instead of asking for blows at the corners of the streets, he now*

* The manners of the Dissenters changed from their former strictness.

† Dealing much in stock-jobbing.

‡ Tale of a Tub.

§ Herding with Deists and Atheists.

|| Tale of a Tub.

bestowed them as plentifully as he begged them before. In short, that he was grown a mere rake; and had nothing left in him of old *Jack*, except his spite to *John Bull's* mother.

Another witness made oath, That *Jack* had been overheard bragging of a * trick he had found out to manage the *old formal jade*, as he used to call her. "Damn this numb-skull of mine, *quoth he*, " that I could not light on it sooner. As long as I go in this " ragged tattered coat, I am so well known, that I am hunted " away from the old woman's door by every barking cur about " the house; they bid me defiance. There's no doing mischief as " an open enemy, I must find some way or other of getting within " doors, and then I shall have better opportunities of playing my " pranks, besides the benefit of good keeping."

† Two witnesses swore, that several years ago, there came to their mistress's door a young fellow in a tattered coat, that went by the name of *Timothy Trim*, whom they did in their conscience believe to be the very prisoner, resembling him in shape, stature, and the features of his countenance: that the said *Timothy Trim* being taken into the family, clapped their mistress's livery over his own tattered coat: that the said *Timothy* was extremely officious about their mistress's person, endeavouring by flattery and tale-bearing to set her against the rest of the servants: no body was so ready to fetch any thing that was wanted, to reach what was dropt: that he used to shove and elbow his fellow-servants to get near his mistress, especially when money was a paying or receiving; then he was never out of the way: that he was extremely diligent about every body's business, but his own: that the said *Timothy*, while he was in the family, used to be playing roguish tricks; when his mistress's back was turned, he would loll out his tongue, make mouths, and laugh at her, walking behind her like *Harlequin*, ridiculing her motions and gestures; but if his mistress

* Getting into places and church preferments by occasional conformity.

† Betraying the interests of the church, when got into preferments.

looked

looked about, he put on a grave, demure countenance, as if he had been in a fit of devotion: that he used often to trip up stairs so smoothly, that you could not hear him tread, and put all things out of order: that he would pinch the children and servants, when he met them in the dark, so hard, that he left the print of his fore-finger and his thumb in black and blue, and then slink into a corner, as if no body had done it: out of the same malicious design he used to lay chairs and joint-stools in their way, that they might break their noses by falling over them: the more young and unexperienced he used to teach to talk saucily, and call names: during his stay in the family, there was much plate missing; being caught with a couple of silver spoons in his pocket, with their handles wrenched off, he said, he was only going to carry them to the goldsmith's to be mended: that the said *Timothy* was hated by all the honest servants for his ill-conditioned, splenetic tricks, but especially for his slanderous tongue; traducing them to their mistress, as drunkards, thieves, and whore-masters: that the said *Timothy* by lying stories used to set all the family together by the ears, taking delight to make them fight and quarrel; * particularly one day sitting at table, he spoke words to this effect: "I am of opinion, *quoth he*, that little short fellows, such as we are, have better hearts, and could beat the tall fellows; "I wish it came to a fair trial; I believe these long fellows, as fightly as they are, should find their jackets well thwacked."

A parcel of tall fellows, who thought themselves affronted by the discourse, took up the quarrel, and to't they went, the tall men and the low men, which continues still a faction in the family, to the great disorder of our mistress's affairs: the said *Timothy* carried this frolick so far, that he proposed to his mistress, that she should entertain no servant, that was above four foot seven inches high; and for that purpose had prepared a gage, by which

* The original of the distinction in the names of *Low-churchmen* and *High-churchmen*.

they were to be measured. The good old gentlewoman was not so simple, as to go into his project; she began to smell a rat. “ This *Trim*, quoth she, is an odd sort of a fellow; methinks he makes a “ strange figure with that ragged, tattered coat, appearing under his “ livery; can’t he go spruce and clean, like the rest of the servants? the fellow has a roguish leer with him, which I don’t like “ by any means; besides, he has such a twang in his discourse, “ and an ungraceful way of speaking through the nose, that one “ can hardly understand him; I wish the fellow be not tainted “ with some bad disease.” The witnesses farther made oath, that the said *Timothy* lay out a-nights, and went abroad often at unreasonable hours; and it was credibly reported, he did business in another family: that he pretended to have a squeamish stomach, and could not eat at table with the rest of the servants, though this was but a pretence to provide some nice bit for himself; that he refused to dine upon salt-fish, only to have an opportunity to eat a calf’s head (his favourite dish) in private; that for all his tender stomach, when he was got by himself, he could devour capons, turkeys, and sirloins of beef, like a cormorant.

Two other witnesses gave the following evidence: That in his officious attendance upon his mistress, he had tried to slip a powder into her drink; and that he was once caught endeavouring to stifle her with a pillow as she was asleep: that he and *Ptschirnfooker* were often in close conference, and that they used to drink together at the *Rose*, where it seems he was well enough known by his true name of *Jack*.

The prisoner had little to say in his defence; he endeavoured to prove himself *Alibi*; so that the trial turned upon this single question, whether the said *Timothy Trim* and *Jack* were the same person; which was proved by such plain tokens and particularly by a mole under the left pap, that there was no withstanding the evidence; therefore the worshipful Mr. Justice committed him, in order to his trial.

CHAP. XII.

How Jack's friends came to visit him in prison, and what advice they gave him.

JACK hitherto had passed in the world for a poor, simple, well-meaning, half-witted, crack-brained fellow. People were strangely surprized to find him in such a roguery; that he should disguise himself under a false name, hire himself out for a servant to an old gentlewoman, only for an opportunity to poison her. They said, that it was more generous to profess open enmity, than under a profound dissimulation to be guilty of such a scandalous breach of trust, and of the sacred rights of hospitality. In short, the action was universally condemned by his best friends; they told him in plain terms, that this was come as a judgment upon him for his loose life, his gluttony, drunkenness, and avarice, for laying aside his father's *will* in an old mouldy trunk, and turning stock-jobber, news-monger, and busy-body, meddling with other people's affairs, shaking off his old serious friends, and keeping company with buffoons and pick-pockets, his father's sworn enemies: that he had best throw himself upon the mercy of the court; repent, and change his manners. To say truth, *Jack* heard these discourses with some compunction; however, he resolved to try what his new acquaintance would do for him: they sent * *Habbakkuk Slyboots*, who delivered him the following message, as the peremptory commands of his trusty companions.

Habbakkuk. Dear *Jack*, I am sorry for thy misfortune: matters have not been carried on with due secrecy; however we must make the best of a bad bargain: thou art in the utmost jeopardy, that's certain; hang, draw, and quarter, are the gentlest things they talk of. However, thy faithful friends, ever watchful for thy

* *Habbakkuk Slyboots*, a certain great man bill against *occasional conformity*, as being for who persuaded the Dissenters to consent to the their interest.

security,

security, bid me tell thee, that they have one infallible expedient left to save thy life: thou must know, we have got into some understanding with the enemy, by the means of *Don Diego*; he assures us there is no mercy for thee, and that there is only one way left to escape; it is indeed somewhat out of the common road; however, be assured it is the result of most mature deliberation.

Jack. Prithee tell me quickly, for my heart is sunk down into the very bottom of my belly.

Hab. It is the unanimous opinion of your friends, that you * *make as if you hanged yourself*; they will give it out that you are quite dead, and convey your body out of prison in a bier; and *John Bull*, being busied with his law-suit, will not enquire further into the matter.

Jack. How d'ye mean, make as if I hanged myself?

Hab. Nay, you must really hang yourself up, in a true genuine rope, that there may appear no trick in it, and leave the rest to your friends.

Jack. Truly this is a matter of some concern; and my friends, I hope, won't take it ill, if I enquire a little into the means by which they intend to deliver me: a rope and a noose are no jesting matters!

Hab. Why so mistrustful? hast thou ever found us false to thee? I tell thee, there is one ready to cut thee down.

Jack. May I presume to ask who it is, that is entrusted with so important an office?

Hab. Is there no end of thy how's and thy why's? *That's a secret.*

Jack. A secret, perhaps, that I may be safely trusted with, for I am not like to tell it again. I tell you plainly, it is no strange thing for a man, before he hangs himself up, to enquire who is to cut him down.

* Consent to the bill against occasional conformity.

Hab. Thou suspicious creature! if thou must needs know it, I tell thee it is * Sir Roger: he has been in tears ever since thy misfortune. *Don Diego* and we have laid it so, that he is to be in the next room, and before the rope is well about thy neck, rest satisfied, he will break in and cut thee down: fear not, old boy; we'll do it, I'll warrant thee.

Jack. So I must hang myself up, upon hopes that Sir Roger will cut me down, and all this upon the credit of *Don Diego*: a fine stratagem indeed to save my life, that depends upon hanging, *Don Diego*, and Sir Roger!

Hab. I tell thee there is a *mystery* in all this, my friend, a piece of profound *policy*; if thou knewest what good this will do to the *common cause*, thy heart would leap for joy: I am sure thou wouldst not delay the experiment one moment.

Jack. This is to the tune of *All for the better*. What's your cause to me, when I am hanged?

Hab. Refractory mortal! If thou wilt not trust thy friends, take what follows; know assuredly, before next full-moon, that thou wilt be hung up in chains, or thy quarters perching upon the most conspicuous places of the kingdom. Nay, I don't believe they will be contented with hanging; they talk of empaling, or breaking on the wheel; and thou chusest that, before a gentle suspending of thyself for one minute. Hanging is not so painful a thing as thou imaginest. I have spoke with several, that have undergone it; they all agree it is no manner of uneasiness: be sure thou take good notice of the symptoms, the relation will be curious. It is but a kick or two with thy heels, and a wry mouth or so: Sir Roger will be with thee in the twinkling of an eye.

Jack. But what if Sir Roger should not come; will my friends be there to succour me?

* It was given out that the Earl of Oxford so lose his credit with the Tories; and the Dissenters did believe he would not suffer it to pass.

Hab. Doubt it not ; I will provide every thing against to-morrow morning ; do thou keep thy own secret ; say nothing : I tell thee, it is absolutely necessary for the common good, that thou shouldst go through this operation.

CHAP. XIII.

How Jack hanged himself up by the persuasion of his friends, who broke their words, and left his neck in the noose.

JACK was a professed enemy to *implicit faith*, and yet I dare say it was never more strongly exerted, nor more basely abused, than upon this occasion. He was now with his old friends, in the state of a poor disbanded officer after a peace, or rather a wounded foldier after a battle ; like an old favourite of a cunning minister after the job is over ; or a decayed beauty to a cloyed lover in quest of new game ; or like a hundred such things, that one sees every day. There were new intrigues, new views, new projects on foot ; ¹ *Jack's* life was the purchase of *Diego's* friendship, much good may it do them. The interest of *Hocus* and Sir *William Crawley*, which was now more at heart, made this operation upon poor *Jack* absolutely necessary. You may easily guess, that his rest that night was but small, and much disturbed ; however, the remaining part of his time he did not employ (as his custom was formerly) in prayer, meditation, or singing a double verse of a psalm ; but amused himself with disposing of his bank-stock. Many a doubt, many a qualm, overspread his clouded imagination : “ Must I then, *quoth he*, “ hang up my own personal, natural, individual self, with “ these two hands ! *Durus Sermo !* What if I should be cut down, “ as my friends tell me ? There is something infamous in the very “ attempt ; the world will conclude, I had a guilty conscience. Is “ it possible that good man, Sir *Roger*, can have so much pity upon

¹ The Earl of *Nottingham* made the concurrence of the Whigs to bring in and carry this

bill one of the conditions of his engaging in their cause.

“ an unfortunate scoundrel, that has persecuted him so many years?
“ No, it cannot be; I don't love favours that pass through *Don*
“ *Diego's* hands. On the other side, my blood chills about my
“ heart at the thought of these rogues, with their bloody hands
“ grabbing in my guts, and pulling out my very entrails: hang
“ it, for once I'll trust my friends.” So *Jack* resolved; but he had
done more wisely to have put himself upon the trial of his country,
and made his defence in form; many things happen between the
cup and the lip; witnesses might have been bribed, juries managed,
or prosecution stopped. But so it was, *Jack* for this time had a
sufficient stock of implicit faith, which led him to his ruin, as the
sequel of the story shews.

And now the fatal day was come, in which he was to try this
hanging experiment. His friends did not fail him at the appointed
hour to see it put in practice. *Habbakkuk* brought him a smooth,
strong, tough rope, made of many a ply of wholesome *Scandinavian*
hemp, compactly twisted together, with a noose that slipped as glib as
a bird-catcher's gin. *Jack* shrunk and grew pale at first sight of it;
he handled it, he measured it, stretched it, fixed it against the
iron bar of the window to try its strength; but no familiarity
could reconcile him to it. He found fault with the length, the
thickness, and the twist; nay, the very colour did not please him.
“ Will nothing less than hanging serve, *quoth Jack*. Won't my
“ enemies take bail for my good behaviour? Will they accept of
“ a fine, or be satisfied with the pillory and imprisonment, a good
“ round whipping, or burning in the cheek?”

Hab. Nothing but your blood will appease their rage; make
haste, else we shall be discovered. There's nothing like surprizing
the rogues: how they will be disappointed, when they hear that
thou hast prevented their revenge, and hanged thine own self?

Jack. That's true; but what if I should do it in effigies? Is
there never an old Pope or Pretender to hang up in my stead? we
are not so unlike, but it may pass.

M

Hab.

Hab. That can never be put upon Sir *Roger*.

Jack. Are you sure he is in the next room? Have you provided a very sharp knife, in case of the worst?

Hab. Dost take me for a common lyar? be satisfied, no damage can happen to your person; your friends will take care of that.

Jack. Mayn't I quilt my rope? It galls my neck strangely: besides, I don't like this running knot, it holds too tight; I may be stifled all of a sudden.

Hab. Thou hast so many *if's* and *and's*; prithee dispatch; it might have been over before this time.

Jack. But now I think on't, I would fain settle some affairs, for fear of the worst: have a little patience.

Hab. There's no having patience, thou art such a faintling, silly creature.

Jack. O thou most detestable, abominable *passive obedience*! did I ever imagine, I should become thy votary in so pregnant an instance! How will my brother *Martin* laugh at this story, to see himself out-done in his own calling? He has taken the doctrine, and left me the practice.

No sooner had he uttered these words, but like a man of true courage, he tied the fatal cord to the beam, fitted the noose, and mounted upon the bottom of a tub, the inside of which he had often graced in his prosperous days. This footstool *Habbakkuk* kicked away, and left poor *Jack* swinging, like the pendulum of *Paul's* clock. The fatal noose performed its office, and with the most strict ligature squeezed the blood into his face, till it assumed a purple dye. While the poor man heaved from the very bottom of his belly for breath, *Habbakkuk* walked with great deliberation into both the upper and lower room to acquaint his friends, who received the news with great temper, and with jeers and scoffs instead of pity. "*Jack* has hanged himself, *quoth they!* let us go "and see how the poor rogue swings." Then they called Sir *Roger*. "Sir *Roger*, *quoth Habbakkuk*, *Jack* has hanged himself, " make

“make haste and cut him down.” Sir *Roger* turned first one ear, and then t’other, not understanding what he said.

Hab. I tell you, *Jack* has hanged himself up.

Sir *Roger*. Who’s hanged?

Hab. *Jack*.

Sir *Roger*. I thought this had not been hanging day.

Hab. But the poor fellow has hanged himself.

Sir *Roger*. Then let him hang. I don’t wonder at it, the fellow has been mad these twenty years. With this he flunk away.

Then *Jack*’s friends begun to hunch and push one another, “Why don’t you go, and cut the poor fellow down? Why don’t you? And why don’t you? Not I, *quoth one*; Not I, *quoth another*; “Not I, *quoth a third*; he may hang ’till doomsday before “I relieve him.” Nay, it is credibly reported, that they were so far from succouring their poor friend in this his dismal circumstance, that *Ptschirnsooker* and several of his companions went in and pulled him by the legs, and thumped him on the breast. Then they began to rail at him for the very thing, which they had advised and justified before, *viz.* his getting into the old gentlewoman’s family, and putting on her livery. The keeper, who performed the last office, coming up, found *Jack* swinging with no life in him; he took down the body gently, and laid it on a bulk, and brought out the rope to the company. “This, gentlemen, is the rope that “hanged *Jack*; what must be done with it?” Upon which they ordered it to be laid among the curiosities¹ of *Gresham-College*, and it is called *Jack’s rope* to this very day. However, *Jack* after all had some small tokens of life in him, but lies at this time past hope of a total recovery, with his head hanging on one shoulder, without speech or motion. The coroner’s inquest supposing him to be dead, brought him in *Non Compos*.

¹ Since removed with the Royal Society into *Crane-Court* in *Fleetstreet*.

CHAP. XIV.

The conference between Don Diego and John Bull.

DURING the time of the foregoing transactions, *Don Diego* was entertaining *John Bull*.

D. Diego. I hope, Sir, this day's proceeding will convince you of the sincerity of your old friend *Diego*, and the treachery of Sir *Roger*.

J. Bull. What's the matter now?

D. Diego. You have been endeavouring, for several years, to have justice done upon that rogue *Jack*; but what through the remissness of constables, justices, and packed juries, he has always found the means to escape.

J. Bull. What then?

D. Diego. Consider then, who is your best friend; he that would have brought him to condign punishment, or he that has saved him. By my persuasion *Jack* had hanged himself, if Sir *Roger* had not cut him down.

J. Bull. Who told you, that Sir *Roger* has done so?

D. Diego. You seem to receive me coldly; methinks my services deserve a better return.

J. Bull. Since you value yourself upon hanging this poor scoundrel, I tell you, when I have any more hanging-work, I'll send for thee: I have some better employment for Sir *Roger*: in the mean time, I desire the poor fellow may be looked after. When he first came out of the North country into my family, under the pretended name of *Timothy Trim*, the fellow seemed to mind his loom and his spinning-wheel, 'till somebody turned his head; then he grew so pragmatical, that he took upon him the government of my whole family: I could never order any thing within or without doors, but he must be always giving his counsel, forsooth: nevertheless, tell him, I will forgive what is past; and if he would

mind

mind his business for the future, and not meddle out of his own sphere, he will find, that *John Bull* is not of a cruel disposition.

D. Diego. Yet all your skilful physicians say, that nothing can recover your mother, but a piece of *Jack's* liver boiled in her soupe.

J. Bull. Those are quacks: my mother abhors such Cannibals food: she is in perfect health at present: I would have given many a good pound to have had her so well some time ago. † There are indeed two or three troublesome old nurses, that, because they believe I am tender-hearted, will never let me have a quiet night's rest with knocking me up: "Oh, Sir, your mother is taken extremely ill! she is fallen into a fainting fit! she has a great emptiness, wants sustenance!" This is only to recommend themselves for their great care: *John Bull*, as simple as he is, understands a little of a pulse.

CHAP. XV.

*The sequel of the meeting at the *Salutation,*

WHERE I think I left *John Bull*, sitting between *Nic. Frog* and *Lewis Baboon*, with his arms a-kimbo, in great concern to keep *Lewis* and *Nic.* asunder. As watchful as he was, *Nic.* found the means now and then to steal a whisper, and by a cleanly conveyance under the table to slip a short note into *Lewis's* hand; which *Lewis* as slyly put into *John's* pocket, with a pinch or a jog, to warn him what he was about. *John* had the curiosity to retire into a corner to peruse these ‡ *billet doux* of *Nic's*; wherein he found, that *Nic.* had used great freedoms both with his interest and reputation. One contained these words: "Dear *Lewis*, Thou seest clearly, that
" this blockhead can never bring his matters to bear: let thee and
" me talk to-night by ourselves at the *Rose*, and I'll give thee satis-

† New clamours about the danger of the church.

* At the congress of *Utrecht*.

‡ Some offers of the *Dutch* at that time, in order to get the negotiation into their hands.

"faction."

“faction.” Another was thus expressed; “Friend *Lewis*, Has thy
 “sense quite forsaken thee, to make *Bull* such offers? Hold fast,
 “part with nothing, and I will give thee a better bargain, I’ll
 “warrant thee.”

In some of his billets he told *Lewis*, “That *John Bull* was under
 “his guardianship; that the best part of his servants were at his
 “command; that he could have *John* gagged and bound when-
 “ever he pleased by the people of his own family.” In all these
 epistles, blockhead, dunce, ass, coxcomb, were the best epithets he
 gave poor *John*. In others he threatned, “† That he, Esquire
 “*South*, and the rest of the tradesmen, would lay *Lewis* down upon
 “his back and beat out his teeth, if he did not retire immediately,
 “and break up the meeting.”

I fancy I need not tell my reader, that *John* often changed co-
 lour as he read, and that his fingers itched to give *Nic.* a good slap
 on the chops; but he wisely moderated his cholerick temper.
 “I saved this fellow, *quoth he*, from the gallows, when he ran away
 “from his last master¹, because I thought he was harshly treated;
 “but the rogue was no sooner safe under my protection, than he
 “began to lye, pilfer and steal like the devil*. When I first set
 “him up in a warm house, he had hardly put up his sign, when
 “he began to debauch my best customers from me. *Then it
 “was his constant practice to rob my fish-ponds, not only to feed
 “his family, but to trade with the fishmongers: I connived at the
 “fellow, till he began to tell me, that they were his as much as
 “mine. In my manor of **Eastcheap*, because it lay at some di-
 “stance from my constant inspection, he broke down my fences,
 “robbed my orchards, and beat my servants. When I used to re-
 “primand him for his tricks, he would talk saucily, lye, and
 “brazen it out, as if he had done nothing amiss. Will nothing

† Threatening that the *Allies* would carry on
 the war, without the help of the *English*.

¹ The King of *Spain*, whose yoke the *Dutch*
 threw off with the assistance of the *English*.

*** Complaints against the *Dutch* for en-
 croachment in trade, fishery, *East-Indies*, &c.
 The war with the *Dutch* on these accounts.

“cure

“cure thee of thy pranks, *Nic?* *quoth I*, I shall be forced some
 “time or other to chastise thee. The rogue got up his cane, and
 “threatened me, and was well thwacked for his pains. But I think
 “his behaviour at this time worst of all; after I have almost
 “drowned myself to keep his head above water, he would leave
 “me sticking in the mud, trusting to his goodness to help me out.
 “After I have beggared myself with his troublesome law-suit, with
 “a pox to him, he takes it in mighty dudgeon, because I have
 “brought him here to end matters amicably, and because I won’t
 “let him make me over by deed and indenture as his lawful cully;
 “which to my certain knowledge he has attempted several times.
 “But, after all, canst thou gather grapes from thorns? *Nic.* does
 “not pretend to be a gentleman; he is a tradesman, a self-seeking
 “wretch; but how camest thou to bear all this, *John?* The rea-
 “son is plain; thou conferrest the benefits, and he receives them;
 “the first produces love, and the last ingratitude. Ah! *Nic. Nic.*
 “thou art a damn’d dog, that’s certain; thou knowest too well,
 “that I will take care of thee; else thou wouldst not use me thus.
 “I won’t give thee up, it is true; but as true as it is, thou shalt
 “not sell me, according to thy laudable custom.” While *John* was
 deep in this soliloquy, *Nic.* broke out into the following pro-
 testation.

GENTLEMEN,

“I believe, every body here present will allow me to be a very
 “just and disinterested person. My friend *John Bull* here is very
 “angry with me, forsooth, because I won’t agree to his foolish
 “bargains. Now I declare to all mankind, I should be ready to
 “sacrifice my own concerns to his quiet; but the care of his inter-
 “est, and that of the honest **tradesmen* that are embarked with us,
 “keeps me from entering into this composition. What shall be-

* The *Allies*.

“come

“ come of those poor creatures? The thoughts of their impending ruin disturbs my night’s rest, therefore I desire they may speak for themselves. If they are willing to give up this affair, I shan’t make two words of it.”

John Bull begged him to lay aside that immoderate concern for him; and withal put him in mind, that the interest of those tradesmen had not sat quite so heavy upon him some years ago, on a like occasion. *Nic.* answered little to that, but immediately pulled out a boatswain’s whistle. Upon the first whiff, the *tradesmen* came jumping into the room, and began to surround *Lewis*, like so many yelping curs about a great boar; or, to use a modester simile, like duns at a great Lord’s levee the morning he goes into the country. One pulled him by his sleeve, another by the skirt, a third hollowed in his ear: they began to ask him for all, that had been taken from their forefathers by stealth, fraud, force, or lawful purchase: some asked for manors, others for acres, that lay convenient for them; that he would pull down his fences, level his ditches: all agreed in one common demand, that he should be purged, sweated, vomited, and starved, till he came to a sizeable bulk, like that of his neighbours: one modestly asked him leave to call him brother; *Nic. Frog* demanded two things, to be his porter and his fishmonger, to keep the keys of his gates, and furnish the kitchen. *John’s* sister *Peg* only desired, that he would let his servants sing psalms a Sundays. Some descended even to the asking of old cloaths, shoes, and boots, broken bottles, tobacco-pipes, and ends of candles.

“ Monsieur *Bull*, quoth *Lewis*, you seem to be a man of some breeding; for God’s sake use your interest with these Messieurs, that they would speak but one at once; for if one had a hundred pair of hands, and as many tongues, he cannot satisfy them all at this rate.” *John* begged they might proceed with some method; then they stopped all of a sudden, and would not say a word. “ If this be your play, quoth *John*, that we may not be like a
“ Quaker’s

“ Quaker’s dumb meeting, let us begin some diversion; What d’ye
 “ think of rously-pouly, or a country dance? What if we should
 “ have a match at foot-ball? I am sure we shall never end matters
 “ at this rate.”

CHAP. XVI.

How John Bull and Nic. Frog settled their accompts.

J. Bull. **D**URING this general cessation of talk, what if you
 and I, *Nic.* should enquire how money-matters stand
 between us?

Nic. Frog. With all my heart, I love exact dealing; and let
Hocus audit; he knows how the money was disbursed.

J. Bull. I am not much for that at present; we’ll settle it be-
 tween ourselves: fair and square, *Nic.* keeps friends together.
 There have been laid out in this law-suit, at one time, 36000
 pounds and 40000 crowns: in some cases I, in others you, bear
 the greatest proportion.

Nic. Right: I pay three fifths of the greatest number, and
 you pay two thirds of the lesser number: I think this is fair and
 square as you call it.

John. Well, go on.

Nic. Two thirds of 36000 pounds are 24000 pounds for your
 share, and there remains 12000 for mine. Again, of the 40000
 crowns I pay 24000, which is three fifths, and you pay only 16000,
 which is two fifths; 24000 crowns make 6000 pounds; and
 16000 crowns make 4000 pounds; 12000 and 6000 make
 18000; 24000 and 4000 make 28000. So there are 18000
 pounds to my share of the expences, and 28000 to yours.

After *Nic.* had bambouzed *John* a while about the 18000 and
 the 28000, *John* called for counters; but what with flight of
 hand, and taking from his own score, and adding to *John’s*, *Nic.*
 brought the balance always on his own side.

J. Bull. Nay, good friend *Nic.* though I am not quite so nimble in the fingers, I understand cyphering as well as you. I will produce you my accompts one by one, fairly writ out of my own books: and here I begin with the first. You must excuse me, if I don't pronounce the law terms right.

[*John reads.*]

For the *Expences ordinary* of the suits, fees, to judges, puny judges, lawyers innumerable of all sorts.

Of *Extraordinaries*, as follows *per* accompt.

To Esquire <i>South's</i> accompt for <i>post Terminums</i>	-	-	-
To ditto for <i>Non est factums</i>	-	-	-
To ditto for <i>Noli prosequi's</i> , <i>discontinuance</i> , and <i>retraxit</i>	-	-	-
For <i>Writs of error</i>	-	-	-
Suits of <i>Conditions unperform'd</i>	-	-	-
To <i>Hocus</i> for <i>Dedimus potestatem</i>	-	-	-
To ditto for a <i>Capias ad computandum</i>	-	-	-
To <i>Frog's</i> new tenants <i>per</i> accompt to <i>Hocus</i> , for <i>Audita querela's</i>	-	-	-
On the said account for <i>Writs of ejectment</i> and <i>distringas</i>	-	-	-
To Esquire <i>South's</i> quota for a return of a <i>Non est invent.</i> and <i>Nulla habet bona</i>	-	-	-
To — for a pardon <i>in forma pauperis</i>	-	-	-
To <i>Jack</i> for a <i>Melius inquirendum</i> upon a <i>Felo de se</i>	-	-	-
To coach-hire	-	-	-
For treats to juries and witnesses	-	-	-

John having read over his articles, with the respective sums, brought in *Frog* debtor to him upon the balance 3382 12 00

Then *Nic. Frog* pulled his bill out of his pocket and began to read:

Nicholas

Nicholas Frog's account.

Remains to be deducted out of the former account.

Paid by *Nic. Frog*, for his share of the *ordinary Expences* of the suit
 To *Hocus* for entries of a *Rege inconsulto* - - - - -
 To *John Bull's* nephew for a *Venire facias*, the money not yet all
 laid out - - - - -
 The coach-hire for my wife and family, and the carriage of my
 goods during the time of this law-suit - - - - -
 For the extraordinary expences of feeding my family during this
 law-suit - - - - -
 To Major *Ab.* - - - - -
 To Major *Will.* - - - - -
 And summing all up, found due upon the balance by *John Bull*
 to *Nic. Frog* - - - - - 09 04 06

John Bull. As for your *Venire facias*, I have paid you for one already; in the other I believe you will be nonsuited. I'll take care of my nephew myself. Your *coach-hire* and family charges are most unreasonable deductions; at that rate, I can bring in any man in the world my debtor. But who the devil are those two *majors*, that consume all my money? I find they always run away with the balance in all accompts.

Nic. Frog. Two very honest gentlemen, I assure you, that have done me some service. To tell you plainly, *Major Ab.* denotes thy greater *ability*, and *Major Will.* thy greater *willingness* to carry on this law-suit. It was but reasonable that thou shouldst pay both for thy *power* and thy *positiveness*.

J. Bull. I believe, I shall have those two honest *Majors* discount on my side in a little time.

Nic. Frog. Why all this higgling with thy friend about such a paltry sum? Does this become the generosity of the noble and rich.

John Bull? I wonder thou art not ashamed. Oh *Hocus! Hocus!* where art thou? It used to go another-guise manner in thy time. When a poor man has almost undone himself for thy sake, thou art for fleecing him, and fleecing him; is that thy conscience, *John?*

J. Bull. Very pleasant indeed! It is well known thou retainest thy lawyers by the year, so a fresh law-suit adds but little to thy expences; *they are thy customers; I hardly ever sell them a farthing's worth of any thing: nay, thou hast set up an eating-house, where the whole tribe of them spend all they can rap or run. If it were well reckoned, I believe thou gettest more of my money, than thou spendest of thy own; however, if thou wilt needs plead poverty, own at least, that thy accompts are false.

Nic. Frog. No marry won't I; I refer myself to these honest gentlemen; let them judge between us. Let Esquire *South* speak his mind, whether my accompts are not right, and whether we ought not to go on with our law-suit.

J. Bull. Consult the butchers about keeping of *Lent*. Dost think, that *John Bull* will be tried by '*Piepowders?*' I tell you once for all, *John Bull* knows where his shoe pinches: none of your Esquires shall give him the law, as long as he wears this trusty weapon by his side, or has an inch of broad-cloth in his shop.

Nic. Frog. Why there it is; you will be both judge and party; I am sorry thou discoverest so much of thy head-strong humour before these strange gentlemen: I have often told thee it would prove thy ruin some time or other: let it never be said, that the famous *John Bull* has departed in despite of court.

J. Bull. And will it not reflect as much on thy character, *Nic.* to turn barretter in thy old days; a stirrer up of quarrels amongst

* The money spent in *Holland* and *Flanders*.

¹ Court of *Piepowders* (*Curia pedis pulverizati*) is a court of record incident to every fair; whereof the steward is judge, and the trial is by merchants and traders in the fair. It is so called,

because it is most usual in the summer; and because of the expedition in hearing causes, for the matter is to be done, complained of, heard and determined the same day, that is, before the dust goes off the feet of the plaintiffs and defendants.

thy neighbours? I tell thee, *Nic.* some time or other thou wilt repent this.

But *John* saw clearly, he should have nothing but wrangling, and that he should have as little success in settling his accompts, as ending the composition. “Since they will needs overload my shoulders, *quoth John*, I shall throw down the burden with a squash amongst them, take it up who dares; a man has a fine time of it amongst a combination of sharpers, that vouch for one another’s honesty. *John*, look to thyself; old *Lewis* makes reasonable offers; when thou hast spent the small pittance that is left, thou wilt make a glorious figure, when thou art brought to live upon *Nic. Frog* and Esquire *South’s* generosity and gratitude: if they use thee thus, when they want thee, what will they do when thou wantest them? I say again, *John*, look to thyself.”

JOHN wisely stifled his resentments, and told the company, that in a little time he should give them law, or something better.

All. † Law! law! Sir, by all means. What is twenty-two poor years towards the finishing a law-suit? For the love of God more law, Sir!

J. Bull. Prepare your demands, how many years more of law do you want, that I may order my affairs accordingly? In the mean while farewell.

CHAP. XVII.

* *How John Bull found all his family in an uproar at home.*

NIC. FROG, who thought of nothing but carrying *John* to the market, and there disposing of him as his own proper goods, was mad to find that *John* thought himself now of age to look after his own affairs. He resolved to traverse this new project, and to make him uneasy in his own family. He had corrupted or

† Clamours for continuing the war.

* Clamours about the danger of the succession.

deluded

deluded most of his servants into the most extravagant conceits in the world; that their master was run mad, and wore a dagger in one pocket, and poison in the other; that he had sold his wife and children to *Lewis*, disinherited his heir, and was going to settle his estate upon a *parish-boy*; that if they did not look after their master, he would do some very mischievous thing. When *John* came home, he found a more surprizing scene than any he had yet met with, and that you will say was somewhat extraordinary.

He called his cook-maid *Betty* to bespeak his dinner: *Betty* told him, "That she begged his pardon, she could not dress dinner, till she knew what he intended to do with his will." "Why, *Betty*, quoth *John*, thou art not run mad, art thou? My will at present is to have dinner." "That may be, quoth *Betty*, but my conscience won't allow me to dress it, till I know whether you intend to do righteous things by your heir?" "I am sorry for that, *Betty*, quoth *John*, I must find somebody else then." Then he called *John* the barber. "Before I begin, quoth *John*, I hope your honour won't be offended, if I ask you whether you intend to alter your will? If you won't give me a positive answer, your beard may grow down to your middle, for me." "'Igad so it shall, quoth *Bull*, for I will never trust my throat in such a mad fellow's hands." Where's *Dick* the butler? "Look ye, quoth *Dick*, "I am very willing to serve you in my calling, d'ye see; but there are strange reports, and plain-dealing is best, d'ye see; I must be satisfied if you intend to leave all to your nephew, and if *Nic. Frog* is still your executor, d'ye see; if you will not satisfy me as to these points, you may drink with the ducks." "And so I will, quoth *John*, rather than keep a butler that loves my heir better than myself." *Hob* the shoe-maker, and *Pricket* the taylor told him, "They would most willingly serve him in their several stations, if he would promise them never to talk with *Lewis Baboon*, and let *Nicholas Frog* linen-draper manage his concerns; that they could neither make shoes nor cloaths to any,

I that

“that were not in good correspondence with their worthy friend
“*Nicholas.*”

J. Bull. Call *Andrew* my journey-man. How goes affairs, *Andrew*? I hope the devil has not taken possession of thy body too.

Andrew. No, Sir; I only desire to know what you would do if you were dead?

J. Bull. Just as other dead folks do, *Andrew.* — This is amazing! *Aside.*

Andrew. I mean, if your nephew shall inherit your estate?

J. Bull. That depends upon himself. I shall do nothing to hinder him.

Andrew. But will you make it sure?

J. Bull. Thou meanest, that I should put him in possession, for I can make it no surer without that; he has all the law can give him.

Andrew. Indeed possession, as you say, would make it much surer; they say, it is eleven points of the law.

JOHN began now to think that they were all enchanted; he enquired about the age of the moon; if *Nic.* had not given them some intoxicating *potion*, or if old mother *Jenisa* was still alive?

“No, o’ my faith, quoth *Harry*, I believe there is no *potion* in the
“case, but a little *aurum potable*. You will have more of this by
“and by.” He had scarce spoke the word, when another friend of
John’s accosted him after the following manner.

“Since those worthy persons, who are as much concerned for
“your safety as I am, have employed me as their orator, I desire
“to know whether you will have it by way of *Syllogism*, *Entbymem*,
“*Dilemma*, or *Sorites.*”

JOHN now began to be diverted with their extravagance.

J. Bull. Let’s have a *Sorites* by all means; though they are all new to me.

Friend. It is evident to all, who are versed in history, that there were two *sisters* that played the whore two thousand years ago:
therefore

therefore it plainly follows, that it is not lawful for *John Bull* to have any manner of intercourse with *Lewis Baboon*: if it is not lawful for *John Bull* to have any manner of intercourse (correspondence, if you will, that is much the same thing) then *à fortiori*, it is much more unlawful for the said *John* to make over his wife and children to the said *Lewis*: if his wife and children are not to be made over, he is not to wear a dagger and ratbane in his *pockets*: if he wears a dagger and ratbane, it must be to do mischief to himself, or somebody else: if he intends to do mischief, he ought to be under guardians, and there is none so fit as myself, and some other worthy persons, who have a commission for that purpose from *Nic. Frog*, the executor of his will and testament.

J. Bull. And this is your *Sorites*, you say, — With that he snatched a good tough oaken cudgel, and began to brandish it; then happy was the man, that was first at the door: crowding to get out, they tumbled down stairs; and it is credibly reported some of them dropped very valuable things in the hurry, which were picked up by others of the family.

“ That any of these rogues, *quoth John*, should imagine, I am
 “ not as much concerned as they about having my affairs in a settled
 “ condition, or that I would wrong my heir for I know not what!
 “ Well, *Nic.* I really cannot but applaud thy diligence; I must
 “ own this is really a pretty sort of a trick, but it shan’t do thy
 “ business for all that.”

CHAP. XVIII.

* *How Lewis Baboon came to visit John Bull, and what passed between them.*

I THINK it is but ingenuous to acquaint the reader, that this chapter was not wrote by Sir *Humphrey* himself, but by another very able *pen* of the university of *Grubstreet*.

* Private negotiations about *Dunkirk*.

JOHN

JOHN had (by some good instructions given him by Sir *Roger*) got the better of his cholerick temper, and wrought himself up to a great steddiness of mind to pursue his own interest through all impediments, that were thrown in the way: he began to leave off some of his old acquaintance, his roaring and bullying about the streets; he put on a serious air, knit his brows, and, for the time, had made a very considerable progress in politicks, considering that he had been kept a stranger to his own affairs. However, he could not help discovering some remains of his nature, when he happened to meet with a foot-ball, or a match at cricket; for which Sir *Roger* was sure to take him to task. *John* was walking about his room, with folded arms, and a most thoughtful countenance: his servant brought him word, that one *Lewis Baboon* below wanted to speak with him. *John* had got an impression, that *Lewis* was so deadly cunning a man, that he was afraid to venture himself alone with him: at last he took heart of grace; "Let him come up, quoth he, "it is but sticking to my point, and he can never over-reach me."

Lewis Baboon. Monsieur *Bull*, I will frankly acknowledge, that my behaviour to my neighbours has been somewhat uncivil, and I believe you will readily grant me, that I have met with usage accordingly. I was fond of back-sword and cudgel-play from my youth, and I now bear in my body many a black and blue gash and scar, God knows. I had as good a warehouse, and as fair possessions, as any of my neighbours, though I say it; but a contentious temper, flattering servants, and unfortunate stars, have brought me into circumstances that are not unknown to you. These my misfortunes are heightened by domestick calamities. That I need not relate. I am a poor battered old fellow, and I would willingly end my days in peace: but, alas! I see but small hopes of that, for every new circumstance affords an argument to my enemies to pursue their revenge; formerly I was to be banged, because I was too strong, and now because I am too weak to resist; I am to be brought

O
down

down when too rich, and oppressed when too poor. *Nic. Frog* has used me like a *scoundrel*; you are a gentleman, and I freely put myself in your hands to dispose of me as you think fit.

J. Bull. Look you, Master *Baboon*, as to your usage of your neighbours, you had best not dwell too much upon that chapter; let it suffice at present, that you have been met with: you have been rolling a great stone up hill all your life, and at last it has come tumbling down till it is like to crush you to pieces: plain-dealing is best. If you have any particular mark, Mr. *Baboon*, whereby one may know when you fib, and when you speak truth, you had best tell it me, that one may proceed accordingly; but since at present I know of none such, it is better that you should trust me, than that I shall trust you.

L. Baboon. I know of no particular mark of veracity amongst us tradesmen, but interest; and it is manifestly mine not to deceive you at this time; you may safely trust me, I can assure you.

J. Bull. The trust I give is in short this; I must have something in hand, before I make the bargain, and the rest before it is concluded.

L. Baboon. To shew you I deal fairly, name your something.

J. Bull. I need not tell thee, old boy; thou canst guess.

L. Baboon. * *Ecclestown-castle*, I'll warrant you, because it has been formerly in your family! Say no more, you shall have it.

J. Bull. I shall have it to m'own self?

L. Baboon. To thy n'own self.

J. Bull. Every wall, gate, room, and inch of *Ecclestown-castle*, you say!

L. Baboon. Just so.

J. Bull. Every single stone of *Ecclestown-castle*, to m'own self, speedily!

L. Baboon. When you please; what needs more words?

* *Dunkirk.*

J. Bull.

J. Bull. But tell me, old boy, hast thou laid aside all thy *equivocals* and *mentals* in this case?

L. Baboon. There's nothing like matter of fact; seeing is believing.

J. Bull. Now thou talk'st to the purpose; let us shake hands, old boy. Let me ask thee one question more; What hast thou to do to meddle with the affairs of my family? to dispose of my estate, old boy?

L. Baboon. Just as much as you have to do with the affairs of Lord *Strutt*.

J. Bull. Ay, but my trade, my very being was concerned in that.

L. Baboon. And my interest was concerned in the other: but let us both drop our pretences; for I believe it is a moot point, whether I am more likely to make a Master *Bull*, or you a Lord *Strutt*.

J. Bull. Agreed, old boy; but then I must have security, that I shall carry my broad-cloth to market, old boy.

L. Baboon. That you shall: *Ecclestown-castle! Ecclestown!* remember that: why would'st thou not take it, when it was offered thee some years ago?

J. Bull. I would not take it, because they told me thou would'st not give it me.

L. Baboon. How could Monsieur *Bull* be so grossly abused by downright nonsense? they that advised you to refuse, must have believed I intended to give, else why would they not make the experiment? but I can tell you more of that matter, than perhaps you know at present.

J. Bull. But what say'st thou as to the Esquire, *Nic. Frog*, and the rest of the tradesmen? I must take care of them.

L. Baboon. Thou hast but small obligations to *Nic.* to my certain knowledge: he has not used me like a gentleman.

J. Bull. *Nic.* indeed is not very nice in your punctilio's of ceremony; he is clownish, as a man may say: belching and calling of names have been allowed him time out of mind, by prescription: but however, we are engaged in one common cause, and I must look after him.

L. Baboon. All matters that relate to him, and the rest of the plaintiffs in this law-suit, I will refer to your justice.

C H A P. XIX.

Nic. Frog's letter to John Bull; wherein he endeavours to vindicate all his conduct, with relation to John Bull and the law-suit.

NIC. perceived now that his cully had eloped, that *John* intended henceforth to deal without a broker; but he was resolved to leave no stone unturned to recover his bubble: amongst other artifices he wrote a most obliging letter, which he sent him printed in a fair character.

* DEAR FRIEND,

“ **W**HEN I considered the late ill usage I have met with
 “ from you, I was reflecting what it was that could pro-
 “ voke you to it; but upon a narrow inspection into my conduct,
 “ I can find nothing to reproach myself with, but too partial a
 “ concern for your interest. You no sooner set this composition
 “ a-foot, but I was ready to comply, and prevented your very
 “ wishes; and the affair might have been ended before now, had
 “ it not been for the greater concerns of *Esquire South*, and the
 “ other poor creatures embarked in the same common cause, whose
 “ safety touches me to the quick. You seemed a little jealous,
 “ that I had dealt unfairly with you in money-matters, 'till it ap-
 “ peared by your own accounts, that there was something due to

* Substance of the States letter.

“ me

“ me upon the balance. Having nothing to answer to so plain a
 “ demonstration, you began to complain, as if I had been familiar
 “ with your reputation; when it is well known, not only I, but
 “ the meanest servants in my family, talk of you with the utmost
 “ respect. I have always, as far as in me lies, exhorted your ser-
 “ vants and tenants to be dutiful; not that I any way meddle in
 “ your domestick affairs, which were very unbecoming for me to
 “ do. If some of your servants express their great concern for you
 “ in a manner, that is not so very polite, you ought to impute it
 “ to their extraordinary zeal, which deserves a reward, rather than
 “ a reproof. You cannot reproach me for want of success at the
 “ *Salutation*, since I am not master of the passions and interests of
 “ other folks. I have beggared myself with this law-suit, undertaken
 “ merely in complaisance to you; and if you would have had but a
 “ little patience, I had still greater things in reserve, that I intended
 “ to have done for you. I hope, what I have said will prevail with
 “ you to lay aside your unreasonable jealousies; and that we may
 “ have no more meetings at the *Salutation*, spending our time and
 “ money to no purpose. My concern for your welfare and pro-
 “ sperity almost makes me mad. You may be assured I will con-
 “ tinue to be.

“ Your affectionate

“ Friend and servant,

NIC. FROG.”

John received this with a good deal of *sang froid: transeat*, quoth
John, *cum cæteris erroribus*. He was now at his ease; he saw he
 could now make a very good bargain for himself, and a very safe
 one for other folks. “ My shirt, *quoth he*, is near me, but my skin
 “ is nearer: whilst I take care of the welfare of other folks, no
 “ body can blame me to apply a little balsam to my own sores.
 “ It’s

“It’s a pretty thing, after all, for a man to do his own business; a man has such a tender concern for himself, there’s nothing like it. This is something better, I trow, than for *John Bull* to be standing in the market, like a great dray-horse, with *Frog’s* paws upon his head. — *What will you give me for this beast?* Serviteur *Nic.* *Frog*, you may kiss my backside if you please. Though *John Bull* has not read your *Aristotle’s*, *Plato’s*, and *Machiavel’s*, he can see as far into a mill-stone as another.” With that *John* began to chuckle and laugh, till he was like to have burst his sides.

C H A P. XX.

* *The discourse that passed between Nic. Frog and Esquire South, which John Bull overheard.*

JOHN thought every minute a year, till he got into *Ecclestown-castle*; he repairs to the *Salutation*, with a design to break the matter gently to his partners; before he entered, he overheard *Nic.* and the *Esquire* in a very pleasant conference.

Esq. South. Oh the ingratitude and injustice of mankind! that *John Bull*, whom I have honoured with my friendship and protection so long, should flinch at last, and pretend that he can disburse no more money for me! that the family of the *Souths*, by his sneaking temper, should be kept out of their own!

Nic. Frog. An’t like your worship, I am in amaze at it; I think the rogue should be compelled to his duty.

Esq. South. That he should prefer his scandalous pelf, the dust and dregs of the earth, to the prosperity and grandeur of my family!

Nic. Frog. Nay, he is mistaken there too; for he would quickly lick himself whole again by his vails. It’s strange he should prefer *Philip Baboon’s* custom to *Esquire South’s*.

* Negotiations between the Emperor and the *Dutch* for continuing the war, and getting the property of *Flanders*.

Esq.

Esq. South. As you say, that my clothier, that is to get so much by the purchase, should refuse to put me in possession; did you ever know any man's tradesman serve him so before?

Nic. Frog. No, indeed, an't please your worship, it is a very unusual proceeding; and I would not have been guilty of it for the world. If your honour had not a great stock of moderation and patience, you would not bear it so well as you do.

Esq. South. It is most intolerable, that's certain, *Nic.* and I will be revenged.

Nic. Frog. Methinks it is strange, that *Philip Baboon's* tenants do not all take your honour's part, considering how good and gentle a master you are.

Esq. South. True, *Nic.* but few are sensible of merit in this world: it is a great comfort, to have so faithful a friend as thyself in so critical a juncture.

Nic. Frog. If all the world should forsake you, be assured *Nic. Frog* never will; let us stick to our point, and we'll manage *Bull*, I'll warrant ye.

Esq. South. Let me kiss thee, dear *Nic.* I have found one honest man among a thousand at last.

Nic. Frog. If it were possible, your honour has it in your power to wed me still closer to your interest.

Esq. South. Tell me quickly, dear *Nic.*

Nic. Frog. You know I am your tenant; the difference between my lease and an inheritance is such a trifle, as I am sure you will not grudge your poor friend; that will be an encouragement to go on; besides it will make *Bull* as mad as the devil: you and I shall be able to manage him then to some purpose.

Esq. South. Say no more, it shall be done, *Nic.* to thy heart's content.

John all this while was listening to this comical dialogue, and laughed heartily in his sleeve at the pride and simplicity of the
Esquire,

Esquire, and the sly roguery of his friend *Nic*. Then of a sudden bolting into the room, he began to tell them, that he believed he had brought *Lewis* to reasonable terms, if they would please to hear them.

Then they all bawled out aloud, "No composition, Long live *Esquire South* and the law!" As *John* was going to proceed, some roared, some stamped with their feet, others stopt their ears with their fingers.

Nay, gentlemen, *quoth John*, if you will but stop proceeding for a while, you shall judge yourselves whether * *Lewis's* proposals are reasonable.

All. Very fine indeed, stop proceeding, and so lose a term.

J. Bull. Not so neither, we have something by way of advance, he will put us in possession of his manor and castle of *Ecclesdown*.

Nic. Frog. What dost thou talk of *us*, thou meanest *thyself*.

J. Bull. When *Frog* took possession of any thing, it was always said to be for *us*, and why may not *John Bull* be *us*, as well as *Nic. Frog* was *us*? I hope *John Bull* is no more confined to singularity than *Nic. Frog*; or, take it so, the constant doctrine, that thou hast preached up for many years, was, that Thou and I are One; and why must we be supposed Two in this case, that were always One before: it's impossible that Thou and I can fall out, *Nic*. we must trust one another; I have trusted thee with a great many things, prithee trust me with this one trifle.

Nic. Frog. That principle is true in the main, but there is some *speciality* in this case, that makes it highly inconvenient for *us both*.

J. Bull. Those are your jealousies, that the common enemies sow between us; how often hast thou warned me of those rogues, *Nic*. that would make us mistrustful of one another!

Nic. Frog. This *Ecclesdown-castle* is only a bone of contention.

J. Bull. It depends upon you to make it so, for my part I am as peaceable as a lamb.

* Proposals for cessation of arms, and delivery of *Dunkirk*.

Nic. Frog. But do you consider the unwholesomeness of the air and soil, the expences of reparations and servants? I would scorn to accept of such a quagmire.

J. Bull. You are a great man, *Nic.* but in my circumstances, I must be even content to take it as it is.

Nic. Frog. And you are really so silly, as to believe the old cheating rogue will give it you?

J. Bull. I believe nothing but matter of fact, I stand and fall by that, I am resolved to put him to it.

Nic. Frog. And so relinquish the hopefulest cause in the world, a claim that will certainly in the end make thy fortune for ever!

J. Bull. Wilt thou purchase it, *Nic*? thou shalt have a lumping pennyworth; nay, rather than we should differ, I'll give thee something to take it off my hands.

Nic. Frog. If thou would'st but moderate that hasty, impatient temper of thine, thou should'st quickly see a better thing than all that. What should'st thou think to find old *Lewis* turned out of his paternal estates, and the mansion-house of * *Clay-pool*? Would not that do thy heart good, to see thy old friend *Nic. Frog* Lord of *Clay-pool*? then thou and thy wife and children should walk in my gardens, buy toys, drink lemonade, and now and then we should have a country dance.

J. Bull. I love to be plain, I'd as lieve see myself in *Ecclestown-castle*, as thee in *Clay-pool*. I tell you again, *Lewis* gives this as a pledge of his sincerity; if you won't stop proceeding to hear him, I will.

* *Clay-pool, Paris. Lutetia.*

CHAP. XXI.

* *The rest of Nic's fetches to keep John out of Ecclestown-castle.*

WHEN *Nic.* could not dissuade *John* by argument, he tried to move his pity; he pretended to be sick and like to die, that he should leave his wife and children in a starving condition, if *John* did abandon him; that he was hardly able to crawl about the room, far less capable to look after such a troublesome business as this law-suit, and therefore begged that his good friend would not leave him. When he saw, that *John* was still inexorable, he pulled out a case-knife, with which he used to snicker-snee, and threatened to cut his own throat. Thrice he aimed the knife to his wind-pipe with a most determined threatening air. "What signifies life, *quoth he*, in this languishing condition? It will be some pleasure, that my friends will revenge my death upon this barbarous man, that has been the cause of it." All this while *John* looked sedate and calm, neither offering in the least to snatch the knife, nor stop his blow, trusting to the tenderness *Nic.* had for his own person: when he perceived, that *John* was immovable in his purpose, he applied himself to *Lewis*.

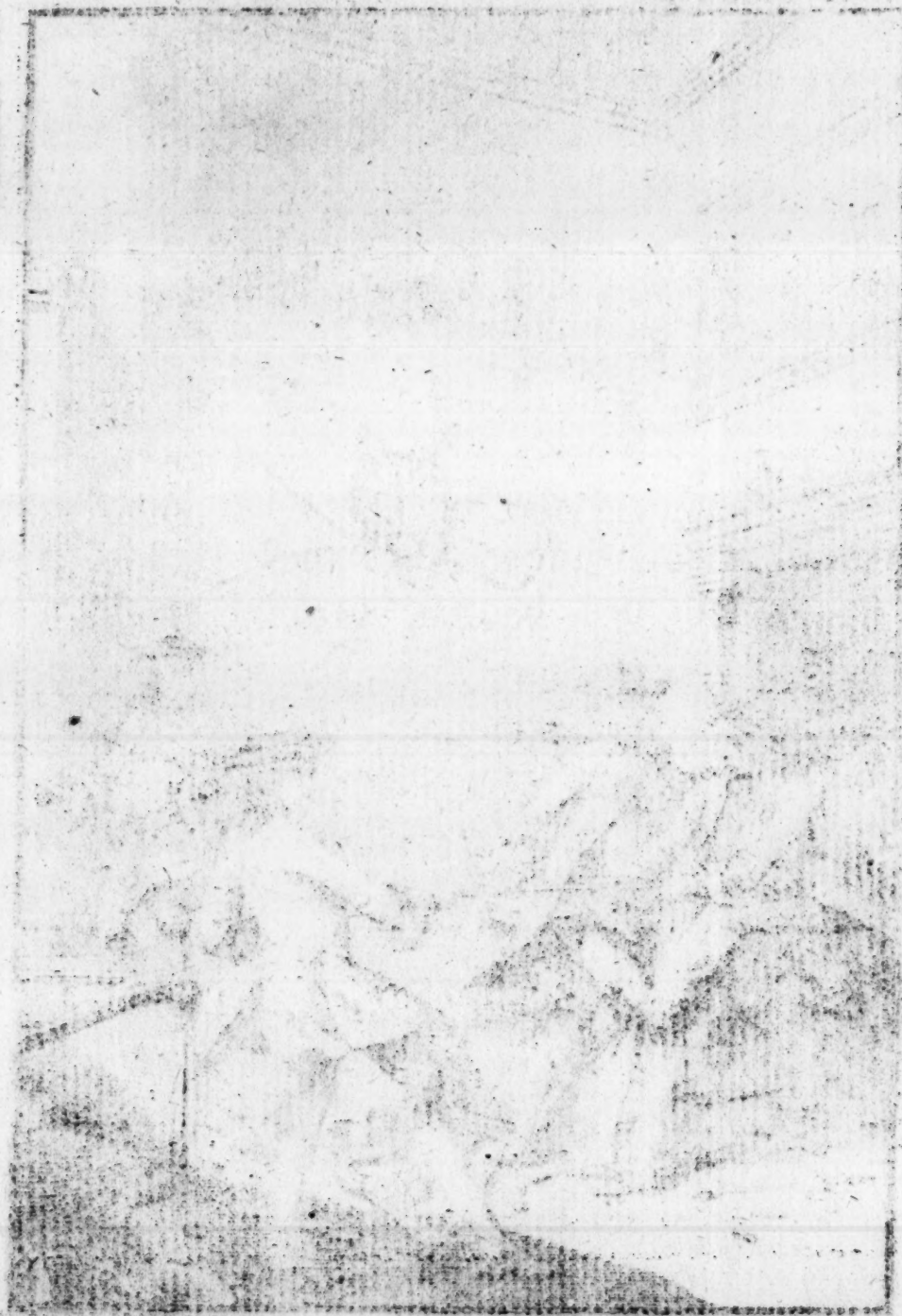
"Art thou, *quoth he*, turned bubble in thy old age, from being a sharper in thy youth? What occasion hast thou to give up *Ecclestown-castle* to *John Bull*? his friendship is not worth a rush; give it me, and I'll make it worth thy while. If thou dislikest that proposition, keep it thyself, I'd rather thou should'st have it than he. If thou hearkenest not to my advice, take what follows; Esquire *South* and I will go on with our law-suit in spite of *John Bull's* teeth."

L. Baboon. Monsieur *Bull* has used me like a gentleman, and I am resolved to make good my promise, and trust him for the consequences.

* Attempts to hinder the cessation, and taking possession of *Dunkirk*.

Nic.

3





Nic. Frog. Then I tell thee thou art an old doating fool—With that, *Nic.* bounced up with a spring equal to that of one of your nimblest tumblers or rope-dancers, and fell foul upon *John Bull*, to snatch the * *cudgel he had in his hand*, that he might thwack *Lewis* with it: *John* held it fast, so that there was no wrenching it from him. At last 'Squire *South* buckled too, to assist his friend *Nic.*: *John* halled on one side, and they two on the other; sometimes they were like to pull *John* over; then it went all of a sudden again on *John's* side; so they went see-sawing up and down, from one end of the room to the other. Down tumbled the tables, bottles, glasses, and tobacco-pipes: the wine and the tobacco were all spilt about the room, and the little fellows were almost trod under foot, till more of the tradesmen joining with *Nic.* and the 'Squire, *John* was hardly able to pull against them all, yet would he never quit hold of his trusty cudgel: which by the contrary force of two so great powers † broke short in his hands. *Nic.* seized the longer end, and with it began to bastinado old *Lewis*, who had slunk into a corner, waiting the event of this squabble. *Nic.* came up to him with an insolent menacing air, so that the old fellow was forced to skuttle out of the room, and retire behind a dung-cart. He called to *Nic.* "Thou insolent jackanapes! Time was, when thou durst
 "not have used me so, thou now takest me unprovided, but, old
 "and infirm as I am, I shall find a weapon by and by to chastise
 "thy impudence."

When *John Bull* had recovered his breath, he began to parly with *Nic.* "Friend *Nic.* I am glad to find thee so strong after thy great complaints: really thy motions, *Nic.* are pretty vigorous for a
 "consumptive man. As for thy worldly affairs, *Nic.* if it can do
 "thee any service, I freely make over to thee this profitable law-
 "suit, and I desire all these gentlemen to bear witness to this my
 "act and deed. Yours be all the gain, as mine has been the char-

* The army. † The separation of the army.

“ges; I have brought it to bear finely: however, all I have laid out upon it goes for nothing, thou shalt have it with all its appurtenances, I ask nothing but leave to go home.”

Nic. Frog. The counsel are feed, and all things prepared for a trial, thou shalt be forced to stand the issue: it shall be pleaded in thy name as well as mine: go home if thou can’st, the gates are shut, * the turnpikes locked, and the roads barricadoed.

J. Bull. Even these very ways, *Nic.* that thou toldest me, were as open to me as thyself? If I can’t pass with my own equipage, what can I expect for my goods and waggons? I am denied passage through those very grounds, that I have purchased with my own money; however, I am glad I have made the experiment, it may serve me in some stead.

JOHN BULL was so overjoyed that he was going to take possession of *Ecclestown*, that nothing could vex him. “*Nic. quoth he,* “I am just a going to leave thee, cast a kind look upon me at parting.”

Nic. looked fowre and grum, and would not open his mouth.

J. Bull. “I wish thee all the success, that thy heart can desire, and that these honest gentlemen of the long robe may have their belly full of law.”

Nic. could stand it no longer, but flung out of the room with disdain, and beckoned the lawyers to follow him.

J. Bull. “B’uy, b’uy *Nic.* not one poor smile at parting; won’t you shake your day-day, *Nic. b’uy Nic.*” With that *John* marched out of the common road cross the country to take possession of *Ecclestown*.

* Difficulty of the march of part of the army to *Dunkirk*.

CHAP. XXII.

Of the great joy that John expressed when he got possession of Ecclestown.*

WHEN *John* had got into his castle, he seemed like *Ulysses* upon his plank after he had been well foused in salt-water; who (as *Homer* says) was as glad, as a judge going to sit down to dinner after hearing a long cause upon the bench. I dare say *John Bull's* joy was equal to that of either of the two; he skipped from room to room; ran up stairs and down stairs, from the kitchen to the garrets, and from the garrets to the kitchen; he peeped into every cranny; sometimes he admired the beauty of the architecture, and the vast solidity of the mason's work; at other times he commended the symmetry and proportion of the rooms. He walked about the gardens; he bathed himself in the canal, swimming, diving, and beating the liquid element, like a milk-white swan. The hall resounded with the sprightly violin, and the martial hautboy. The family tript it about and capered, like *bail-stones bounding from a marble floor*. Wine, ale, and *October* flew about as plentifully as kennel-water: then a frolick took *John* in the head to call up some of *Nic. Frog's pensioners*, that had been so mutinous in his family.

J. Bull. Are you glad to see your master in *Ecclestown-castle*?

All. Yes, indeed, Sir.

J. Bull. Extremely glad?

All. Extremely glad, Sir.

J. Bull. Swear to me, that you are so.

Then they began to damn and sink their souls to the lowest pit of hell, if any person in the world rejoiced more than they did.

J. Bull. Now hang me, if I don't believe you are a parcel of perjured rascals; however take this bumper of *October* to your master's health.

Then *John* got upon the battlements, and looking over, he called to *Nic Frog*:

"How d'ye do, *Nic*? D'ye see where I am, *Nic*? I hope the
"cause goes on swimmingly, *Nic*. When dost thou intend to go
"to *Clay-pool*, *Nic*? Wilt thou buy there some high heads of the
"newest cut for my daughters? How comest thou to go with thy
"arm tied up? Has old *Lewis* given thee a rap over thy fingers-
"ends? Thy weapon was a good one, when I wielded it, but
"the butt-end remains in my hands. I am so busy in packing up
"my goods, that I have no time to talk with thee any longer. It
"would do thy heart good to see what waggon-loads I am pre-
"paring for market. If thou wantest any good office of mine, for
"all that has happened, I will use thee well *Nic*. B'uy *Nic*."

POST-

P O S T S C R I P T.

IT has been disputed amongst the *Literati* of *Grubstreet*, whether Sir *Humphry* proceeded any farther into the history of *John Bull*. By diligent enquiry we have found the titles of some chapters, which appear to be a continuation of it; and are as follow.

Chap. I. *How John was made angry with the articles of agreement. How he kicked the parchment through the house, up stairs and down stairs, and put himself in a great heat thereby.*

Chap. II. *How in his passion he was going to cut off Sir Roger's head with a cleaver. Of the strange manner of Sir Roger's escaping the blow, by laying his head upon the dresser.*

Chap. III. *How some of John's servants attempted to scale his house with rope-ladders; and how many unfortunately dangled in the same.*

Chap. IV. *Of the methods by which John endeavoured to preserve the peace amongst his neighbours: how he kept a pair of still-yards to weigh them; and by diet, purging, vomiting, and bleeding, tried to bring them to equal bulk and strength.*

Chap. V. *Of false accounts of the weights given in by some of the journeymen; and of the New-market tricks, that were practised at the still-yards.*

Chap. VI. *How John's new journeymen brought him other-guise accounts of the still-yards.*

Chap. VII. *How Sir * Swain Northy was, by bleeding, purging, and a steel-diet, brought into a consumption; and how John was forced afterwards to give him the gold cordial.*

Chap. VIII. *How † Peter Bear was over-fed, and afterwards refused to submit to the course of physick.*

* King of Sweden.

† Czar of Moscovy.

- Chap. IX. *How John pampered Esquire South with tit-bits, till he grew wanton; how he got drunk with Calabrian wine, and longed for Sicilian beef, and how John carried him thither in his barge.*
- Chap. X. *How the Esquire, from a foul-feeder, grew dainty: how he longed for mangoes, spices, and Indian birds-nests, etc. and could not sleep but in a Chintz bed.*
- Chap. XI. *The Esquire turned tradesdman; how he set up a * China-shop over-against Nic. Frog.*
- Chap. XII. *How he procured Spanish flies to blister his neighbours, and as a provocative to himself. As likewise how he ravished Nic. Frog's favourite daughter.*
- Chap. XIII. *How Nic. Frog hearing the girl squeak, went to call John Bull as a constable: calling of a constable no preventive of a rape.*
- Chap. XIV. *How John rose out of his bed in a cold morning to prevent a duel between Esquire South and Lord Strutt; how, to his great surprise, he found the combatants drinking Geneva in a Brandy-shop, with Nic's favourite daughter between them. How they both fell upon John, so that he was forced to fight his way out.*
- Chap. XV. *How John came with his constable's staff to rescue Nic's daughter, and break the Esquire's China-ware.*
- Chap. XVI. *Commentary upon the Spanish proverb, Time and I against any Two; or advice to dogmatical politicians, exemplified in some new affairs between John Bull and Lewis Baboon.*
- Chap. XVII. *A discourse of the delightful game of quadrille. How Lewis Baboon attempted to play a game solo in clubs, and was beasted: how John called Lewis for his King, and was afraid that his own partner should have too many tricks: and how the success and skill of quadrille depends upon calling a right King.*

* The Ostend company.

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THERE is now in the press, a curious piece, entitled, *Ψευδολογία Πολιτική*; or, *The Art of Political Lying*: consisting of two Volumes in *Quarto*.

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IV. That the subscribers shall have their names and places of abode printed at length.

For the encouragement of so useful a work, it is thought fit the publick should be informed of the contents of the first volume, by one who has with great care perused the *manuscript*.

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THE

THE ART OF POLITICAL LYING.

THE author, in his preface, makes some very judicious reflections upon the original of arts and sciences: that at first they consist of scattered theorems and practices, which are handed about amongst the masters, and only revealed to the *filiis artis*, till such time as some great genius appears, who collects these disjointed propositions, and reduces them into a regular system. That this is the case of that noble and useful art of *Political Lying*, which in this last age having been enriched with several *new discoveries*, ought not to lye any longer in rubbish and confusion, but may justly claim a place in the *Encyclopædia*, especially such as serves for a model of education for an able politician. That he proposes to himself no small stock of fame in future ages, in being the first who has undertaken this design; and for the same reason he hopes the imperfection of his work will be excused. He invites all persons who have any talents that way, or any new discovery, to communicate their thoughts, assuring them that honourable mention shall be made of them in his work.

The first volume consists of eleven chapters.

In the *first* chapter of his excellent treatise, he reasons philosophically concerning the nature of the *soul of man*, and those qualities which render it susceptible of *lies*. He supposes the soul to be of the nature of a *plano-cylindrical speculum*, or looking-glass; that the plain side was made by God Almighty, but that the devil afterwards wrought the other side into a cylindrical figure. The plain side represents objects just as they are; and the cylindrical side, by the rules of catoptricks, must needs represent true objects false,
and

and false objects true: but the cylindrical side, being much the larger surface, takes in a greater compass of visual rays. That upon the cylindrical side of the soul of man depends the whole art and success of *Political Lying*. The author in this chapter proceeds to reason upon the qualities of the mind: as its peculiar fondness of the *malicious* and the *miraculous*. The tendency of the soul towards the *malicious* springs from self-love, or a pleasure to find mankind more wicked, base, or unfortunate, than ourselves. The design of the *miraculous* proceeds from the inactivity of the soul, or its incapacity to be moved or delighted with any thing that is vulgar or common. The author having established the qualities of the mind, upon which his art is founded, he proceeds,

In his *second* chapter, to treat of the nature of *Political Lying*; which he defines to be, *the art of convincing the people of salutary falsehoods, for some good end*. He calls it an *art*, to distinguish it from that of telling truth, which does not seem to want *art*; but then he would have this understood only as to the *invention*, because there is indeed more *art* necessary to convince the people of a *salutary* truth, than a *salutary* falsehood. Then he proceeds to prove, that there are *salutary* falsehoods, of which he gives a great many instances, both before and after the revolution; and demonstrates plainly, that we could not have carried on the war so long without several of those *salutary* falsehoods. He gives rules to calculate the value of a *Political Lye*, in pounds, shillings, and pence. By *good* he does not mean that, which is absolutely so, but what appears so to the artist, which is a sufficient ground for him to proceed upon; and he distinguishes the good, as it commonly is, into *bonum utile, dulce, et honestum*. He shews you, that there are *Political Lyes* of a mixed nature, which include all the *three* in different respects: that the *utile* reigns generally about the *Exchange*, the *dulce* and *honestum* at the *Westminster* end of the town. One man spreads a lye to sell or buy *stock* to greater advantage; a second, because it is honourable to serve his *party*; and a third, because it is sweet to gratify

gratify his *revenge*. Having explained the several terms of his definition, he proceeds,

In his *third* chapter, to treat of the *lawfulness of Political Lying*; which he deduces from its true and genuine principles by enquiring into the several rights, that mankind have to *truth*. He shews, that people have a right to *private truth* from their neighbours, and *oeconomical truth* from their own family, that they should not be abused by their wives, children, and servants; but that they have no right at all to *Political Truth*; that the people may as well all pretend to be lords of manors, and possess great estates, as to have truth told them in matters of government. The author with great judgment states the *several shares* of mankind in this matter of truth, according to their several capacities, dignities, and professions; and shews you, that children have hardly any share at all; in consequence of which, they have very seldom any truth told them. It must be owned, that the author in this chapter has some seeming difficulties to answer, and *texts of Scripture* to explain.

The *fourth* chapter is wholly employed in this question, *whether the right of coinage of Political Lyes be wholly in the government?* The author, who is a true friend to *english* liberty, determines in the negative, and answers all the arguments of the opposite party with great acuteness: that as the government of *England* has a mixture of democratical in it, so the right of inventing and spreading *Political Lyes* is partly in the *people*; and their obstinate adherence to this just privilege has been most conspicuous, and shined with great lustre of late years: that it happens very often, that there are no other means left to the good people of *England* to pull down a ministry and government they are weary of, but by exercising this their undoubted right: that abundance of *Political Lying* is a sure sign of true *english liberty*: that as ministers do sometimes use tools to support their power, it is but reasonable, that the people should employ the same weapon to defend themselves, and pull them down.

In

In his *fifth* chapter, he divides *Political Lyes* into several *species* and *classes*, and gives precepts about the *inventing*, *spreading*, and *propagating* the several sorts of them: he begins with the *rumores*, and *libella famosi*, such as concern the reputation of men in power: where he finds fault with the common mistake, that takes notice only of one sort, *viz.* the *detractory* or *defamatory*, whereas in truth there are three sorts, the *detractory*, the *additory*, and the *translatory*. The *additory* gives to a great man a larger share of reputation than belongs to him, to enable him to serve some good end or purpose. The *detractory* or *defamatory* is a lye, which takes from a great man the reputation that justly belongs to him, for fear he should use it to the detriment of the publick. The *translatory* is a lye, that transfers the merit of a man's good action to another, who is in himself more deserving; or transfers the demerit of a bad action from the true author to a person, who is in himself less deserving. He gives several instances of very great strokes in all the three kinds, especially in the last, when it was necessary for the good of the publick to *bestow the valour and conduct of one man upon another, and that of many to one man*, nay even*, upon a good occasion, a man may be robbed of his victory by a person, that did not command in the action. The restoring and destroying the publick may be ascribed to persons, who had no hand in either. The author exhorts all gentlemen practitioners to exercise themselves in the

* Major General *Webb* obtained a glorious victory over the *French* near *Wynendale* in the year 1708. He was sent with 6,000 of the confederate troops to guard a great convoy to the allied army besieging *Lisle*; Count *de la Motte* came out from *Ghent* with near 24,000 men to intercept them; but Maj. Gen. *Webb* disposed his men with such admirable skill, that notwithstanding the vast superiority of numbers, by the pure force of Order and Disposition the *French* were driven back in two or three successive attempts, and after having lost 6 or 7,000 men, could be brought to charge no more. This may justly be reckoned amongst the greatest

actions of that war: but the Duke of *Marlborough's* secretary, in his letter written to *England*, gave all the honour of it to General *Cadogan*, the Duke's favourite, who did not come up till after the engagement. This was so resented by General *Webb*, that he left the army in disgust; and coming into *England* to do himself justice, received the unanimous thanks of the House of Commons for his eminent services by that great action; which was also acknowledged in a distinguishing manner by the King of *Prussia*, who bestowed on him the *Order of Generosity*.

transf-

translatory, because the *existence* of the things themselves being visible, and not demanding any proof, there wants nothing to be put upon the publick, but a *false author*, or a *false cause*; which is no great presumption upon the credulity of mankind, to whom the secret springs of things are for the most part unknown.

The author proceeds to give some precepts as to the *additory*: that when one ascribes any thing to a person, which does not belong to him, the lye ought to be calculated not quite contradictory to his known qualities: for example, one would not make the *french* king present at a Protestant conventicle; nor, like queen *Elizabeth*, restore the overplus of taxes to his subjects. One would not bring in the *Emperor* giving two months pay in advance to his troops; nor the *Dutch* paying more than their *quota*. One would not make the same person zealous for a standing-army and publick liberty; nor an atheist support the church; nor a lewd fellow a reformer of manners; nor a hot-headed, crack-brained coxcomb forward for a scheme of moderation. But if it is absolutely necessary, that a person is to have some good adventitious quality given him, the author's precept is, that it should not be done at first in *extremo gradu*. For example; they should not make a covetous man give away all at once five thousand pounds in a charitable generous way; twenty or thirty pounds may suffice at first. They should not introduce a person of remarkable ingratitude to his benefactors, rewarding a poor man for some good office that was done him thirty years ago; but they may allow him to acknowledge a service to a person, who is capable still to do him another. A man, whose personal courage is suspected, is not at first to drive whole squadrons before him; but he may be allowed the merit of some squabble, or throwing a bottle at his adversary's head.

It will not be allowed to make a great man, that is a known despiser of religion, spend whole days in his closet at his devotion; but you may with safety make him sit out publick prayers with decency. A great man, who has never been known willingly to

pay a just debt, ought not all of a sudden to be introduced making restitution of thousands he has cheated; let it suffice at first to pay twenty pounds to a friend, who has lost his note.

He lays down the same rules in the *detractory* or *defamatory* kind; that they should not be quite opposite to the qualities the persons are supposed to have. Thus it will not be found according to the sound rules of *pseudology*, to report of a pious and religious prince, that he neglects his devotion, and would introduce heresy; but you may report of a merciful prince, that he has pardoned a criminal, who did not deserve it. You will be unsuccessful, if you give out of a great man, who is remarkable for his frugality for the publick, that he squanders away the nation's money; but you may safely relate that he hoards it: you must not affirm he took a bribe; but you may freely censure him for being tardy in his payments; because though neither may be true, yet the last is credible, the first not. Of an open-hearted generous minister you are not to say, that he was in an intrigue to betray his country; but you may affirm, with some probability, that he was in an intrigue with a lady. He warns all practitioners to take good heed to these precepts; for want of which, many of their lyes of late have proved abortive or short-lived.

In the *sixth* chapter he treats of the *miraculous*; by which he understands any thing that exceeds the common degrees of probability. In respect of the people it is divided into two sorts, the τὸ φοβερόν, or the τὸ θυμοειδές, *terrifying lyes*, and *animating* or *encouraging lyes*, both being extremely useful on their proper occasions. Concerning the τὸ φοβερόν he gives several rules; one of which is, that terrible objects should not be too *frequently* shewn to the people, lest they grow familiar. He says, it is absolutely necessary, that the people of *England* should be frightened with the *french* king and the *pretender* once a year; but that the bears should be chained up again, till that time twelvemonth. The want of observing this so necessary a precept, in bringing out the *raw-head and bloody-bones* upon

upon every trifling occasion, has produced great indifference in the vulgar of late years. As to the *animating* or *encouraging lyes* he gives the following rules; that they should not far exceed the common degrees of probability; that there should be variety of them; and the same lye not obstinately insisted upon: that the promissory or prognosticating lyes should not be upon *short days*, for fear the authors should have the shame and confusion to see themselves speedily contradicted. He examines by these rules that well-meant, but unfortunate lye of the *conquest of France*, which continued near † *twenty years* together; but at last by being too obstinately insisted upon, it was worn threadbare, and became unsuccessful.

As to the τὸ τερατῶδες, or the *prodigious*, he has little to advise, but that their comets, whales, and dragons should be *fixeable*; their storms, tempests, and earthquakes, without the reach of a *day's journey* of a man and horse.

The *seventh* chapter is wholly taken up in an enquiry, ‡ which of the *two parties* are the greatest artists in *Political Lying*. He owns, that sometimes the one party, and sometimes the other, is better believed, but that they have both very great genius's amongst them. He attributes the ill success of either *party* to their glutting the market, and retailing too much of a bad commodity at once: when there is too great a quantity of worms, it is hard to catch gudgeons. He proposes a scheme for the recovery of the credit of any *party*, which indeed seems to be somewhat chimerical, and does not favour of that sound judgment the author has shewn in the rest of the work. It amounts to this, that the party should agree to vent nothing but truth for three months together, which will give them credit for six months lying afterwards. He owns, that he believes it almost impossible to find fit persons to execute this scheme. Towards the end of the chapter, he inveighs severely against the folly of parties in retaining scoundrels and men

† During the reigns of king *William* and queen *Anne*. ‡ See the *Examiner*, N^o XIV. Vol. iv.

of low genius to retail their lyes; such as most of the present news-writers are, who, except a strong bent and inclination towards the profession, seem to be wholly ignorant in the rules of *pseudology*, and not at all qualified for so weighty a trust.

In his next chapter he treats of some extraordinary genius's, who have appeared of late years, especially in their disposition towards the *miraculous*. He advises those hopeful young men to turn their invention to the service of their country, it being inglorious, at this time, to employ their talent in prodigious fox-chases, horse-courses, feats of activity in driving of coaches, jumping, running, swallowing of peaches, pulling out whole fetts of teeth to clean, *etc.* when their country stands so much in need of their assistance.

The *eighth* chapter is a project for uniting the several smaller corporations of lyars into one society. It is too tedious to give a full account of the whole scheme: what is most remarkable is, That this society ought to consist of the heads of each party: that no lye is to pass current without their approbation, they being the best judges of the present exigencies, and what sort of lyes are demanded: that in such a corporation there ought to be men of all professions, that τὸ πρέπον, and τὸ εὐλογον, that is, *decency* and *probability*, may be observed as much as possible: that besides the persons above-mentioned, this society ought to consist of the hopeful genius's about the town, (of which there are great plenty to be picked up in the several coffee-houses) travellers, virtuoso's, fox-hunters, jockies, attornies, old seamen and soldiers out of the hospitals of *Greenwich* and *Chelsea*: to this society, so constituted, ought to be committed the sole management of *lying*: that in their outer-room there ought always to attend some persons endowed with a great stock of credulity, a generation that thrives mightily in this soil and climate: he thinks a sufficient number of them may be picked up any where about the *Exchange*: these are to circulate, what the other coin; for no man spreads a lye with so good a grace, as he that believes it: that the rule of the society be

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to

to invent a lye, and sometimes two, for every day; in the choice of which great regard ought to be had to the weather, and the season of the year: your φοβερὰ, or *terrifying lyes*, do mighty well in *November* and *December*, but not so well in *May* and *June*, unless the easterly winds reign: that it ought to be penal for any body to talk of any thing but the lye of the day: that the society is to maintain a sufficient number of spies at court, and other places, to furnish hints and topicks for invention, and a general correspondence of all the market-towns for circulating their lyes: that if any one of the society were observed to blush, or look out of countenance, or want a necessary circumstance in telling the lye, he ought to be expelled, and declared incapable: besides the roaring lyes, there ought to be a private committee for whispers, constituted of the ablest men of the society. Here the author makes a digression in praise of the *Whig-party*, for the right understanding and use of *proof-lyes*. A *proof-lye* is like a *proof-charge* for a piece of ordnance, to try a standard credulity. Of such a nature he takes transubstantiation to be in the church of *Rome*, a *proof-article*, which if any one swallows, they are sure he will digest every thing else: therefore the *Whig-party* do wisely to try the credulity of the people sometimes by *swingers*, that they may be able to judge, to what height they may charge them afterwards. Towards the end of this chapter, he warns the heads of parties against believing their own lyes, which has proved of pernicious consequence of late, both a wise party, and a wise nation having regulated their affairs upon lyes of their own invention. The causes of this he supposes to be too great a zeal and intenseness in the practice of this *art*, and a vehement heat in mutual conversation, whereby they persuade one another, that what they wish, and report to be true, is really so: that all parties have been subject to this misfortune. The *Jacobites* have been constantly infested with it; but the *Whigs* of late seemed even to exceed them in this ill habit and weakness. To this chapter

ter the author subjoins a *calendar* of lyes, proper for the several months of the year.

The *ninth* chapter treats of the *celerity* and *duration* of lyes. As to the *celerity* of their motion, the author says it is almost incredible: he gives several instance of lyes, that have gone faster, than a man can ride post: your *terrifying lyes* travel at a prodigious rate, above ten miles an hour; your *whispers* move in a narrow vortex, but very swiftly. The author says, it is impossible to explain several *phœnomena* in relation to the celerity of lyes, without the supposition of *synchronism* and *combination*. As to the duration of lyes he says, there are of all sorts, from hours and days to ages; that there are some, which like insects die and revive again in a different form; that good artists, like people who build upon a short lease, will calculate the duration of a lye surely to answer their purpose; to last just as long, and no longer, than the turn is served.

The *tenth* chapter treats of the characteristicks of lyes; how to know, when, where, and by whom invented? Your *dutch, english,* and *french* ware are amply distinguished from one another; an *exchange lye* from one coined at the other end of the town: great judgment is to be shewn as to the place, where the species is intended to circulate: very low and base coin will serve for *Wapping*: there are several coffee-houses, that have their particular stamps, which a judicious practitioner may easily know. All your great men have their proper *phantateusticks*. The author says, he has attained by study and application to so great skill in this matter, that bring him any lye, he can tell whose image it bears so truly, as the great man himself shall not have the face to deny it. The *promissory lyes* of great men are known by shouldering, hugging, squeezing, smiling, bowing; and their lyes in matter of fact by immoderate swearing.

He spends the whole *eleventh* chapter on one simple question, *whether a lye is best contradicted by truth, or by another lye?* the author says, that, considering the large extent of the *cylindrical surface*

of the *soul*, and the great propensity to believe lyes in the generality of mankind of late years, he thinks, the properest contradiction to a lye is another lye. For example; if it should be reported, that the Pretender was at *London*, one would not contradict it by saying, he never was in *England*; but you must prove by eye-witnesses, that he came no farther than *Greenwich*, and then went back again. Thus if it be spread about, that a great person were dying of some disease, you must not say the truth, that they are in health, and never had such a disease, but that they are slowly recovering of it. So there was not long ago a gentleman, who affirmed, that the treaty with *France* for bringing popery and slavery into *England* was signed the 15th of *September*; to which another answered very judiciously, not by opposing truth to his lye, that there was no such treaty; but that to his certain knowledge, there were many things in that treaty not yet adjusted.

The account of the second volume of this excellent treatise is reserved for another time.

REASONS

REASONS

HUMBLY OFFERED

By the company exercising the trade and mystery of UPHOLDERS,

Against part of the BILL, *for the better viewing, searching,
and examining drugs, medicines, etc.* 1724*.

BEING called upon by several retailers and dispensers of *drugs* and *medicines* about town, to use our endeavours against the bill now depending *for viewing*, etc. In regard of our common interest, and in gratitude to the said retailers and dispensers of medicines, which we have always found to be very effectual, we presume to lay the following reasons before the publick against the said bill.

That the company of upholders *are far from being averse to the giving of drugs and medicines in general*, provided they may be of such qualities as we require, and administered by such persons, in whom our company justly repose the greatest confidence: and provided they tend to the encouragement of trade, and consumption of the *woollen manufacture* of this kingdom.

We beg leave to observe, that *there hath been no complaint from any of the nobility, gentry, and citizens whom we have attended*. Our practice, which consists chiefly in outward applications, having been always so effectual, that none of our patients have been obliged to undergo a second operation, excepting one gentlewoman; who, after her first burial, having burthened her husband with a new brood of posthumous children, her second funeral was by us performed without any farther charges to the said husband of the de-

* In the year 1724 the physicians made application to parliament to prevent apothecaries dispensing medicine without the prescription of a physician: during which this tract was dispersed in the court of requests.

ceased.

ceased. And we humbly hope, that one single instance of this kind, a misfortune owing merely to the avarice of a sexton in cutting off a ring, will not be imputed to any want of skill, or care in our company.

We humbly conceive, that the *power by this bill lodged in the censors of the college of physicians* to restrain any of his majesty's subjects from dispensing, and well-disposed persons from taking what medicines they please, is a *manifest encroachment on the liberty and property of the subject*.

As the company, exercising the trade and mystery of upholders, have an undisputed right in and upon the *bodies* of all and every the subjects of the kingdom; we conceive the passing of this bill, though not absolutely depriving them of their said right, might keep them *out of possession* by unreasonable *delays*, to the great detriment of our company and their numerous families.

We hope it will be considered, that there are multitudes of necessitous heirs and penurious parents, persons in pinching circumstances with numerous families of children, wives that have lived long, many robust aged women with great jointures, elder brothers with bad understandings, single heirs of great estates, whereby the collateral line are for ever excluded, reversionary patents, and reversionary promises of preferments, leases upon single lives, and playdebts upon joint lives, and that the persons so aggrieved have no hope of being speedily relieved any other way, than by the dispensing of *drugs* and *medicines* in the manner they *now are*; burying *alive* being judged repugnant to the known laws of this kingdom.

That there are many of the deceased, who by certain mechanical motions and powers are carried about town, who would have been put into our hands long before this time by any other well-ordered government: by want of a due *police* in this particular our company have been great sufferers.

That *frequent funerals* contribute to preserve the genealogies of families, and the honours conferred by the crown, which are no
where

where so well illustrated as on this solemn occasion; to maintain *necessitous clergy*; to enable the *clerks* to appear in decent habits to officiate on *Sundays*; to feed the great retinue of *sober* and *melancholy men*, who appear at the said funerals, and who must starve without constant and regular employment. Moreover we desire it may be remembered, that by the passing of this bill the nobility and gentry will have their *old coaches* lie upon their hands, which are now employed by our company.

And we further hope, that frequent funerals will not be discouraged, as is by this bill proposed, it being the only method left of *carrying* some people to *church*.

We are afraid, that by the hardships of this bill our company will be reduced to leave their business here, and *practise* at York and Bristol, where the free use of bad medicines will be still allowed.

It is therefore hoped, that no specious pretence whatsoever will be thought sufficient to introduce an arbitrary and unlimited power for people to live (in defiance of art) as long as they can by the course of nature, to the prejudice of our company, and the decay of trade.

That as our company are like to suffer in some measure by the power given to physicians to dissect the bodies of malefactors, we humbly hope, that the manufacture of cases for skeletons will be reserved solely to the coffin-makers.

We likewise humbly presume, that the interests of the several trades and professions, which depend upon ours, may be regarded; such as that of hearses, coaches, coffins, epitaphs, and bell-ropes, stone-cutters, feather-men, and bell-ringers; and especially the manufacturers of crape; and the makers of *snuff*, who use great quantities of old coffins, and who, considered in the consumption of their drugs, employ by far the greatest number of hands of any manufacture of the kingdom.

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AGAINST EXAMINING DRUGS
TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE MAYOR AND ALDERMEN OF THE CITY OF
LONDON.

THE HUMBLE PETITION

OF THE

Colliers, cooks, cook-maids, blacksmiths, jack-makers, brasiers, and
others,

SHEWETH,

THAT whereas certain *virtuosi* disaffected to the government, and to the trade and prosperity of this kingdom, taking upon them the name and title of the CATOPTRICAL VICTUALLERS, have presumed by gathering, breaking, folding, and bundling up the *sun-beams* by the help of certain *glassses*, to make, produce, and kindle up several new *focus's* or fires within these his majesty's dominions, and thereby to boil, bake, stew, fry, and dress all sorts of victuals and provisions, to brew, distil spirits, smelt oar, and in general to perform all the offices of culinary fires; and are endeavouring to procure to themselves the monopoly of this their said invention. We beg leave humbly to represent to your honours,

That such grant or patent will utterly ruin and reduce to beggary your petitioners, their wives, children, servants, and trades on them depending; there being nothing left to them, after the said invention, but warming of cellars and dressing of suppers in the winter-time. That the abolishing so considerable a branch of the coasting trade, as that of the colliers, will destroy the *naviga-tion* of this kingdom. That whereas the said *catoptrical victuallers* talk of making use of the *moon* by night, as of the *sun* by day, they will utterly ruin the numerous body of *tallow-chandlers*, and
impair

impair a very considerable branch of the *revenue*, which arises from the *tax* upon tallow and candles.

That the said *catoptrical victuallers* do profane the emanations of that glorious luminary the *sun*, which is appointed to *rule the day*, and not to *roast mutton*. And we humbly conceive, it will be found contrary to the known laws of this kingdom, to confine, forestall, and monopolize the beams of the sun. And whereas the said *catoptrical victuallers* have undertaken by burning glasses made of ice to roast an ox upon the *Thames* next winter: we conceive all such practices to be an encroachment upon the rights and privileges of the *company of watermen*.

That the diversity of exposition of the several kitchens in this great city, whereby some receive the rays of the sun sooner, and others later, will occasion great irregularity as to the *time of dining* of the several inhabitants, and consequently great uncertainty and confusion in the dispatch of business: and to those, who by reason of their northern exposition will be still forced to be at the expences of culinary fires, it will reduce the price of their manufacture to such inequality, as is inconsistent with common justice: and the same inconveniency will affect *landlords* in the *value* of their *rents*.

That the use of the said glasses will oblige cooks, and cook-maids to study opticks and astronomy, in order to know the due distances of the said *focus's* or fires, and to adjust the position of their glasses to the several altitudes of the sun, varying according to the hours of the day, and the seasons of the year; which studies, at these years, will be highly troublesome to the said cooks and cook-maids, not to say any thing of the utter incapacity of some of them to go through with such difficult arts; or (which is still a greater inconvenience) it will throw the whole art of *cookery* into the hands of astronomers and glass-grinders, persons utterly unskilled in other parts of that profession, to the great detriment of the *health* of his majesty's good subjects.

S

That

That it is known by experience, that meat roasted with sun-beams is extremely unwholesome; witness several that have died suddenly after eating the provisions of the said *catoptrical victuallers*; forasmuch as the sun-beams taken inwardly render the humours too hot and adust, occasion great sweatings, and dry up the rectual moisture.

That sun-beams taken *inwardly* shed a malignant influence upon the *brain* by their natural tendency towards the *moon*; and produce madness and distraction at the time of the full moon. That the constant use of so great quantities of this *inward light* will occasion the growth of *quakerism* to the danger of the *church*, and of *poetry* to the danger of the state.

That the influences of the constellations, through which the sun passes, will with his beams be conveyed into the *blood*; and when the sun is among the horned signs, may produce such a spirit of *unchastity*, as is dangerous to the honour of your worships families.

That mankind living much upon the seeds and other parts of plants, these being impregnated with the sun-beams, may *vegetate* and *grow* in the bowels, a thing of more dangerous consequence to human bodies than breeding of worms; and this will fall heaviest upon the poor, who live upon roots; and the weak and sickly, who live upon barley and rice-gruel, *etc.* for which we are ready to produce to your honours the opinions of eminent physicians, that the taste and property of the victuals is much altered to the worse by the said *solar cookery*, the fricassées being deprived of the *haut gout* they acquire by being dressed over charcoal.

Lastly, Should it happen by an eclipse of an extraordinary length, that this city should be deprived of the sun-beams for several months; how will his majesty's subjects subsist in the interim, when common cookery, with the arts depending upon it, is totally lost?

In

In consideration of these, and many other inconveniencies, your petitioners humbly pray, that your honours would either totally prohibit the confining and manufacturing the *sun-beams* for any of the useful purposes of life, or in the ensuing parliament procure a *tax to be laid* upon them, which may answer both the duty and price of *coals*, and which we humbly conceive cannot be less than thirty shilling *per yard square*, reserving the sole right and privilege of the *catoptrical cookery* to the *royal society*, and to the commanders and crew of the bomb-vessels, under the direction of Mr. *Whiston* for finding out the longitude, who by reason of the remoteness of their stations may be reduced to streights for want of firing.

And we likewise beg, that your honours, as to the fore-mentioned points, would hear the reverend Mr. *Flamstead*, who is the legal officer appointed by the government to *look after the heavenly luminaries*, whom we have constituted our trusty and learned solicitor.

It cannot rain but it pours;

O. R.

LONDON *strowed with Rarities.*

BEING

An ACCOUNT of the arrival of a White Bear, at the house of Mr. Ratcliff in Bishopsgate-street: as also of Faustina, the celebrated italian singing woman; and of the copper-farthing dean from Ireland.

AND LASTLY,

Of the wonderful Wild Man that was nursed in the woods of Germany by a wild beast, hunted and taken in toyls; how he behaveth himself like a dumb creature, and is a Christian like one of us, being called Peter; and how he was brought to court all in green, to the great astonishment of the quality and gentry, 1726.

WE shall begin with a description of *Peter* the savage, deferring our other curiosities to some following papers.

Romulus and *Remus*, the two famous wild men of antiquity, and *Orsin* that of the moderns, have been justly the admiration of all mankind: nor can we presage less of this wild youth, as may be gathered from that famous and well known prophecy of *Lilly's*, which being now accomplished, is most easily interpreted:

*When Rome shall wend to Benevento,
And Espagne break the Assiento;
When eagle split shall fly to China,
And christian folks adore Faustina:
Then shall an oak be brought to bed
Of creature neither taught nor fed;
Great feats shall be atchieve —*

The

The pope is now going to *Benevento*: the *Spaniards* have broke their treaty; the emperor trades to *China*; and *Lilly*, were he alive, must be convinced, that it was not the empress *Faustina*, that was meant in the prophecy.

It is evident by several tokens about this wild gentleman, that he had a father and mother like one of us; but there being no register of his christening, his age is only to be guessed at by his stature and countenance, and appeareth to be about twelve or thirteen. His being so young was the occasion of the great disappointment of the ladies, who came to the drawing-room in full expectation of some attempt upon their chastity: so far is true, that he endeavoured to kiss the young lady *Walpole*, who for that reason is become the envy of the circle; this being a declaration of nature in favour of her superior beauty.

Aristotle saith, that man is the most mimick of all animals; which opinion of that great philosopher is strongly confirmed by the behaviour of this wild gentleman, who is endowed with that quality to an extreme degree. He received his first impressions at court: his manners are first to lick people's hands, and then turn his breech upon them; to thrust his hand into every body's pocket; to climb over people's heads; and even to make use of the royal hand to take what he has a mind to. At his first appearance he seized on the lord chamberlain's staff, and put on his hat before the king; from whence some have conjectured, that he is either descended from a grandee of *Spain*, or the earls of *Kingsale* in *Ireland*. However, these are manifest tokens of his innate ambition; he is extremely tenacious of his own property, and ready to invade that of other people. By this mimick quality he discovered, what wild beast had nursed him: observing children to ask blessing of their mothers, one day he fell down upon his knees to a sow, and muttered some sounds in that humble posture.

It has been commonly thought, that he is *Ulrick's* natural brother, because of some resemblance of manners, and the officious care

care of *Ulrick* about him; but the superiority of parts and genius in *Peter* demonstrates this to be impossible.

Though he is ignorant both of ancient and modern languages, (that care being left to the ingenious physician, who is entrusted with his education) yet he distinguishes objects by certain sounds framed to himself, which Mr. *Rotenberg*, who brought him over, understands perfectly. Beholding one day the shambles with great fear and astonishment, ever since he calls man by the same sound, which expresseth wolf. A young lady is a peacock, old women magpyes and owls; a beau with a *toupee*, a monkey; glass, ice; blue, red, and green ribbons, he calls rainbow; an heap of gold, a turd. The first ship he saw, he took to be a great beast swimming on her back, and her feet tied above her: the men, that came out of the hold, he took to be her cubs, and wondered they were so unlike their dam. He understands perfectly the language of all beasts and birds, and is not, like them, confined to that of one species. He can bring any beast what he calls for, and no doubt is much missed now in his native woods, where he used to do good offices among his fellow-citizens, and served as a mediator to reconcile their differences. One day he warned a flock of sheep, that were driving to the shambles, of their danger; and upon uttering some sounds, they all fled. He takes vast pleasure in conversation with horses; and going to the *Meuse* to converse with two of his intimate acquaintances in the king's stables, as he passed by, he neighed to the horse at *Charing-cross*, being as it were surprized to see him so high: he seemed to take it ill, that the horse did not answer him; but I think no body can undervalue his understanding for not being skilled in statuary.

He expresseth his joy most commonly by neighing; and whatever the philosophers may talk of their risibility, neighing is a more noble expression of that passion than laughing, which seems to me to have something filthy in it; and besides, is often attended with tears. Other animals are sensible they debase themselves by mimicking

micking laughter; and I take it to be a general observation, that the top felicity of mankind is to imitate monkeys, and birds; witness *Harlequins*, *Scaramouches*, and *masqueraders*: on the other hand, monkeys, when they would look extremely silly, endeavour to bring themselves down to mankind. Love he expresseth by the cooing of a dove, and anger by the croaking of a raven; and it is not doubted, but that he will serve in time as an interpreter between us and other animals.

Great instruction is to be had from this wild youth in the knowledge of simples; and I am of opinion, that he ought always to attend the censors of the college in their visitation of apothecaries shops.

I am told, that the new * *sect* of *herb-eaters* intend to follow him into the fields, or to beg him for a clerk of their kitchen; and that there are many of them now thinking of turning their children into woods to graze with the cattle, in hopes to raise a healthy and moral race, refined from the corruptions of this luxurious world.

He sings naturally several pretty tunes of his own composing, and with equal facility in the *chromatick*, *inharmonick*, and *diatonick* stile, and consequently must be of infinite use to the academy in judging of the merits of their composers, and is the only person, that ought to decide betwixt † *Cuzzoni* and *Faustina*.

I cannot omit his first notion of cloaths, which he took to be the natural skins of the creatures that wore them, and seemed to be in great pain for the pulling off a stocking, thinking the poor man was a flaying.

I am not ignorant, that there are disaffected people, who say he is a *pretender*, and no genuine wild man. This calumny proceeds from the false notions they have of wild men, which they frame from such, as they see about the town, whose actions are

* Dr. *Cheyne's* followers.

† Two rival singers at that time in the *italian* operas here.

rather absurd than wild; therefore it will be incumbent on all young gentlemen, who are ambitious to excel in this character, to copy this true original of nature.

The senses of this wild man are vastly more acute, than those of a tame one; he can follow the track of a man, or any other beast of prey. A dog is an ass to him for finding *troufles*; his hearing is more perfect, because his ears not having been confined by bandages, he can move them like a drill, and turn them towards the sonorous object.

Let us pray the Creator of all beings, wild and tame, that as this wild youth by being brought to court has been made a christian; so such as are at court, and are no christians, may lay aside their savage and rapacious nature, and return to the meekness of the gospel.

THE NARRATIVE
OF
D^r. ROBERT NORRIS,
CONCERNING
The strange and deplorable frenzy of
MR. JOHN DENNIS,
an officer of the custom-house.

Written in 1713 *.

IT is an acknowledged truth, that nothing is so dear to an honest man as his good name, nor ought he to neglect the just vindication of his character, when it is injuriously attacked by any man. The person I have at present cause to complain of, is indeed in very melancholy circumstances, it having pleased God to deprive him of his senses, which may extenuate the crime in him. But I should be wanting in my duty, not only to my self, but also to my fellow creatures, to whom my talents may prove of benefit, should I suffer my profession or honesty to be undeservedly aspersed. I have therefore resolved to give the publick an account of all, that has past between the unhappy gentleman and my self.

On the 20th instant, while I was in my closet pondering the case of one of my patients, I heard a knocking at my door, upon opening of which entered an old woman with tears in her eyes, and told me, that without my assistance her master would be utterly ruined. I was forced to interrupt her sorrow by enquiring her master's name and place of abode. She told me, he was one Mr. *Dennis*, an officer of the custom-house, who was taken ill of

* The history of Mr. *Dennis* is to be seen in *Jacob's Lives of the poets*; or in Mr. *Pope's Dunciad*, among the notes upon which the curious reader may find some extracts from his writings. The occasion of this *narrative* sufficiently appears from the doctor's own words.

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a violent frenzy last *April*, and had continued in those melancholy circumstances with few or no intervals. Upon this I asked her some questions relating to his humour and extravagancies, that I might the better know under what regimen to put him, when the cause of his distemper was found out. Alas, sir, *says she*, this day fortnight in the morning a poor simple child came to him from the printer's; the boy had no sooner entered the room, but he cried out, *the devil was come*. He often stares ghastfully, raves aloud, and mutters between his teeth the word *Cator*, or *Cato*, or some such thing. Now, doctor, this *Cator* is certainly a *witch*, and my poor master is under an evil tongue: for I have heard him say *Cator* has bewitched the whole nation. It pitied my very heart to think, that a man of my master's understanding and great scholarship, who, as the child told me, had a book of his own in print, should talk so outrageously. Upon this I went and laid out a groat for a horse-shoe, which is at this time nailed on the threshold of his door; but I don't find my master is at all the better for it; he perpetually starts and runs to the window when any one knocks, crying out, *S'death! a messenger from the french king! I shall die in the Bastile*.

Having said this, the old woman presented me with a vial of his urine; upon examination of which I perceived the whole temperament of his body to be exceeding *hot*. I therefore instantly took my cane and my beaver, and repaired to the place where he dwelt.

When I came to his lodgings near *Charing-cross*, up *three pair* of stairs, (which I should not have published in this manner, but that this lunatick *conceals* the place of his residence on purpose to prevent the good offices of those charitable *friends* and *physicians*, who might attempt his cure) when I came into the room, I found this unfortunate gentleman seated on his bed, with Mr. *Bernard Lintot* bookfeller on the one side of him, and a grave elderly gentleman on the other, who, as I have since learned, calls himself a *grammarian*;

marian; the latitude of whose countenance was not a little eclipsed by the fulness of his peruke. As I am a black lean man, of a pale visage, and hang my clothes on somewhat slovenly, I no sooner went in, but he frowned upon me, and cried out with violence, "*S' death, a frenchman!* I am betrayed to the tyrant! who could have thought the queen would have delivered me up to *France* in this treaty, and least of all that you, my friends, would have been in a conspiracy against me?" — Sir, *said I*, here is neither plot nor conspiracy, but for your advantage. The recovery of your senses requires my attendance, and your friends sent for me on no other account. I then took a particular survey of his person, and the furniture and disposition of his apartment. His aspect was furious, his eyes were rather fiery than lively, which he rolled about in an uncommon manner. He often opened his mouth, as if he would have uttered some matter of importance, but the sound seemed lost inwardly. His beard was grown, which they told me he would not suffer to be shaved, believing the modern dramatick poets had corrupted all the barbers in the town to take the first opportunity of cutting his throat. His eye-brows were grey, long, and grown together, which he knit with indignation, when any thing was spoken, insomuch that he seemed not to have smoothed his forehead for many years. His flannel night-cap, which was exceedingly begrimed with sweat and dirt, hung upon his left ear; the flap of his breeches dangled between his legs, and the rolls of his stockings fell down to his ankles.

I observed his room was hung with *old tapestry*, which had several holes in it, caused, as the old woman informed me, by his having cut out of it the heads of divers *tyrants*, the fierceness of whose visages had much provoked him. On all sides of his room were pinned a great many sheets of a tragedy called *Cato*, with notes on the margin with his own hand. The words *absurd*, *monstrous*, *execrable*, were every where written in such large characters, that I could read them without my spectacles. By the fire-side lay

three farthings-worth of small-coal in a *Spectator*, and behind the door huge heaps of papers of the same title, which his nurse informed me she had conveyed thither out of his sight, believing they were books of the black art; for her master never read in them, but he was either quite *moped*, or in *raving fits*. There was nothing neat in the whole room, except some books on his shelves very well bound and gilded, whose names I had never before heard of, nor I believe were any where else to be found; such as *Gibraltar, a comedy*; *Remarks on prince Arthur*; *The grounds of criticism in poetry*; *An essay on publick spirit*. The only one I had any knowledge of was a *Paradise lost*, interleaved. The whole floor was covered with manuscripts, as thick as a pastry-cook's shop on a Christmas eve. On his table were some ends of verse and of candles; a gallipot of ink with a yellow pen in it, and a pot of half-dead ale covered with a *Longinus*.

As I was casting my eyes round on all this odd furniture with some earnestness and astonishment, and in a profound silence, I was on a sudden surprized to hear the man speak in the following manner.

“Beware, doctor, that it fare not with you as with your predecessor the famous *Hippocrates*, whom the mistaken citizens of *Abdera* sent for in this very manner to cure the philosopher *Democritus*; he returned full of admiration at the wisdom of that person, whom he had supposed a lunatick. Behold, doctor, it was thus *Aristotle* himself and all the great ancients spent their days and nights, wrapt up in criticism, and beset all around with their own writings. As for me, whom you see in the same manner, be assured I have none other disease, than a swelling in my legs, whereof I say no more, since your art may further certify you.”

I began now to be in hopes, that his case had been misrepresented, and that he was not so far gone, but some timely medicines might recover him. I therefore proceeded to the proper queries, which, with

with the answers made to me, I shall set down in form of a dialogue, in the very words they were spoken, because I would not omit the least circumstance in this narrative; and I call my conscience to witness, as if upon oath, that I shall tell the truth without addition or diminution.

Dr. Pray, sir, how did you contract this swelling?

Denn. By a criticism.

Dr. A criticism! that's a distemper I never read of.

Denn. S'death, sir, a distemper! It is no distemper, but a noble art. I have sat fourteen hours a day at it; and are you a doctor, and don't know there's a communication between the legs and the brain?

Dr. What made you sit so many hours, sir?

Denn. Cato, sir.

Dr. Sir, I speak of your distemper; what gave you this tumour?

Denn. Cato, Cato, Cato*.

Old Wom. For God's fake, doctor, name not this evil spirit; 'tis the whole cause of his madness: alas, poor master's just falling into his fits.

Mr. Lintot. Fits! Z— what fits! A man may well have swellings in his legs, that sits writing fourteen hours in a day. He got this by the *Remarks*.

Dr. The *Remarks*! what are those?

Denn. S'Death! have you never read my *Remarks*? I will be damned, if this dog *Lintot* ever published my advertisements.

Mr. Lintot. Z—! I published advertisement upon advertisement; and if the book be not read, it is none of my fault, but his that made it. By G—, as much has been done for the book, as could be done for any book in Christendom.

* *Remarks on Cato*, published by Mr. D. in the year 1712.

Dr.

Dr. We do not talk of books, sir; I fear those are the fuel, that feed his *delirium*; mention them no more. You do very ill to promote this discourse.

I desire a word in private with this other gentleman, who seems a grave and sensible man: I suppose, sir, you are his apothecary.

Gent. Sir, I am his friend.

Dr. I doubt it not. What regimen have you observed, since he has been under your care? You remember, I suppose, the passage of *Celsus*, which says, if the patient on the third day have an interval, suspend the medicaments at night? Let fumigations be used to corroborate the brain. I hope you have upon no account promoted stertoration by hellebore.

Gent. Sir, no such matter; you utterly mistake.

Dr. Mistake: am I not a physician? and shall an apothecary dispute my *nostrums*? — You may perhaps have filled up a prescription or two of *Ratcliff's* which chanced to succeed, and with that very prescription, injudiciously prescribed to different constitutions, have destroyed a multitude. *Pharmacopola componat, medicus solus prescribat.* Fumigate him, I say, this very evening, while he is relieved by an interval.

Denn. S'death, sir, my friend an apothecary! a base mechanic! He who, like my self, professes the noblest sciences in the universe, criticism and poetry! Can you think I would submit my writings to the judgment of an apothecary! By the immortals, he himself inserted three whole paragraphs in my *Remarks*, had a hand in my *Publick spirit*, nay, assisted me in my description of the *furies and infernal regions* in my *Appius*.

Mr. Lintot. He is an author; you mistake the gentleman, doctor; he has been an author these twenty years, to his bookseller's knowledge, and no man's else.

Denn. Is all the town in a combination? Shall poetry fall to the ground? Must our reputation be lost to all foreign countries? O de-

destruction! perdition! * *Opera! Opera!* As poetry once raised cities, so when poetry fails, cities are overturned, and the world is no more.

Dr. He raves, he raves; Mr. *Lintot*, I pray you pinion down his arms, that he may do no mischief.

Denn. O I am sick, sick to death!

Dr. That is a good symptom, a very good symptom. To be sick to death (say the modern physicians) is an excellent symptom. When a patient is sensible of his pain, 'tis half a cure. Pray, sir, of what are you sick?

Denn. Of every thing, of every thing. I am sick of the *senti-ments*, of the *diction*, of the *protasis*, of the *epitasis*, and the *catastrophe*.—Alas, what is become of the *drama*, the *drama*?

Old Wom. The *dram*, sir? Mr. *Lintot* drank up all the *gin* just now; but I'll go fetch more presently!

Denn. O shameful want, scandalous omission! By all the immortals, here is no *peripætia*, no change of fortune in the tragedy; Z—— no change at all!

Old Wom. Pray, good sir, be not angry, I'll fetch *change*.

Dr. Hold your peace, woman; his fit increases; good Mr. *Lintot* hold him.

Mr. *Lintot*. Plague on't! I am damnably afraid, they are in the right of it, and he is mad in earnest. If he should be really mad, who the devil will buy the *Remarks*?

[*Here Mr. Lintot scratched his head.*]

Dr. Sir, I shall order you the cold bath to-morrow.—Mr. *Lintot*, you are a sensible man; pray send for Mr. *Verdier's* servant, and as you are a friend to the patient, be so kind as to stay this evening, whilst he is cupped on the head. The symptoms of his madness seem to be desperate; for *Avicen* says, that if learning be mixed with a brain, that is not of a contexture fit to

* He wrote a treatise proving the decay of publick spirit to proceed from *italian* opera's.

receive it, the brain ferments, till it be totally exhausted. We must eradicate these undigested ideas out of the *pericranium*, and reduce the patient to a competent knowledge of himself.

Denn. Caitiffs stand off, unhand me, miscreants! Is the man, whose whole endeavours are to bring the town to reason, mad? Is the man, who settles poetry on the basis of antiquity, mad? Dares any one assert, there is a *peripætia* in that vile piece, that's foisted upon the town for a dramattick poem? That man is mad, the town is mad, the world is mad. See *Longinus* in my right hand, and *Aristotle* in my left; I am the only man among the moderns, that support them. Am I to be assassinated; and shall a book-feller, who hath lived upon my labours, take away that life, to which he owes his support?

Gent. By your leave, gentlemen, I apprehend you not. I must not see my friend ill treated; he is no more affected with lunacy than my self: I am also of the same opinion as to the *peripætia*—Sir, by the gravity of your countenance and habit, I should conceive you to be a graduate physician; but by your indecent and boisterous treatment of this man of learning, I perceive you are a violent sort of *person*, I am loath to say *quack*, who, rather than his drugs should lie upon his own hands, would get rid of them by cramming them into the mouths of others: the gentleman is of good condition, sound intellectuals, and unerring judgment: I beg you will not oblige me to resent these proceedings.

THESE were all the words that passed among us at this time; nor was there need for more, it being necessary, we should make use of force in the cure of my patient.

I privately whispered the old woman to go to Mr. *Verdier's* in *Long-acre*, with orders to come immediately with cupping-glasses; in the mean time, by the assistance of Mr. *Lintot*, we locked his friend into a closet, who 'tis plain from his last speech was likewise touched in his intellects, after which we bound our lunatick hand
and

and foot down to the bedsted, where he continued in violent ravings, notwithstanding the most tender expressions we could use to persuade him to submit to the operation, till the servant of *Verdier* arrived. He had no sooner clapped half a dozen cupping-glasses on his head, and behind his ears, but the gentleman above-mentioned bursting open the closet, ran furiously upon us, cut Mr. *Dennis's* bandages, and let drive at us with a vast folio, which sorely bruised the shin of Mr. *Lintot*; Mr. *John Dennis* also, starting up with the cupping-glasses on his head, seized another folio, and with the same dangerously wounded me in the skull, just above my right temple. The truth of this fact Mr. *Verdier's* servant is ready to attest upon oath, who, taking an exact survey of the volumes, found that, which wounded my head, to be *Gruterus's Lampas Critica*, and that, which broke Mr. *Lintot's* shin, was *Scaliger's Poetices*. After this Mr. *John Dennis*, strengthened at once by rage and madness, snatched up a peruke-block, that stood by the bedside, and wielded it round in so furious a manner, that he broke three of the cupping-glasses from the crown of his head, so that much blood trickled down his visage——He looked so ghastly, and his passion was grown to such a prodigious height, that myself, Mr. *Lintot*, and *Verdier's* servant were obliged to leave the room in all the expedition imaginable.

I took Mr. *Lintot* home with me, in order to have our wounds dressed, and laid hold of that opportunity of entering into discourse with him about the madness of this person, of whom he gave me the following remarkable relation:

That on the 17th of *May*, 1712, between the hours of ten and eleven in the morning, Mr. *John Dennis* entered into his shop, and opening one of the volumes of the *Spectator*, in the large paper, did suddenly, without the least provocation, tear out that of N^o — where the author treats of poetical justice, and cast it into the street. That the said Mr. *John Dennis* on the 27th of *March*, 1712, finding on the said Mr. *Lintot's* counter a book

U

called

called an *Essay on criticism*, just then published, he read a page or two with much frowning, till coming to these two lines;

*Some have at first for wits, then poets past,
Turn'd criticks next, and prov'd plain fools at last.*

He flung down the book in a terrible fury, and cried out, *By G-d he means me.*

That being in his company on a certain time, when *Shakespear* was mentioned as of a contrary opinion to Mr. *Dennis*, he swore the said *Shakespear* was a *rascal*, with other defamatory expressions, which gave Mr. *Lintot* a very ill opinion of the said *Shakespear*.

That about two months since, he came again into the shop, and cast several suspicious looks on a gentleman that stood by him, after which he desired some information concerning that person. He was no sooner acquainted, that the gentleman was a new author, and that his first piece was to be published in a few days, but he drew his sword upon him, and had not my servant luckily caught him by the sleeve, I might have lost one author upon the spot, and another the next sessions.

Upon recollecting all these circumstances Mr. *Lintot* was entirely of opinion, that he had been mad for some time; and I doubt not, but this whole narrative must sufficiently convince the world of the excess of his frenzy. It now remains, that I give the reasons, which obliged me in my own vindication to publish this whole unfortunate transaction.

In the first place, Mr. *John Dennis* had industriously caused to be reported, that I entered into his room *vi et armis*, either out of a design to deprive him of his life, or of a new play called *Coriolanus*, which he has had ready for the stage these four years.

Secondly, He hath given out about *Fleetstreet* and the *Temple*, that I was an accomplice with his bookseller, who visited him with intent to take away divers valuable manuscripts, without paying him copy-money.

Thirdly,

Thirdly, He hath told others, that I am no graduate phyfician, and that he had feen me upon a mountebank ftage in *Moorfields*, when he had lodgings in the college there.

Fourthly, Knowing that I had much practice in the city, he reported at the *Royal-Exchange*, *Custom-houfe*, and other places adjacent, that I was a foreign spy, employed by the *french* king to convey him into *France*; that I bound him hand and foot; and that, if his friend had not burft from his confinement to his relief, he had been at this hour in the *Baftile*.

All which feveral assertions of his are fo very extravagant, as well as inconfiftent, that I appeal to all mankind, whether this perfon be not out of his fenfes. I fhall not decline giving and producing further proofs of this truth in open court, if he drives the matter fo far. In the mean time I heartily forgive him, and pray that the Lord may reftore him to the full enjoyment of his understanding: fo wifheth, as becometh a Chriftian,

Robert Norris, M. D.

*From my houfe on Snow-hill,
July the 30th, 1713.*

God fave the queen.

A FULL AND TRUE
A C C O U N T
Of a horrid and barbarous
REVENGE BY POISON,
ON THE BODY OF
M^r. E D M U N D C U R L L,
B O O K S E L L E R.

With a faithful copy of his
LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

HISTORY furnisheth us with examples of many satyrical *authors*, who have fallen sacrifices to revenge, but not of any *booksellers*, that I know of, except the unfortunate subject of the following paper; I mean Mr. *Edmund Curll* at the *Bible and Dial* in *Fleetstreet*, who was yesterday poisoned by Mr. *Pope*, after having lived many years an instance of the mild temper of the *british* nation.

Every body knows, that the said Mr. *Edmund Curll* on *Monday* the 26th instant published a satyrical piece, entituled *Court Poems*, in the preface whereof they were attributed to a lady of quality, Mr. *Pope*, or Mr. *Gay*; by which indiscreet method, though he had escaped one revenge, there were still two behind in reserve.

Now on the *Wednesday* ensuing, between the hours of ten and eleven, Mr. *Lintot* a neighbouring bookseller desired a conference with Mr. *Curll* about settling a *title-page*, inviting him at the same time to take a *whet* together. Mr. *Pope*, who is not the only instance how persons of bright parts may be carried away by the instigation of the devil, found means to convey himself into the same room under pretence of business with Mr. *Lintot*, who it seems,

seems, is the printer of his *Homer*. This gentleman with a seeming coolness reprimanded Mr. *Curll* for wrongfully ascribing to him the aforesaid poems: he excused himself by declaring, that one of his authors (Mr. *Oldmixon* by name) gave the copies to the press, and wrote the *preface*. Upon this Mr. *Pope*, being to all appearance reconciled, very civilly drank a glass of sack to Mr. *Curll*, which he as civilly pledged; and though the liquor in colour and taste differed not from common sack, yet was it plain by the pangs this unhappy stationer felt soon after, that some poisonous drug had been secretly infused therein.

About eleven a clock he went home, where his wife observing his colour changed, said, "Are you not sick, my dear?" He replied, "Bloody sick;" and incontinently fell a vomiting and straining in an uncommon and unnatural manner, the contents of his vomiting being as green as grass. His wife had been just reading a book of her husband's printing concerning *Jane Wenham*, the famous witch of *Hertford*, and her mind misgave her, that he was bewitched; but he soon let her know, that he suspected poison, and recounted to her, between the intervals of his yawnings and retchings, every circumstance of his interview with Mr. *Pope*.

Mr. *Lintot* in the mean time coming in, was extremely affrighted at the sudden alteration he observed in him: "Brother *Curll*, says he, "I fear you have got the vomiting distemper; which, I have heard, kills in half an hour. This comes from your not following my advice, to drink old hock in a morning, as I do, and abstain from sack." Mr. *Curll* replied in a moving tone, "Your author's sack, I fear, has done my business." "Z—ds, says Mr. *Lintot*, "my author!—Why did not you drink old hock?" Notwithstanding which rough remonstrance, he did in the most friendly manner press him to take warm water; but Mr. *Curll* did with great obstinacy refuse it; which made Mr. *Lintot* infer, that he chose to die, as thinking to recover greater damages.

All

All this time the symptoms encreased violently, with acute pains in the lower belly. "Brother *Lintot*, says he, I perceive my "last hour approaching; do me the friendly office to call my "partner, Mr. *Pemberton*, that we may settle our worldly affairs." Mr. *Lintot*, like a kind neighbour, was hastening out of the room, while Mr. *Curll* raved aloud in this manner: "If I survive this, I "will be revenged on *Tonson*; it was he first detected me as the "printer of these poems, and I will reprint these very poems in "his name." His wife admonished him not to think of revenge, but to take care of his stock and his soul: and in the same instant Mr. *Lintot*, whose goodness can never be enough applauded, returned with Mr. *Pemberton*. After some tears jointly shed by these humane booksellers, Mr. *Curll* being, as he said, in his perfect senses, though in great bodily pain, immediately proceeded to make a verbal will, Mrs. *Curll* having first put on his night-cap, in the following manner:

GENTLEMEN, in the first place, I do sincerely pray forgiveness for those indirect methods I have pursued in inventing new titles to old books, putting authors names to things they never saw, publishing private quarrels for publick entertainment; all which I hope will be pardoned, as being done to get an honest livelihood.

I do also heartily beg pardon of all persons of honour, lords spiritual and temporal, gentry, burgessees, and commonalty, to whose abuse I have any or every way contributed by my publications, particularly, I hope it will be considered, that if I have vilified his grace the duke of *Marlborough*, I have likewise aspersed the late duke of *Ormond*; if I have abused the honourable Mr. *Walpole*, I have also libelled the lord *Bolingbroke*: so that I have preserved that *equality* and *impartiality*, which becomes an *honest man* in times of faction and division.

I call my conscience to witness, that many of these things, which may seem malicious, were done out of *charity*; I having
made

POISONING OF EDMUND CURLL. 151

made it wholly my business to print for poor disconsolate authors, whom all other booksellers refuse. Only God bless sir *Richard Blackmore*! you know he takes no *copy-money*.

The second collection of poems, which I groundlessly called *Mr. Prior's*, will sell for nothing, and hath not yet paid the charge of the advertisements, which I was obliged to publish *against him*: therefore you may as well suppress the edition, and beg that gentleman's pardon in the name of a dying Christian.

The *french Cato*, with the criticism shewing how superior it is to *Mr. Addison's*, (which I wickedly ascribed to madam *Dacier*) may be suppressed at a reasonable rate, being damnably translated.

I protest I have no animosity to *Mr. Rowe*, having printed part of *Callipædia*, and an incorrect edition of his poems without his leave in quarto. *Mr. Gildon's Rehearsal*, or *Bays the younger*, did more harm to me than to *Mr. Rowe*; though upon the faith of an honest man, I paid him double for abusing both him and *Mr. Pope*.

Heaven pardon me for publishing the *Trials of sodomy* in an *Elzevir* letter! but I humbly hope, my printing sir *Richard Blackmore's essays* will atone for them. I beg that you will take what remains of these last, (which is near the whole impression, presents excepted) and let my poor widow have in exchange the sole property of the copy of madam *Mascranny*.

[*Here Mr. Pemberton interrupted, and would by no means consent to this article, about which some dispute might have arisen unbecoming a dying person, if Mr. Lintot had not interposed, and Mr. Curll vomited.*

What this poor unfortunate man spoke afterwards, was so indistinct, and in such broken accents, (being perpetually interrupted by vomitings) that the reader is intreated to excuse the confusion and imperfection of this account.]

Dear

Dear Mr. *Pemberton*, I beg you to beware of the indictment at *Hicks's hall* for publishing *Rochester's* bawdy poems; that copy will otherwise be my best legacy to my dear wife, and helpless child.

The case of impotence was my best support all the last long vacation.

[*In this last paragraph Mr. Curll's voice grew more free, for his vomitings abated upon his dejections, and he spoke what follows from his close-stool.*]

For the copies of noblemens and bishops *Last wills and testaments*, I solemnly declare, I printed them not with any purpose of defamation; but merely as I thought those copies lawfully purchased from *Doctors commons*, at one shilling a piece. Our trade in wills turning to small account, we may divide them blindfold.

For Mr. *Manwaring's* life I ask Mrs. *Oldfield's* pardon: neither his nor my lord *Hallifax's* lives, though they were of service to their country, were of any to me: but I was resolved, since I could not print their works while they lived, to print their lives after they were dead.

While he was speaking these words Mr. *Oldmixon* entered. "Ah! " Mr. *Oldmixon*, said poor Mr. *Curll*, to what a condition have your " works reduced me! I die a martyr to that unlucky preface. " However, in these my last moments I will be just to all men; " you shall have your third share of the *Court poems*, as was stipu- " lated. When I am dead, where will you find another bookseller? " Your *Protestant packet* might have supported you, had you writ " a little less scurrilously; there is a mean in all things."

Here Mr. *Lintot* interrupted. *Why not find another bookseller, brother Curll?* and then took Mr. *Oldmixon* aside and whispered him: " Sir, as soon as *Curll* is dead, I shall be glad to talk with " you over a pint at the *Devil*."

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Mr. *Curll* now turning to Mr. *Pemberton*, told him, he had several *taking title-pages*, that only wanted treatises to be wrote to them; and earnestly desired, that, when they were written, his heirs might have some share of the profit of them.

After he had said this, he fell into horrible gripings, upon which Mr. *Lintot* advised him to repeat the Lord's prayer. He desired his wife to step into the shop for a *Common prayer book*, and read it by the help of a candle without hesitation. He closed the book, fetched a groan, and recommended to Mrs. *Curll* to give forty shillings to the poor of the parish of *St. Dunstan's*, and a *week's wages* advance to each of his gentlemen-authors, with some small gratuity in particular to Mrs. *Centlivre*.

The poor man continued for some hours with all his disconsolate family about him in tears, expecting his final dissolution; when of a sudden he was surprizingly relieved by a plentiful foetid stool, which obliged them all to retire out of the room. Notwithstanding, it is judged by sir *Richard Blackmore*, that the poison is still latent in his body, and will infallibly destroy him by slow degrees in less than a month. It is to be hoped, the other enemies of this wretched stationer will not further pursue their revenge, or shorten this short period of his miserable life.

A FURTHER
A C C O U N T
OF THE MOST
DEPLORABLE CONDITION
OF
M^r. E D M U N D C U R L L,
Bookfeller.

THE publick is already acquainted with the manner of Mr. *Curll's* impoisonment by a faithful, though unpolite historian of *Grubstreet*. I am but the continuer of his history ; yet I hope a due distinction will be made between an undignified scribler of a sheet and half, and the author of a three-penny stitched book, like my self.

“ * Wit, *saieth* *sir Richard Blackmore*, proceeds from a concurrence of regular and exalted ferments, and an affluence of animal spirits rectified and refined to a degree of purity.” On the contrary, when the igneous particles rise with the vital liquor, they produce an abstraction of the rational part of the soul, which we commonly call *madness*. The verity of this hypothesis is justified by the symptoms, with which the unfortunate Mr. *Edmund Curll* bookfeller hath been afflicted, ever since his swallowing the poison at the *Swan tavern* in *Fleetstreet*. For though the *neck* of his *retort*, which carries up the animal spirits to the head, is of an extraordinary length ; yet the said animal spirits rise muddy, being contaminated with the inflammable particles of this uncommon poison.

* *Blackmore's* Essays, vol. i.

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The symptoms of his departure from his usual temper of mind were at first only *speaking civilly to his customers, singeing a pig with a new purchased libel, and refusing two-and-nine-pence for sir Richard Blackmore's Essays.*

As the poor man's frenzy encreased, he began to *void his excrements in his bed, read Rochester's bawdy poems to his wife, gave Oldmixon a slap on the chops, and would have kissed Mr. Pemberton's A — by violence.*

But at last he came to such a pass, that he would *dine upon nothing but copper-plates, took a clyster for a whipt syllabub, and made Mr. Lintot eat a suppository for a radish with bread and butter.*

We leave it to every tender wife to imagine, how sorely all this afflicted poor Mrs. Curll. At first she privately put a *bill* into several churches, desiring the prayers of the congregation for a *wretched stationer* distempered in mind. But when she was sadly convinced, that his misfortune was publick to all the world, she writ the following letter to her good neighbour Mr. Lintot.

A true copy of Mrs. Curll's letter to Mr. Lintot.

WORTHY MR. LINTOT,

“ **Y**OU and all the neighbours know too well the frenzy, with
 “ which my poor man is visited. I never perceived he was
 “ out of himself, till that melancholy day, that he thought he
 “ was poisoned in a glass of sack; upon this he ran a vomiting all
 “ over the house, nay, in the new-washed dining-room. Alas!
 “ this is the greatest adversity, that ever befel my poor man, since
 “ he lost *one testicle* at school by the bite of a black boar. Good
 “ Lord! if he should die, where should I dispose of the *stock*? un-
 “ less Mr. *Pemberton* or you would help a distressed widow; for
 “ God knows, he never published any books that lasted above a
 “ week, so that if we wanted *daily books*, we wanted *daily bread*.
 “ I can write no more, for I hear the rap of Mr. Curll's *ivory-*
beaded

“ *headed cane* upon the counter.—Pray recommend me to your
 “ *pastry-cook*, who furnishes you yearly with tarts in exchange
 “ for your paper, for Mr. *Curll* has disoblged ours, since his fits
 “ came upon him; — before that, we generally lived upon baked
 “ meats.—He is coming in, and I have but just time to put his
 “ *son* out of the way for fear of mischief: so wishing you a merry
 “ *Easter*, I remain your

“ Most humble servant,

C. CURLL.

“ P. S. As to the report of my poor husband’s stealing o’ *calf*,
 “ it is really groundless, for he always binds in *sheep*.”

But return we to Mr. *Curll*, who all *Wednesday* continued outrageously mad. On *Thursday* he had a *lucid interval*, that enabled him to send a general summons to all *his authors*. There was but one porter, who could perform this office, to whom he gave the following bill of directions, where to find them. This bill, together with Mrs. *Curll*’s original letter, lie at Mr. *Lintot*’s shop to be perused by the curious.

Instructions to a porter how to find Mr. Curll’s authors.

“ **A**T a tallow-chandler’s in *Petty France*, half way under
 “ the blind arch: ask for the *historian*.

“ At the *Bedsted and bolster*, a musick-house in *Moorfields*, two
 “ translators in a bed together.

“ At the *Hercules and Still* in *Vinegar-yard*, a school-master
 “ with carbuncles on his nose.

“ At a blacksmith’s shop in the *Friers*, a pindarick writer in red
 “ stockings.

CONDITION OF EDMUND CURLL. 157

“ In the calendar-mill-room at *Exeter-change*, a composer of
“ meditations.

“ At the three *Tobacco-pipes* in *Dog and Bitch yard*, one that has
“ been a parson, he wears a blue camblet-coat trimmed with
“ black: my best writer against *Revealed religion*.

“ At Mr. *Summers* a thief-catcher's, in *Lewkner's lane*, the man
“ that wrote against the impiety of Mr. *Rowe's* plays.

“ At the farthing-pye-house in *Tooting fields*, the young man,
“ who is writing my new *Pastorals*.

“ At the laundresses, at the *Hole* in the *Wall* in *Cursitors alley*,
“ up three pair of stairs, the author of my *Church History*,—if his
“ flux be over—you may also speak to the gentleman, who lies
“ by him in the flock-bed, my *Index-maker*.

“ The * *cook's wife* in *Buckingham court*; bid her bring along
“ with her the *similes*, that were lent her for her next new play.

“ Call at *Budge Row* for the gentleman, you used to go to in the
“ cockloft; I have taken away the *ladder*, but his landlady has it
“ in keeping.

“ I don't much care if you ask at the *Mint* for the old beetle-
“ browed critick, and the purblind poet at the alley over-against
“ *St. Andrew's Holborn*. But this as you have time.”

All these gentlemen appeared at the hour appointed in Mr. *Curll's* dining-room, two excepted; one of whom was the gentleman in the cockloft, his landlady being out of the way, and the *gradus ad parnassum* taken down; the other happened to be too closely watched by the bailiffs.

They no sooner entered the room, but all of them shewed in their behaviour some *suspicion* of each other; some turning away their heads with an air of contempt; others squinting with a leer, that shewed at once *fear* and *indignation*, each with a haggard

* Mrs. Centlivre.

abstracted mien, the lively picture of *scorn*, *solitude*, and *short commons*. So when a keeper feeds his hungry charge of vultures, panthers, and of *Libyan* leopards, each eyes his fellow with a fiery glare: high hung, the bloody liver tempts their maw. Or as a housewife stands before her pales, furrounded by her geese; they fight, they hiss, they gaggle, beat their wings, and down is scattered as the winter's snow, for a poor grain of oat, or tare, or barley. Such looks shot through the room transverse, oblique, direct; such was the stir and din, till *Curll* thus spoke, (but without rising from his close-stool.)

“ *Whores* and *authors* must be paid beforehand to put them in
 “ good humour; therefore here is half a crown a piece for you to
 “ drink your own healths, and confusion to Mr. *Addison*, and all
 “ other successful writers.

“ Ah gentlemen! what have I not done, what have I not suffered,
 “ rather than the world should be deprived of your lucubrations;
 “ I have taken involuntary purges, I have been vomited, three
 “ times have I been caned, once was I hunted, twice was my head
 “ broke by a grenadier, twice was I tossed in a blanket; I have
 “ had boxes on the ear, flaps on the chops; I have been frightened,
 “ pumped, kicked, slandered, and besnitten.—I hope gentle-
 “ men, you are all convinced, that this author of Mr. *Lintot's*
 “ could mean nothing else but starving you, by poisoning me.
 “ It remains for us to consult the best and speediest methods of
 “ revenge.”

He had scarce done speaking, but the *historian* proposed a history of his life. The *Exeter-exchange*-gentleman was for penning articles of his faith. Some pretty smart *pindarick*, says the red-stockings poet, would effectually do his business. But the *index-maker* said, there was nothing like an *index* to his *Homer*.

After

CONDITION OF EDMUND CURLL. 159

After several debates, they came to the following resolutions:

“ *Resolved*, That every member of this society, according to his
“ several abilities, shall contribute some way or other to the defa-
“ mation of Mr. *Pope*.

“ *Resolved*, That towards the libelling of the said *Pope* there
“ be a sum employed not exceeding six pounds sixteen shillings
“ and nine pence (not including advertisements.)

“ *Resolved*, That he has on purpose, in several passages, per-
“ verted the true ancient *Heathen* sense of *Homer*, for the more
“ effectual propagation of the *Popish* religion.

“ *Resolved*, That the printing of *Homer's battles* at this junc-
“ ture has been the occasion of all the disturbances of this king-
“ dom.

“ *Ordered*, That Mr. * *Barnivelt* be invited to be a member of
“ this society, in order to make further discoveries.

“ *Resolved*, That a number of effective *errata's* be raised out of
“ *Pope's Homer* (not exceeding 1746,) and that every gentleman,
“ who shall send in one error, for his encouragement shall have
“ the whole works of this society *gratis*.

“ *Resolved*, That a sum not exceeding ten-shillings and six-
“ pence be distributed among the members of this society for *coffee*
“ and *tobacco*, in order to enable them the more effectually to
“ defame him in *coffee-houses*.

“ *Resolved*, That towards the further lessening the character
“ of the said *Pope*, some persons be deputed to abuse him at ladies
“ *tea-tables*, and that in consideration our authors are not *well*
“ *dressed* enough, Mr. C—y and Mr. Ke—l be deputed for that
“ service.

* *The key to the lock*, a pamphlet written by Mr. *Pope*, in which *The rape of the lock* was with great solemnity proved to be a political libel, was published in the name of *Esdra's Barnivelt* apothecary.

“ *Resolved*,

“ *Resolved*, That a *ballad* be made against Mr. *Pope*, and that
 “ Mr. * *Oldmixon*, Mr. † *Gildon*, and Mrs. ‡ *Centlivre*, do prepare
 “ and bring in the same.

“ *Resolved*, That above all, some effectual ways and means be
 “ found to encrease the joint stock of the reputation of this so-
 “ ciety, which at present is exceeding low, and to give their works
 “ the greater currency; whether by raising the denomination of
 “ the said works by counterfeit title-pages, or mixing a greater
 “ quantity of the fine metal of other authors with the alloy of
 “ this society.

“ *Resolved*, That no member of this society for the future mix
 “ *stout* in his *ale* in a morning, and that Mr. *B* — remove from
 “ the *Hercules and Still*.

“ *Resolved*, That all our members, (except the *cook's wife*) be
 “ provided with a sufficient quantity of the *vivifying drops*, or *By-*
 “ *field's sal volatile*.

“ *Resolved*, That fir § *Richard Blackmore* be appointed to endue
 “ this society with a large quantity of *regular and exalted ferments*,
 “ in order to *enliven* their *cold sentiments* (being his true receipt to
 “ make wits ||.)”

These resolutions being taken, the assembly was ready to break up, but they took so near a part in Mr. *Curll's* afflictions, that none of them could leave him without giving him some advice to reinstate him in his health.

* *Oldmixon* was all his life a party writer for hire: and after having falsified *Daniel's Chronicle* in many places, he charged three eminent persons with falsifying lord *Clarendon's History*, which was disproved by Dr. *Aiterbury* bishop of *Rocheſter*, the only survivor of them.

† *Gildon* a writer of criticisms and libels, who abused Mr. *Pope* in several pamphlets and books printed by *Curll*.

‡ Mrs. *Susannah Centlivre*, wife of Mr. *Cent-*

livre, yeoman of the mouth to his majesty, wrote a song before she was seven years old, and many plays: she wrote also a ballad against Mr. *Pope's Homer*, before he began it.

§ Sir *Richard Blackmore*, in his *Essays*, Vol. ii. p. 270. accused Mr. *Pope* in very high and sober terms, of prophaneness and immorality, on the mere report of *Curll*, that he was author of a travestie on the first *Pſalm*.

|| See page 154.

CONDITION OF EDMUND CURLL. 161

Mr. *Gildon* was of opinion, That in order to drive a *Pope* out of his *belly*, he should get the mummy of some deceased *moderator* of the *general assembly* in *Scotland* to be taken inwardly as an effectual antidote against *Antichrist*; but Mr. *Oldmixon* did conceive, that the *liver* of the person who administered the poison, boiled in broth, would be a more certain cure.

While the company were expecting the thanks of Mr. *Curll* for these demonstrations of their zeal, a whole pile of fir *Richard's Essays* on a sudden fell on his head; the shock of which in an instant brought back his delirium. He immediately rose up, overturned the close-stool, and besh-t the *Essays* (which may probably occasion a *second edition*) then without putting up his breeches, in a most furious tone he thus broke out to his books, which his distempered imagination represented to him as alive, coming down from their shelves fluttering their leaves, and flapping their covers at him.

Now G—d damn all folio's, quarto's, octavo's, and duodecimo's! ungrateful varlets that you are, who have so long taken up my house without paying for your lodging! Are you not the beggarly brood of fumbling journeymen; born in garrets among lice and cobwebs, nursed up on grey peas, bullocks liver, and porters ale? — Was not the first light you saw, the farthing candle I paid for? Did you not come before your time into dirty sheets of brown paper? — And have not I clothed you in double royal, lodged you handsomely on decent shelves, laced your backs with gold, equipt you with splendid titles, and sent you into the world with the names of persons of quality? Must I be always plagued with you? Why flutter ye your leaves and flap your covers at me? Damn ye all, ye wolves in sheeps cloathing; rags ye were, and to rags ye shall return. Why hold you forth your texts to me, ye paltry sermons? Why cry ye, — at every word to me, ye bawdy poems? — To my shop at *Tunbridge* ye shall go, by G—, and thence be drawn like the rest of your predecessors, bit by bit, to the passage-house; for in this

Y
present

present emotion of my bowels, how do I compassionate those, who have great need, and nothing to wipe their breech with!

Having said this, and at the same time recollecting that his own was yet unwiped, he abated of his fury, and with great gravity applied to that function the unfinished sheets of the Conduct of the Earl of *Nottingham*.

A STRANGE

A STRANGE BUT TRUE
RELATION
HOW

Mr. EDMUND CURLL,
of Fleetstreet, stationer,

Out of an extraordinary desire of lucre, went into 'Change-alley, and was converted from the Christian religion by certain eminent Jews: and how he was circumcised and initiated into their mysteries.

AVARICE (as *sir Richard*, in the third page of his *Essays* hath elegantly observed) is an inordinate impulse of the soul towards the amassing or heaping together a superfluity of wealth without the least regard of applying it to its proper uses.

And how the mind of man is possessed with this vice, may be seen every day both in the city and suburbs thereof. It has been always esteemed by *Plato*, *Puffendorf*, and *Socrates*, as the darling vice of old age: but now our young men are turned usurers and stock-jobbers; and, instead of lusting after the real wives and daughters of our rich citizens, they covet nothing but their money and estates. Strange change of vice! when the concupiscence of youth is converted into the covetousness of age, and those appetites are now become VENAL, which should be VENEREAL.

In the first place, let us shew you how many of the ancient worthies and heroes of antiquity have been undone and ruined by this deadly sin of avarice.

I shall take the liberty to begin with *Brutus*, that noble Roman. Does not *Ætian* inform us, that he received fifty broad pieces for the assassination of that renowned emperor *Julius Cæsar*, who fell

a sacrifice to the *Jews*, as *sir Edmund Bury Godfrey* did to the *Papists*?

Did not *Themistocles* let in the *Goths* and *Vandals* into *Carthage* for a sum of money, where they barbarously put out the other eye of the famous *Hannibal*? as *Herodotus* hath it in his ninth book upon the *Roman* medals.

Even the great *Cato* (as the late *Mr. Addison* hath very well observed) though otherwise a gentleman of good sense, was not unfulfilled by this pecuniary contagion; for he sold *Athens* to *Artaxerxes Longimanus* for a hundred *rix-dollars*, which in our money will amount to two *talents* and thirty *sestertii*, according to *Mr. Demoiere's* calculation. See *Hesiod* in his seventh chapter of *Feasts and Festivals*.

Actuated by the same diabolical spirit of gain, *Sylla* the *Roman* consul shot *Alcibiades* the senator with a pistol, and robbed him of several *bank bills* and *'chequer notes* to an immense value; for which he came to an untimely end, and was denied *christian burial*. Hence comes the proverb *incidat in Syllam*.

To come near to our own times, and give you one modern instance, though well known and often quoted by historians, *viz. Echard, Dionysius Halicarnassens, Virgil, Horace*, and others. 'Tis that, I mean, of the famous *Godfrey of Bulloigne*, one of the great heroes of the holy war, who robbed *Cleopatra* queen of *Egypt* of a diamond necklace, ear-rings, and a *Tompion's* gold watch (which was given her by *Mark Anthony*) all these things were found in *Godfrey's* breeches pocket, when he was killed at the siege of *Damascus*.

Who then can wonder, after so many great and illustrious examples, that *Mr. Edmund Curll* the stationer should renounce the *christian religion* for the *mammon* of unrighteousness, and barter his precious faith for the filthy prospect of lucre in the present fluctuation of *stocks*?

CIRCUMCISION OF EDMUND CURLL. 165

It having been observed to Mr. *Curll* by some of his ingenious authors, (who I fear are not over-charged with any religion) what immense sums the *Jews* had got by **bubbles*, etc. he immediately turned his mind from the business, in which he was educated, but thrived little, and resolved to quit his shop for '*Change-alley*. Whereupon falling into company with the *Jews* at their club at the sign of the *Cross* in *Cornhill*, they began to tamper with him upon the most important points of the *christian faith*, which he for some time zealously, and like a good christian obstinately defended. They promised him *Paradise*, and many other advantages *hereafter*, but he artfully insinuated, that he was more inclinable to listen to *present* gain. They took the hint, and promised him, that immediately upon his conversion to their persuasion he should become as rich as a *Jew*.

They made use likewise of several other arguments; to wit,

That the wisest man that ever was, and inasmuch the richest, beyond all peradventure was a *Jew*, videlicet, *Solomon*.

That *David*, the man after God's own heart, was a *Jew* also. And most of the children of *Israel* are suspected for holding the same doctrine.

This Mr. *Curll* at first strenuously denied, for indeed he thought them *Roman catholicks*, and so far was he from giving way to their temptations, that to convince them of his *christianity* he called for a *pork grisking*.

They now promised, if he would poison his wife, and give up his *grisking*, that he should marry the rich *Ben Meymon's* only daughter. This made some impression on him.

They then talked to him in the *Hebrew* tongue, which he not understanding, it was observed, had very great weight with him.

* *Bubble* was a name given to all the extravagant projects, for which subscriptions were raised, and negotiated at vast premiums in '*Change-alley*, in the year 1720. A name, which alluded to their production by the ferment of the South-

sea, and not to their splendor, emptiness and inutility: for it did not become a name of reproach in this case, till time completed the metaphor and the bubble broke.

They

They now, perceiving that his *godliness* was only *gain*, desisted from all other arguments, and attacked him on his weak side, namely that of *avarice*.

Upon which *John Mendez* offered him an eighth of an advantageous bargain for the *apostles creed*, which he readily and wickedly renounced.

He then sold the *nine and thirty articles* for a * *Bull*; but insisted hard upon *black-puddings*, being a great lover thereof.

Joshua Pereira engaged to let him share with him in his *bottom-rye*; upon this he was persuaded out of his *christian name*; but he still adhered to *black-puddings*.

Sir *Gideon Lopez* tempted him with *forty pound* subscription in *Ram's bubble*; for which he was content to give up the *four evangelists*, and he was now completed a perfect *Jew*, all but *black-pudding* and *circumcision*; for both of which he would have been glad to have had a dispensation.

But on the 17th of *March*, Mr. *Curll* (unknown to his wife) came to the tavern aforesaid. At his entrance into the room he perceived a meagre man with a fallow countenance, a black forked beard, and long vestment. In his right hand he held a large pair of sheers, and in his left a red hot searing-iron. At sight of this, Mr. *Curll's* heart trembled within him, and fain would he retire; but he was prevented by six *Jews*, who laid hands upon him, and unbuttoning his breeches threw him upon the table, a pale pitiful spectacle.

He now intreated them in the most moving tone of voice to dispense with that *unmanly* ceremonial, which if they would consent

* *Bulls and Bears*. He who sells that of which he is not possessed, is proverbially said to *sell the skin before he has caught the bear*: it was the practice of stock-jobbers in the year 1720, to enter into contract for transferring S. S. Stock at a future time for a certain price; but he who contracted to sell had frequently no stock to transfer, nor did he who bought intend to re-

ceive any in consequence of his bargain; the seller was therefore called a *bear*, in allusion to the proverb; and the buyer a *bull*, perhaps only as a similar distinction. The contract was merely a wager to be determined by the rise or fall of stock; if it rose the seller paid the difference to the buyer proportioned to the sum determined by the same computation to the seller.

CIRCUMCISION OF EDMUND CURLL. 167

to, he faithfully promised, that he would eat a quarter of *paschal lamb* with them the next *Sunday* following.

All these protestations availed him nothing, for they threatened him, that all contracts and bargains should be void unless he would submit to bear all the *outward* and *visible* signs of *Judaism*.

Our apostate hearing this stretched himself upon his back, spread his legs, and waited for the operation: but when he saw the high-priest take up the *cleft stick*, he roared most unmercifully, and swore several christian oaths, for which the *Jews* rebuked him.

The favour of the *effluvia*, that issued from him, convinced the old *Levite* and all his assistants, that he needed no present *purgation*, wherefore without further *anointing* him he proceeded in his office; when by an unfortunate jerk upward of the impatient victim, he lost five times as much as ever *Jew* did before.

They, finding that he was too much circumcised, which by the *levitical law* is worse than not being circumcised at all, refused to stand to any of their contracts: wherefore they cast him forth from their synagogue; and he now remains a most piteous, woful, and miserable sight at the sign of the *Old Testament and Dial* in *Fleetstreet*; his wife, (poor woman) is at this hour lamenting over him, wringing her hands and tearing her hair; for the barbarous *Jews* still keep, and expose at *Jonathan's* and *Garraway's*, the memorial of her loss, and her husband's indignity.

P R A Y E R.

(*To save the stamp*.*)

KEEP us, we beseech thee, from the hands of such barbarous and cruel Jews, who albeit they abhor the blood of black-

* All forms of prayer and thanksgiving, books of devotion; etc. being excepted in the statute of 12 Anne (1712) charging pamphlets and papers contained in half a sheet with one half penny, and every such paper, being one whole sheet, with a stamp-duty of one penny for every copy.
puddings,

puddings, yet thirst they vehemently after the blood of white ones. And that we may avoid such like calamities, may all good and well-disposed christians be warned by this unhappy wretch's woful example to abominate the heinous sin of avarice, which sooner or later will draw them into the cruel clutches of Satan, Papists, Jews, and Stock-jobbers. Amen.

G O D'S R E V E N G E
A G A I N S T
P U N N I N G.

*Shewing the miserable fates of persons addicted to this crying sin,
in court and town.*

MANIFOLD have been the judgments, which heaven from time to time for the chastisement of a sinful people has inflicted on whole nations. For when the degeneracy becomes common, 'tis but just the punishment should be general: of this kind, in our own unfortunate country, was that destructive pestilence, whose mortality was so fatal, as to sweep away, if sir *William Petty* may be believed, five millions of christian souls, besides women and *Jews*.

Such also was that dreadful conflagration ensuing, in this famous metropolis of *London*, which consumed, according to the computation of sir *Samuel Morland*, one hundred thousand houses, not to mention churches and stables.

Scarce had this unhappy nation recovered these funest disasters, when the abomination of play-houses rose up in this land: from hence hath an inundation of obscenity flowed from the court and overspread the kingdom: even infants disfigured the walls of holy temples with exorbitant representations of the members of generation; nay, no sooner had they learnt to spell, but they had wickedness enough to write the names thereof in large capitals: an enormity observed by travellers to be found in no country but *England*.

But when whoring and popery were driven hence by the happy *revolution*; still the nation so greatly offended, that *Socinianism*,
Z *Arianism*,

Arianism, and *Whistonism* triumphed in our streets, and were in a manner become universal.

And yet still, after all these visitations, it has pleased heaven to visit us with a contagion more epidemical, and of consequence more fatal: this was foretold to us, first, by that unparalleled eclipse in 1714: secondly, by the dreadful corruscation in the air this present year: and thirdly, by the nine comets seen at once over *Soho-square*, by Mrs. *Katherine Wadlington* and others; a contagion that first crept in amongst the first quality, descended to their footmen, and infused itself into their ladies: I mean the woful practice of PUNNING. This does occasion the corruption of our language, and therein of the word of God translated into our language, which certainly every sober christian must tremble at.

Now such is the enormity of this abomination, that our very nobles not only commit *punning* over tea, and in taverns, but even on the *Lord's day*, and in the king's chapel: therefore to deter men from this evil practice, I shall give some true and dreadful examples of God's revenge against *punsters*.

The right honourable — but it is not safe to insert the name of an eminent nobleman in this paper, yet I will venture to say that such a one has been *seen*; which is all we can say, considering the largeness of his sleeves: this young nobleman was not only a flagitious *punster* himself, but was accessory to the *punning* of others, by consent, by provocation, by connivance, and by defence of the evil committed; for which the Lord mercifully spared his neck, but as a mark of reprobation *wryed his nose*.

Another nobleman of great hopes, no less guilty of the same crime, was made the punisher of himself with his own hand, in the loss of five hundred pounds at box and dice; whereby this unfortunate young gentleman incurred the heavy displeasure of his aged grandmother.

A third

A third of no less illustrious extraction, for the same vice, was permitted to fall into the arms of a *Dalilah*, who may one day cut off his curious hair, and deliver him up to the *Philistines*.

Colonel *F*—, an ancient gentleman of grave deportment, gave into this sin so early in his youth, that whenever his tongue endeavours to speak common sense, he hesitates so, as not to be understood.

Thomas Pickle, gentleman, for the same crime banished to *Minorca*.

Muley Hamet, from a healthy and hopeful officer in the army, turned a miserable invalid at *Tilbury-fort*.

— *Eustace*, Esq; for the murder of much of the king's *English* in *Ireland* is quite deprived of his reason, and now remains a lively instance of emptiness and vivacity.

Poor *Daniel Button* for the same offence deprived of his wits.

One *Samuel* an *Irishman*, for his forward attempt to *pun*, was stunted in his stature, and hath been visited all his life after with *bulls* and *blunders*.

George Simmons, shoemaker at *Turnstile* in *Holborn*, was so given to this custom, and did it with so much success, that his neighbours gave out he was a wit. Which report coming among his creditors, no body would trust him; so that he is now a bankrupt, and his family in a miserable condition.

Divers eminent clergymen of the university of *Cambridge*, for having propagated this vice, became great drunkards and Tories.

From which calamities the Lord in his mercy defend us all, etc. etc.

A WONDERFUL
P R O P H E C Y

Taken from the mouth of the spirit of a person, who was barbarously slain by the

M O H O C K S;

PROVING ALSO

That the said *Mohocks* and *Hawcubites* are the *Gog* and *Magog* mentioned in the *Revelations*;

And therefore that this vain and transitory world will shortly be brought to its final dissolution.

Breathed forth in the year 1712.

Woe! Woe! Woe!

WO E to *London!* Woe to *Westminster!* Woe to *Southwark!*
and woe to the inhabitants thereof!

I am loth to say, Woe to the old and new churches, those that are built, and those that are not built!

But woe to the gates, the streets, and the houses! Woe to the men, the women, and the children! for the MOHOCKS and HAWCUBITES are already come, the time draweth near, and the end approacheth!

Not to mention the near resemblance betwixt the names of MOHOCK and GOG, HAWCUBITE and MAGOG (though I think there is a great deal even in that) I shall go on to proceed in my more solid arguments, proving to you not only the things that are, but also the things that are not.

The things that are, are the MOHOCKS and HAWCUBITES; the things that are not, are GOG and MAGOG; and yet both the things that are, and the things that are not, are one and the same thing.

How

How this matter is, or when it is to be fulfilled, neither you nor I know, but I only.

For when the MOHOCKS and HAWCUBITES came, Satan came also among them; and where Satan is, there are GOG and MAGOG also.

They have the mark of the beast in their foreheads, and the beast himself is in their hearts, their teeth are sharp like the teeth of lions, their tails are fiery like the tails of scorpions, and their hair is as the hair of women.

Here the spirit paused a while — and thus again proceeded.

Now listen to what is to come.

Those that are in shall abide in, and those that are out shall abide out. — Yet those that are in shall be as those that are out, and those that are out shall be as those that are in.

Be not dejected——fear not——but believe and tremble.

The lions of this world are dead, and the princes of this world are dead also, and the next world draweth nigh.

That ancient *Whig*, the Antichrist of St. *John*, shall lead the van like a young dragon, but he shall be cut piece-meal, and dispossessed.

The dragon upon *Bow-church*, and the grasshopper upon the *Royal-exchange*, shall meet together upon *Stocks-market*, and shake hands like brethren.

Shake therefore your heads, O ye people! my time is short, and yours is not long; lengthen therefore your repentance, and shorten your iniquities.

Lo! the comet appeareth in the South! yea, it appeareth exceedingly. Ah poor deluded Christians! Ah blind brethren! think not that this baleful dog-star only shaketh his tail at you in wag-gery; no, it shaketh it as a rod. It is not a sporting tail, but a fiery tail, even as the tail of a harlot; yea such a tail as may reach, and be told, to all posterity.

I am

I am the *porter*, that was barbarously slain in *Fleetstreet*: by the MOHOCKS and HAWCUBITES was I slain, when they laid violent hands upon me.

They put their hook into my mouth, they divided my nostrils afunder, they sent me, as they thought, to my long home; but now I am returned again to foretell their destruction.

The time is at hand, when the Free-thinkers of *Great-Britain* shall be converted to *Judaism*: and the *Sultan* shall receive the foreskins of * *Toland* and *Collins* in a box of gold.

Yet two days, a day, and half a day, yea, upon the twelfth hour of the fourth day, those emblems of GOG and MAGOG at the *Guild-hall* shall fall to the ground, and be broken afunder. With them shall perish the MOHOCKS and HAWCUBITES, and the whole world shall perish with them.

Here the spirit disappeared, and immediately thereupon held his peace.

* Authors of several books in favour of infidelity.

THE
C O U N T R Y - P O S T .

From Tuesday, August the 12th, to Thursday, August the 14th.

From the hen-roost, August the 4th.

TWO days ago we were put in a dreadful consternation by the advance of a kite, which threatened every minute to *fall upon* us; he made several *motions* as if he designed to attack our *left wing*, which covered our *infantry*. We were alarmed at his approach, and upon a general muster of all our forces, the kitchen maid came to our relief; but we were soon convinced, that she had betrayed us, and was in the interest of the kite afore-said; for she twisted off two of our companions necks, and stript them naked: five of us were also clapped in a *close prison*, in order to be sold for slaves the next market-day.

P. S. The black *hen* was last night safely delivered of seven young *ducks*.

From the garden, August the 3d.

The *boars* have done much mischief of late in these parts, to such a degree, that not a turnip or carrot can lie safe in their *beds*. Yesterday several of them were taken, and sentenced to have a wooden engine put about their necks, to have their noses bored, and rings thrust through them, as a mark of infamy for such practices.

From the great pond, August the 1st.

Yesterday a large *sail* of ducks passed by here, after a small resistance from two little boys, who flung stones at them; they
4 landed

landed near the barn-door, where they *foraged* with very good success: while they were upon this enterprize, an old turkey-cock attacked a maid in a red petticoat, and she retired with *great precipitation*. This afternoon being somewhat rainy, they set sail again, and took several *frogs*. Just now arrived the *parson's wife*, and twenty ducks were brought forth before her in order to be tried, but for what crime we know not, however two of them were condemned; it was also *observed*, that she carried off a gosling and three sucking pigs.

From the little fort at the end of the garden, August the 5th.

Last night two young men of this place made a *detachment* of their breeches, in order, as it is thought, to possess themselves of the two *overtures* of the said fort; but at their approach they heard great firing from the port-holes; they found them already *bombarded* by the *rear-guard* of *Sarah* and *Suky*, who fearing these young men were come to beat up their *quarters*, deserted their *necessary* posts, which were immediately taken possession of, notwithstanding they were much annoyed by reason of several stink-pots, that had been flung there the same morning.

From the barley-mow near the barn, August the 3d.

It was yesterday rumoured, that there was heard a mighty squeaking near this place, as of an army of mice, who were thought to lie in ambuscade in the said mow: upon this the farmer assembled together a council of neighbours, wherein it was resolved, that the mow should be removed to prevent the farther destruction of the forage. This day the affair was put in execution; four hundred and seventy nine mice and three large rats were killed, and a vast number wounded, by pitch-forks and other instruments of husbandry. A mouse, that was close pursued, took shelter under *Dolly's* petticoats, but by the vigilance of *George Simmons* he was taken, as he was endeavouring to force his way through a deep.

deep morafs, and cruſhed to death on the ſpot. There was nothing material happened the next day, only *Cicily Hart* was obſerved to make water under the ſaid mow, as ſhe was going a milking.

From the great yard, Auguſt the 2d.

It is very credibly reported, that there is a treaty of marriage on foot between the old red cock, and the pyed hen, they having of late appeared very much in publick together: he yeſterday made her a preſent of three *barley corns*, ſo that we look on this affair as concluded. This is the ſame cock, that fought a duel for her about a month ago.

From the 'ſquire's houſe.

On *Sunday* laſt there was a noble entertainment in our great hall, where were preſent the parſon and the farmer: the parſon eat like a farmer, and the farmer like a parſon: we refer you to the curious in calculations to decide which eat moſt.

It is reported, that the miniſter chriſtened a male child laſt week, but it wants *confirmation*.

From the juſtices meeting, Auguſt the 7th.

This day a jack-daw, well known in the pariſh, was ordered cloſe priſoner to a cage, for crying *Cuckold* to a juſtice of the *quorum*; and the ſame evening certain apples, for *biſſing* in a diſreſpectful manner as they were *roaſting*, were committed to *lambs wool*. The ſame day the ſaid juſtices cauſed a pig to be whipt to death, and eat the ſame, being convicted of *ſqueaking* on the 10th of *June*.

From the church, Auguſt the 8th.

Divine ſervice is continued in our pariſh as uſual, though we have ſeldom the company of any of the neighbouring gentry; by

A a

whoſe

whose manner of living it may be conjectured, that the advices from this place are not credited by them, or else regarded as matters of little consequence.

From the church-yard, August the 8th.

The minister, having observed his only daughter to seem too much affected with the intercourse of his bull and the cows of the parish, has ordered the ceremony for the future to be performed not in his own court, but in the church-yard; where, at the first solemnity of that kind, the grave-stones of *John Fry*, *Peter How*, and *Mary d'Urfey* were spurned down. This has already occasioned great debates in the vestry, the latter being the deceased wife of the *singing-clerk* of this place.

Casualties this week.

Several casualties have happened this week, and the bill of mortality is very much increased. There have died of the *falling sickness* two stumbling horses, as also one of their riders. *Smothered* (in onions) seven rabbits. *Stifled* (in a foldier's breeches) two geese. Of a *sore throat*, several sheep and calves at the butchers. Starved to death, one bastard child nursed at the parish charge. *Stillborn*, in eggs of turkeys, geese, ducks, and hens, thirty-six. *Drowned*, nine puppies. Of *wind in the bowels*, five bottles of small beer. I have not yet seen the exact list of the parish-clerk, so that for a more particular account, we refer you to our next.

We have nothing material as to the *stocks*, only that *Dick Adams* was set in them last *Sunday* for swearing.

A TRUE

A TRUE AND FAITHFUL
NARRATIVE

OF

*What passed in LONDON during the general consternation of all ranks
and degrees of mankind*

On Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday last.

ON Tuesday the 13th of October Mr. *Whiston* held his lecture near the *Royal Exchange* to an audience of fourteen worthy citizens, his subscribers and constant hearers. Besides these there were five chance auditors for that night only, who had paid their shillings a-piece. I think my self obliged to be very particular in this relation, lest my veracity should be suspected; which makes me appeal to the men, who were present; of which number, I my self was one. Their names are

Henry Watson, *haberdasher*.
George Hancock, *druggist*.
John Lewis, *dry-salter*.
William Jones, *corn-chandler*.
Henry Theobald, *watchmaker*.
James Peters, *draper*.
Thomas Floyer, *silversmith*.
John Wells, *brewer*.
Samuel Greg, *soap-boiler*.
William Cooley, *fishmonger*.
James Harper, *hosier*.
Robert Tucker, *stationer*.
George Ford, *ironmonger*.
Daniel Lynch, *apothecary*.

William Bennet,
 David Somers,
 Charles Lock,
 Leonard Daval,
 Henry Croft,

} apprentices.

Mr. *Whiston* began by acquainting us, that (contrary to his advertisement) he thought himself in duty and conscience obliged to change the subject matter of his intended discourse.—Here he paused, and seemed for a short space as it were lost in devotion and mental prayer; after which, with great earnestness and vehemence he spake as follows:

“ Friends and fellow citizens, all speculative science is at an end:
 “ the period of all things is at hand; on *Friday* next this world
 “ shall be no more. Put not your confidence in me, brethren, for
 “ to-morrow morning five minutes after five the truth will be
 “ evident; in that instant the comet shall appear, of which I have
 “ heretofore warned you. As ye have heard, believe. Go hence,
 “ and prepare your wives, your families, and friends, for the uni-
 “ versal change.”

At this solemn and dreadful prediction the whole society appeared in the utmost astonishment: but it would be unjust not to remember, that Mr. *Whiston* himself was in so calm a temper as to return a shilling a-piece to the youths, who had been disappointed of their lecture, which I thought, from a man of his integrity, a convincing proof of his own faith in the prediction.

As we thought it a duty, in charity to warn all men; in two or three hours the news had spread through the city. At first indeed our report met with but little credit, it being by our greatest dealers in stocks thought only a court-artifice to sink them, that some choice favourites might purchase at a lower rate; for the *South-sea* that very evening fell five *per cent.* the *India* eleven;
 and

and all the other funds in proportion. But at the court end of the town our attestations were entirely disbelieved, or turned into ridicule; yet nevertheless the news spread every where, and was the subject matter of all conversation.

That very night (as I was credibly informed) Mr. *Whiston* was sent for to a great lady, who is very curious in the learned sciences, and addicted to all the speculative doubts of the most able philosophers; but he was not now to be found: and since at other times he has been known not to decline that honour, I make no doubt he concealed himself to attend the great business of his soul: but whether it was the lady's faith, or inquisitiveness, that occasioned her to send, is a point I shall not presume to determine. As for his being sent for to the secretary's office by a messenger, it is now known to be a matter notoriously false, and indeed at first it had little credit with me, that so zealous and honest a man should be *ordered into custody*, as a *sedition preacher*, who is known to be so well affected to the *present happy establishment*.

It was now I reflected with exceeding trouble and sorrow, that I had refused family prayers for above five years, and (though it hath been a custom of late entirely neglected by men of any business or station) I determined within my self no longer to omit so reasonable and religious a duty. I acquainted my wife with my intentions: but two or three neighbours having been engaged to sup with us that night, and many hours being unwarily spent at cards, I was prevailed upon by her to put it off till the next day; she reasoning, that it would be time enough to take off the servants from their business (which this practice must infallibly occasion for an hour or two every day) after the *comet* had made its appearance.

Zachary Bowen, a quaker, and my next neighbour, had no sooner heard of the prophecy, but he made me a visit. I informed him of every thing I had heard, but found him quite obstinate in his unbelief; for, *said he*, be comforted, friend, thy tidings are impossibilities,

sibilities, for were these things to happen, they must have been foreseen by some of our brethren. This indeed (as in all other spiritual cases with this sort of people) was his only reason against believing me; and, as he was fully persuaded, that the prediction was erroneous, he in a very neighbourly manner admonished me against *selling my stock* at the present low price; which, *he said*, beyond dispute must have a rise before *Monday*, when this unreasonable consternation should be over.

But on *Wednesday* morning (I believe to the exact calculation of Mr. *Whiston*) the *comet* appeared: for at three minutes after five by my own watch I saw it. He indeed foretold, that it would be seen at five minutes after five, but as the best watches may be a minute or two too slow, I am apt to think his calculation just to a minute.

In less than a quarter of an hour all *Cheapside* was crowded with a vast concourse of people, and notwithstanding it was so early, it is thought, that through all that part of the town, there was not man, woman, or child, except the sick or infirm, left in their beds. From my own balcony, I am confident, I saw several thousands in the street, and counted at least seventeen, who were upon their knees, and seemed in actual devotion. Eleven of them indeed appeared to be old women of about fourscore; the six others were men in an advanced life, but (as I could guess) two of them might be under seventy.

It is highly probable, that an event of this nature may be passed over by the greater historians of our times, as conducing very little or nothing to the unravelling and laying open the deep schemes of politicians and mysteries of state; for which reason, I thought it might not be unacceptable to record the facts, which in the space of three days came to my knowledge, either as an eye-witness, or from unquestionable authorities; nor can I think this narrative will be entirely without its use, as it may enable us to form a more

just idea of our countrymen in general, particularly in regard to their faith, religion, morals, and politicks.

Before *Wednesday* noon the belief was universal, that the day of judgment was at hand, insomuch, that a waterman of my acquaintance told me, he counted no less than one hundred and twenty three clergymen, who had been ferried over to *Lambeth* before twelve a-clock: these, it is said, went thither to petition, that a *short prayer* might be *penned*, and *ordered*, there being none in the service upon that occasion. But as in things of this nature it is necessary, that the *council* be consulted, their request was not immediately complied with; and this I affirm to be the true and only reason, that the churches were not that morning so well attended; and is in no ways to be imputed to the fears and consternation of the clergy, with which the free-thinkers have since very unjustly reproached them.

My wife and I went to church (where we had not been for many years on a week-day) and, with a very large congregation, were disappointed of the service. But (what will be scarce credible) by the carelessness of a 'prentice in our absence, we had a piece of fine *cambrick* carried off by a shop-lifter: so little impression was yet made on the minds of those wicked women!

I cannot omit the care of a particular *director of the Bank*; I hope the worthy and wealthy knight will forgive me, that I endeavour to do him justice; for it was unquestionably owing to * *sir Gilbert Heathcote's* sagacity, that all the *fire-offices* were required to have a particular eye upon the *bank of England*. Let it be recorded to his praise, that in the general hurry this struck him as his nearest and tenderest concern; but the next day in the evening, after having taken due care of all his books, bills, and bonds, I was informed, his mind was wholly turned upon spiritual matters; yet,

* *Sir Gilbert Heathcote* had before signalized his care for the *Bank* when in equal danger, by petitioning against the lord treasurer *Godolphin's* being removed, as a measure that would destroy the publick credit. See p. 58. note.

ever and anon, he could not help expressing his resentment against the *Tories* and *Jacobites*, to whom he imputed that sudden *run upon the bank*, which happened on this occasion.

A great man (whom at this time it may not be prudent to name) employed all the *Wednesday* morning to make up such an account, as might appear fair, in case he should be called upon to produce it on the *Friday*; but was forced to desist, after having for several hours together attempted it, not being able to bring himself to a resolution to trust the many hundred articles of his secret transactions upon paper.

Another seemed to be very melancholy, which his flatterers imputed to his dread of losing his power in a day or two; but I rather take it, that his chief concern was the terror of being tried in a court, that could not be influenced, and where a majority of voices could avail him nothing. It was observed too, that he had few visitors that day; this added so much to his mortification, that he read through the first chapter of the book of *Job*, and wept over it bitterly; in short, he seemed a true penitent in every thing, but in charity to his neighbour. No business was that day done in his *compting-house*; it is said too, that he was advised to restitution, but I never heard, that he complied with it any farther, than in giving half a crown a piece to several crazed, and starving creditors, who attended in the outward room.

Three of the *maids of honour* sent to countermand their birthday cloaths; two of them burnt all their collections of novels and romances, and sent to a bookseller's in *Pall-mall* to buy each of them a *Bible*, and *Taylor's holy living and dying*. But I must do all of them the justice to acknowledge, that they shewed a very decent behaviour in the drawing-room, and restrained themselves from those innocent freedoms and little levities so commonly incident to young ladies of their profession. So many birthday suits were counter-manded the next day, that most of the taylor's and mantua-makers discharged all their journeymen and women. A
grave

grave elderly lady of great erudition and modesty, who visits these young ladies, seemed to be extremely shocked by the apprehensions, that she was to appear naked before the whole world; and no less so, that all mankind was to appear naked before her; which might so much divert her thoughts, as to incapacitate her to give ready and apt answers to the interrogatories, that might be made her. The maids of honour, who had both modesty and curiosity, could not imagine the sight so disagreeable as was represented; nay, one of them went so far as to say, she perfectly longed to see it; for it could not be so indecent, when every body was to be alike; and they had a day or two to prepare themselves to be seen in that condition. Upon this reflection, each of them ordered a bathing-tub to be got ready that evening, and a looking-glass to be set by it. So much are these young ladies both by nature and custom addicted to cleanly appearance.

A west-country gentleman told me, he got a church-lease filled up that morning for the same sum, which had been refused for three years successively. I must impute this merely to accident; for I cannot imagine, that any divine could take the advantage of his tenant in so unhandsome a manner; or that the shortness of the life was in the least his consideration; though I have heard the same worthy prelate aspersed and maligned since upon this very account.

The *term* being so near, the alarm among the LAWYERS was inexpressible, though some of them, I was told, were so vain as to promise themselves some advantage in making their defence, by being versed in the practice of our earthly courts. It is said too, that some of the chief pleaders were heard to express great satisfaction, that there had been but few *state-trials* of late years. Several attornies demanded the *return of fees*, that had been given the lawyers: but it was answered, the fee was undoubtedly charged to their client, and that they could not connive at such injustice, as

to suffer it to be sunk in the attorneys' pockets. Our sage and learned *judges* had great consolation, inasmuch as they had not pleaded at the bar for several years; the *barristers* rejoiced in that they were not *attornies*, and the attornies felt no less satisfaction, that they were not *petti-foggers*, *scriveners*, and other meaner officers of the law.

As to the ARMY, far be it from me to conceal the truth. Every foldier's behaviour was as undismayed, and undaunted, as if nothing was to happen: I impute not this to their want of faith, but to their martial disposition; though I cannot help thinking they commonly accompany their commands with more *oaths* than are requisite, of which there was no remarkable diminution this morning on the parade in *St. James's park*. But possibly it was by choice, and on consideration, that they continued this way of expression, not to intimidate the common soldiers, or give occasion to suspect, that even the fear of damnation could make any impression upon their superior officers. A *duel* was fought the same morning between two colonels, not occasioned (as was reported) because the one was put over the other's head; that being a point, which might at such a juncture have been accommodated by the mediation of friends; but as this was upon the account of a lady, it was judged it could not be put off at this time, above all others, but demanded immediate satisfaction: I am apt to believe, that young officer, who desired his surgeon to defer putting him into a salivation till *Saturday*, might make this request out of some opinion he had of the truth of the prophecy; for the apprehensions of any danger in the operation could not be his motive, the surgeon himself having assured me, that he had before undergone three severe operations of the like nature with great resignation and fortitude.

There was an order issued, that the *chaplains* of the several *regiments* should attend their duty; but as they were dispersed
about

about in several parts of *England*, it was believed, that most of them could not be found, or so much as heard of, till the great day was over.

Most of the considerable *PHYSICIANS* by their outward demeanor seemed to be unbelievers; but at the same time, they every where insinuated, that there might be a *pestilential malignancy* in the *air*, occasioned by the *comet*, which might be armed against by proper and timely medicines. This caution had but little effect; for as the time approached, the christian resignation of the people encreased, and most of them (which was never before known) had their souls more at heart than their bodies.

If the reverend *CLERGY* showed more concern than others, I charitably impute it to their great *charge of souls*; and what confirmed me in this opinion was, that the *degrees of apprehension and terror* could be distinguished to be greater or less, according to their *ranks and degrees* in the *church*.

The like might be observed in all sorts of ministers, though not of the church of *England*; the higher their rank, the more was their fear.

I speak not of the *COURT*, for fear of offence; and I forbear inserting the *names* of particular persons, to avoid the imputation of slander, so that the reader will allow the narrative must be deficient, and is therefore desired to accept hereof rather as a sketch, than a regular circumstantial history.

I was not informed of any persons, who shewed the least joy; except three malefactors, who were to be executed on the *Monday* following, and one old man, a constant church-goer, who being at the point of death, expressed some satisfaction at the news.

On *Thursday* morning there was little or nothing transacted in *Change-alley*; there were a multitude of sellers, but so few buyers, that one cannot affirm the stocks bore any certain price except among the *Jews*; who this day reaped great profit by their infi-

delity. There were many who called themselves *Christians*, who offered to buy *for time*, but as these were people of *great distinction*, I chuse not to mention them, because in effect it would seem to accuse them both of avarice, and infidelity.

The *run* upon the *bank* is too well known to need a particular relation; for it never can be forgotten, that no one person whatever (except the *directors* themselves, and some of their particular friends and associates) could convert a *bill* all that day into *specie*; all hands being employed to serve *them*.

In the several churches of the city and suburbs there were seven thousand two hundred and forty five, who publickly and solemnly declared before the congregation, that they took to wife their several *kept mistresses*, which was allowed as valid marriage, the priests not having time to pronounce the ceremony in form.

At St. *Bride's* church in *Fleetstreet* Mr. *Woolston* (who writ against the miracles of our Saviour) in the utmost terrors of conscience, made a publick recantation. * Dr. *Mandevil* (who had been groundlessly reported formerly to have done the same) did it now in good earnest at St. *James's-gate*; as did also at the *Temple* church several gentlemen, who frequent *coffee-houses* near the bar. So great was the faith and fear of two of them, that they dropt dead on the spot; but I will not record their names, lest I should be thought invidiously to lay an odium on their families and posterity.

Most of the *players*, who had very little faith before, were now desirous of having as much as they could, and therefore embraced the *Roman Catholick religion*; the same thing was observed of some *bawds*, and *ladies of pleasure*.

An *irish* gentleman out of pure friendship came to make me a visit, and advised me to *hire a boat* for the ensuing day, and told

* Author of *The fable of the bees*, a book intended to subvert not only religion but virtue, by shewing that private vices are publick benefits.

me, that unless I gave earnest for one immediately, he feared it might be too late; for his country-men had secured almost every boat upon the river, as judging, that in the *general conflagration* to be upon the *water* would be the *safest place*.

There were *two lords*, and *three commoners*, who, out of scruple of conscience, very hastily threw up their pensions, as imagining a pension was only an annual *retaining bribe*. All the other great pensioners, I was told, had their scruples quieted by a *clergyman* or two of distinction, whom they happily consulted.

It was remarkable, that several of our very richest *tradesmen* of the city, in common charity, gave away shillings and six-pences to the beggars, who plyed about the church-doors; and at a particular church in the city, a wealthy *church-warden* with his own hands distributed fifty twelve-penny loaves to the poor by way of restitution for the many great and costly feasts, which he had eaten of at their expence.

Three great ladies, a *valet de chambre*, two lords, a custom-house officer, five half-pay captains, and a baronet, (all noted *gamesters*) came publicly into a church at *Westminster*, and deposited a very considerable sum of money in the minister's hands; the parties, whom they had defrauded, being either out of town, or not to be found. But so great is the hardness of heart of this fraternity, that among either the noble, or vulgar *gamesters*, (though the profession is so general) I did not hear of any other restitution of this sort. At the same time I must observe that (in comparison of these) through all parts of the town, the justice and penitence of the *highway-men*, *house-breakers*, and common *pick-pockets*, was very remarkable.

The *directors* of our *publick companies* were in such dreadful apprehensions, that one would have thought a *parliamentary enquiry* was at hand; yet so great was their presence of mind, that all the *Thursday* morning was taken up in *private transfers*, which by
malicious:

malicious people was thought to be done with design to conceal their effects.

I forbear mentioning the private confessions of particular *ladies* to their *husbands*; for as their children were born in wedlock, and of consequence are legitimate, it would be an invidious task to record them as bastards; and particularly after their several husbands have so charitably forgiven them.

The evening and night through the whole town were spent in devotions both publick and private; the churches for this one day were so crouded by the nobility and gentry, that thousands of common people were seen praying in the publick streets. In short, one would have thought the whole town had been really and seriously religious. But what was very remarkable, all the different persuasions kept by themselves, for as each thought the other would be damned, not one would join in prayer with the other.

At length *Friday* came, and the people covered all the streets; expecting, watching and praying. But as the day wore away, their fears first began to abate, then lessened every hour, at night they were almost extinct, till the total darkness, that hitherto used to terrify, now comforted every *free-thinker* and *atheist*. Great numbers went together to the *taverns*, bespoke *suppers*, and broke up whole *hogsheds* for joy. The subject of all wit and conversation was to ridicule the prophecy, and railly each other. All the quality and gentry were *perfectly ashamed*, nay, some utterly disowned that they had manifested any signs of religion.

But the next day even the common people, as well as their betters, appeared in their usual state of indifference. They drank, they whored, they swore, they lyed, they cheated, they plundered, they gamed, they quarrelled, they murdered. In short, the world went on in the old channel.

I need

OF WHAT PASSED IN LONDON. 191

I need not give any instances of what will so easily be credited, but I cannot omit relating, that Mr. *Woolston* advertised in that very *Saturday's Evening Post* a new *Treatise* against the *miracles* of our Saviour; and that the few, who had given up their pensions the day before, solicited to have them continued; which, as they had not been thrown up upon any ministerial point, I am informed was readily granted.

I cannot give any instance of what will be credited
but I cannot omit relating that in the year 1610
the city of London was visited by a great
plague and the number of people who died
was very great. I am not sure that I can
give any more particulars of this plague.



THE
WORKS

OF

Jonathan Swift, D. D.

Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin,

VOLUME III. PART II.

LONDON,
Printed for C. BATHURST, in Fleetstreet.

MDCCLV.

W O R K S

FOR THE

USE OF THE



VOLUME III PART II

LONDON

Printed for C. Barrington in Pall Mall

M DCC C L

T H E
C O N T E N T S
O F V O L. I I I. P A R T I I.

N. B. Whatever are not mark'd with a Star are Dr. SWIFT's.

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MISCELLANIES

I N

V E R S E.

N.B. WHATEVER VERSES ARE NOT MARKED WITH AN ASTERISK *
IN THIS VOLUME ARE DR. *SWIFT*'S.

VOL. III.

B

MISCELLANIES

I N

V E R 3

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Vol. 11

C A D E N U S

A N D

V A N E S S A.

Written *Anno* 1713.

THE *shepherds* and the *nymphs* were seen
 Pleading before the *Cyprian* queen.
 The council for the * fair began,
 Accusing the false creature *man*.
 The brief with weighty crimes was charg'd,
 On which the pleader much enlarg'd ;
 That *Cupid* now has lost his art,
 Or blunts the point of ev'ry dart ; ----
 His altar now no longer smokes,
 His mother's aid no youth invokes :
 This tempts Free-thinkers to refine,
 And bring in doubt their pow'rs divine ;
 Now love is dwindled to intrigue,
 And marriage grown a money-league.
 Which crimes afore said (*with her leave*)
 Were (*as he humbly did conceive*)
 Against our sov'reign lady's peace,
 Against the statute in that case,

* This poem is founded upon an offer of marriage made by a young lady to her preceptor: whether such an incident really happened, or what gave the poet occasion to suppose it,

need not here be inquired: his principal design is to expose the faults and follies in both sexes, by which love is degraded, and marriage rendered subservient to sordid purposes.

CADENUS AND VANESSA.

Against her dignity and crown :

Then pray'd an answer, and sat down.

The *nymphs* with scorn beheld their foes :
 When the *defendant's* council rose,
 And, what no lawyer ever lack'd,
 With impudence own'd all the fact;
 But, what the gentlest heart would vex,
 Laid all the fault on t'other sex,
 That modern love is no such thing,
 As what those ancient poets sing ;
 A fire celestial, chaste, refin'd,
 Conceive'd and kindled in the mind,
 Which having found an equal flame,
 Unites, and both become the same,
 In diff'rent breasts together burn,
 Together both to ashes turn :
 But women now feel no such fire,
 And only know the gross desire.
 Their passions move in lower spheres,
 Where-e'er caprice or folly steers,
 A dog, a parrot, or an ape,
 Or some worse brute in human shape,
 Engross the fancies of the fair,
 The few soft moments they can spare
 From visits to receive and pay,
 From scandal, politicks, and play,
 From fans, and flounces, and brocades,
 From equipage and park-parades,
 From all the thousand female toys,
 From ev'ry trifle that employs
 The out or inside of their heads
 Between their toylets and their beds.

In

In a dull stream, which moving flow,
 You hardly see the current flow,
 If a small breeze obstructs the course,
 It whirls about for want of force,
 And in its narrow circle gathers
 Nothing but chaff, and straws, and feathers:
 The current of a female mind
 Stops thus, and turns with ev'ry wind;
 Thus whirling round, together draws
 Fools, fops, and rakes, for chaff and straws.
 Hence we conclude, no women's hearts
 Are won by virtue, wit, and parts;
 Nor are the men of sense to blame
 For breasts incapable of flame:
 The fault must on the *nymphs* be plac'd,
 Grown so corrupted in their taste.

The pleader, having spoke his best,
 Had witness ready to attest,
 Who fairly could on oath depose,
 When questions on the fact arose,
 That ev'ry article was true;
Nor further those deponents knew: ----
 Therefore he humbly would insist,
 The bill might be with costs dismiss.

The cause appear'd of so much weight,
 That *Venus*, from her judgment-seat,
 Desir'd them not to talk so loud,
 Else she must interpose a cloud:
 For, if the heav'nly folk should know
 These pleadings *in the courts below*,
 That mortals here disdain to love,
 She ne'er could shew her face above;

For

For Gods, their betters, are too wise
 To value that, which men despise.
 And then, said she, my son and I
 Must strole in air 'twixt earth and sky;
 Or else, shut out from heav'n and earth,
 Fly to the sea, my place of birth;
 There live with daggled *mermaids* pent,
 And keep on fish perpetual *lent*.

But, since the case appear'd so nice,
 She thought it best to take advice.
 The *Muses* by their king's permission,
 Though foes to love, attend the session,
 And on the right hand took their places
 In order; on the left, the *Graces*:
 To whom she might her doubts propose
 On all emergencies that rose.
 The *Muses* oft were seen to frown;
 The *Graces* half-asham'd look down;
 And 'twas observ'd, there were but few
 Of either sex among the crew,
 Whom she or her assessors knew.
 The Goddesses soon began to see,
 Things were not ripe for a decree,
 And said she must consult her books,
 The *lover's Fletas*, *Bractons*, *Cokes*.
 First to a dapper clerk she beckon'd
 To turn to *Ovid*, book the second;
 She then referr'd them to a place
 In *Virgil* (*vide Dido's case*;) }
 As for *Tibullus's* reports,
 They never pass'd for law in courts:

For

For *Cowley's* briefs, and pleas of *Waller*,
Still their authority was smaller.

There was on both sides much to say :
She'd hear the cause another day ;
And so she did, and then a third ;
She heard it --- there she kept her word :
But with rejoinders and replies,
Long bills, and answers stuff'd with lyes,
Demur, imparlance, and essoign,
The parties ne'er could issue join :
For sixteen years the cause was spun,
And then stood, where it first begun.

Now, gentle *Clio*, sing or say,
What *Venus* meant by this delay.
The Goddess, much perplex'd in mind
To see her empire thus declin'd,
When first this grand debate arose,
Above her wisdom to compose,
Conceiv'd a project in her head
To work her ends ; which, if it sped,
Wou'd shew the merits of the cause
Far better than consulting laws.

In a glad hour *Lucina's* aid
Produc'd on earth a wond'rous maid,
On whom the queen of love was bent
To try a new experiment.
She threw her law-books on the shelf,
And thus debated with herself.

Since men alledge, they ne'er can find
Those beauties in a female mind,
Which raise a flame, that will endure
For ever uncorrupt and pure ;

If

If 'tis with reason they complain,
 This instant shall restore my reign.
 I'll search where ev'ry virtue dwells,
 From courts inclusive down to cells;
 What preachers talk, or sages write:
 These I will gather and unite,
 And represent them to mankind
 Collected in that infant's mind.

This said, she plucks in heav'n's high bow'rs
 A sprig of *amaranthine* flow'rs,
 In nectar thrice infuses bays,
 Three times refin'd in *Titan's* rays;
 Then calls the *Graces* to her aid,
 And sprinkles thrice the new-born maid:
 From whence the tender skin assumes
 A sweetness above all perfumes:
 From whence a cleanliness remains,
 Incapable of outward stains:
 From whence that decency of mind,
 So lovely in the female kind;
 Where not one careless thought intrudes
 Less modest than the speech of prudes;
 Where never blush was call'd in aid,
 That spurious virtue in a maid,
 A virtue but at second-hand;
 They blush, because they understand.

The *Graces* next would act their part,
 And shew'd but little of their art;
 Their work was half already done,
 The child with native beauty shone;
 The outward form no help requir'd:
 Each breathing on her thrice, inspir'd

That

That gentle, soft, engaging air,
Which in old times adorn'd the fair :
And said, " *Vanessa* be the name,
" By which thou shalt be known to fame ;
" *Vanessa*, by the Gods enroll'd :
" Her name on earth---shall not be told."

But still the work was not compleat,
When *Venus* thought on a deceit :
Drawn by her doves, away she flies,
And finds out *Pallas* in the skies :
Dear *Pallas*, I have been this morn
To see a lovely infant born ;
A boy in yonder isle below,
So like my own without his bow,
By beauty cou'd your heart be won,
You'd swear it is *Apollo's* son :
But it shall ne'er be said, a child
So hopeful has by me been spoil'd ;
I have enough besides to spare,
And give him wholly to your care.

Wisdom's above suspecting wiles :
The queen of learning gravely smiles,
Down from *Olympus* comes with joy,
Mistakes *Vanessa* for a boy ;
Then sows within her tender mind
Seeds long unknown to womankind ;
For manly bosoms chiefly fit,
The seeds of knowledge, judgment, wit :
Her soul was suddenly endu'd
With justice, truth, and fortitude ;
With honour, which no breath can stain,
Which malice must attack in vain ;

C

With

With open heart and bounteous hand.
 But *Pallas* here was at a stand ;
 She knew in our degen'rate days
 Bare virtue could not live on praise ; --
 That meat must be with money bought :
 She therefore, upon second thought,
 Infus'd, yet as it were by stealth,
 Some small regard for state and wealth ;
 Of which, as she grew up, there stay'd
 A tincture in the prudent maid :
 She manag'd her estate with care,
 Yet lik'd three footmen to her chair.
 But, lest he should neglect his studies
 Like a young heir, the thrifty Goddess
 (For fear young master should be spoil'd,)
 Wou'd use him like a younger child ;
 And, after long computing, found
 'Twou'd come to just five thousand pound.

The queen of love was pleas'd, and proud,
 To see *Vanessa* thus endow'd :
 She doubted not but such a dame
 Through ev'ry breast would dart a flame ;
 That ev'ry rich and lordly swain
 With pride wou'd drag about her chain ;
 That scholars wou'd forsake their books
 To study bright *Vanessa's* looks ;
 As she advanc'd, that womankind
 Wou'd by her model form their mind,
 And all their conduct wou'd be try'd
 By her, as an unerring guide ;
 Offending daughters oft wou'd hear
Vanessa's praise rung in their ear :

Miss

Miss *Betty*, when she does a fault,
Lest falls her knife, or spills the salt,
Will thus be by her mother chid,
“ ’Tis what *Vanessa* never did.”
Thus by the nymphs and swains ador’d,
My pow’r shall be again restor’d,
And happy lovers bless my reign---
So *Venus* hop’d, but hop’d in vain.

For, when in time the *martial maid*
Found out the trick that *Venus* play’d,
She shakes her helm, she knits her brows,
And fir’d with indignation vows,
To-morrow, e’er the setting sun,
She’d all undo, that she had done.

But in the poets we may find,
A wholesome law time out of mind
Had been confirm’d by fate’s decree;
That Gods, of whatsoe’er degree,
Resume not what themselves have giv’n,
Or any brother-God in heav’n;
Which keeps the peace among the Gods,
Or they must always be at odds:
And *Pallas*, if she broke the laws,
Must yield her foe the stronger cause;
A shame to one, so much ador’d
For wisdom at *Jove*’s council-board.
Besides, she fear’d the queen of love
Wou’d meet with better friends above.
And though she must with grief reflect,
To see a mortal virgin deck’d
With graces hitherto unknown
To female breasts, except her own;

Yet she wou'd act as best became
 A Goddess of unspotted fame.
 She knew, by augury divine,
Venus wou'd fail in her design :
 She study'd well the point, and found
 Her foe's conclusions were not found,
 From premisses erroneous brought,
 And therefore the deduction's nought,
 And must have contrary effects,
 To what her treach'rous foe expects.

In proper season *Pallas* meets
 The queen of love, whom thus she greets,
 (For Gods, we are by *Homer* told,
 Can in celestial language scold)
 Perfidious Goddess! but in vain
 You form'd this project in your brain,
 A project for thy talents fit,
 With much deceit, and little wit.
 Thou hast, as thou shalt quickly see,
 Deceiv'd thyself, instead of me :
 For how can heav'nly wisdom prove
 An instrument to earthly love?
 Know'st thou not yet, that men commence
 Thy votaries for want of sense?
 Nor shall *Vanessa* be the theme
 To manage thy abortive scheme :
 She'll prove the greatest of thy foes ;
 And yet I scorn to interpose,
 But using neither skill, nor force,
 Leave all things to their nat'ral course.

The Goddess thus pronounc'd her doom :
 When, lo ! *Vanessa* in her bloom

Advanc'd,

Advanc'd, like *Atalanta's* star,
But rarely seen, and seen from far :
In a new world with caution stept,
Watch'd all the company she kept,
Well knowing from the books she read
What dang'rous paths young virgins tread :
Wou'd seldom at the park appear,
Nor saw the play-house twice a year ;
Yet, not incurious, was inclin'd
To know the converse of mankind.

First issued from perfumers shops
A croud of fashionable fops :
They ask'd her, how she lik'd the play ?
Then told the tattle of the day ;
A duel fought last night at two,
About a lady --- You know who ;
Mention'd a new *Italian*, come
Either from *Muscovy* or *Rome* ;
Gave hints of who and who's together :
Then fell to talking of the weather :
Last night was so extremely fine,
The ladies walk'd till after nine.
Then in soft voice, and speech absurd,
With nonsense ev'ry second word,
With fustian from exploded plays,
They celebrate her beauty's praise ;
Run o'er their cant of stupid lyes,
And tell the murders of her eyes.

With silent scorn *Vanessa* sat,
Scarce list'ning to their idle chat ;
Further than sometimes by a frown,
When they grew pert, to pull them down.

At last she spitefully was bent
 To try their wisdom's full extent;
 And said, she valu'd nothing less
 Than titles, figure, shape, and dress;
 That merit should be chiefly plac'd
 In judgment, knowledge, wit, and taste;
 And these, she offer'd to dispute,
 Alone distinguish'd man from brute:
 That present times have no pretence
 To virtue, in the noble sense
 By *Greeks* and *Romans* understood
 To perish for our country's good.
 She nam'd the ancient heroes round,
 Explain'd for what they were renown'd;
 Then spoke with censure, or applause,
 Of foreign customs, rites, and laws;
 Thro' nature and thro' art she rang'd,
 And gracefully her subject chang'd:
 In vain: her hearers had no share
 In all she spoke, except to stare.
 Their judgment was upon the whole,
 --- That lady is the dullest soul ---
 Then tipt their forehead in a jeer,
 As who should say --- she wants it here;
 She may be handsome, young, and rich,
 But none will burn her for a witch.

A party next of glitt'ring dames,
 From round the purlieus of *St. James*,
 Came early, out of pure good-will,
 To see the girl in deshabille.
 Their clamour, 'lighting from their chairs,
 Grew louder all the way up stairs;

At





At entrance loudest; where they found
The room with volumes litter'd round.
Vanessa held *Montaigne*, and read,
Whilst mrs. *Susan* comb'd her head:
They call'd for tea and chocolate,
And fell into their usual chat,
Discoursing, with important face,
On ribbons, fans, and gloves and lace;
Shew'd patterns just from *India* brought,
And gravely ask'd her what she thought;
Whether the red or green were best,
And what they cost? *Vanessa* guess'd,
As came into her fancy first;
Nam'd half the rates, and lik'd the worst.
To scandal next---What aukward thing
Was that last *Sunday* in the ring?
I'm sorry *Mopsa* breaks so fast;
I said her face wou'd never last.
Corinna, with that youthful air,
Is thirty, and a bit to spare:
Her fondness for a certain earl
Began, when I was but a girl.
Phillis, who but a month ago
Was marry'd to the *Tunbridge* beau,
I saw coquetting t'other night
In publick with that odious knight.
They rally'd next *Vanessa*'s dress:
That gown was made for old queen *Bess*.
Dear madam, let me see your head:
Don't you intend to put on red?
A petticoat without a hoop!
Sure, you are not asham'd to stoop;

With

With handsome garters at your knees,
No matter what a fellow fees.

Fill'd with disdain, with rage inflam'd,
Both of herself and sex asham'd,
The nymph stood silent out of spight,
Nor wou'd vouchsafe to set them right.

Away the fair detractors went,
And gave by turns their censures vent.

She's not so handsome in my eyes:

For wit, I wonder where it lies.

She's fair and clean, and that's the most:

But why proclaim her for a toast?

A baby face, no life, no airs,

But what she learnt at country fairs;

Scarce knows what diff'rence is between

Rich *Flanders* lace, and *Colberteen*.

I'll undertake, my little *Nancy*

In flounces hath a better fancy.

With all her wit, I wou'd not ask

Her judgment how to buy a mask.

We begg'd her but to patch her face,

She never hit one proper place;

Which ev'ry girl at five years old

Can do, as soon as she is told.

I own, that out-of-fashion stuff

Becomes the *creature* well enough.

The girl might pass, if we cou'd get her

To know the world a little better.

(*To know the world!* a modern phrase

For visits, ombre, balls, and plays.)

Thus, to the world's perpetual shame,

The *queen of beauty* lost her aim.

Too

Too late with grief she understood,
Pallas had done more harm than good :
 For great examples are but vain,
 Where ignorance begets disdain.
 Both sexes, arm'd with guilt and spite,
 Against *Vanessa's* pow'r unite :
 To copy her few nymphs aspir'd ;
 Her virtues fewer swains admir'd :
 So stars beyond a certain height
 Give mortals neither heat nor light.

Yet some of either sex, endow'd
 With gifts superior to the crowd,
 With virtue, knowledge, taste and wit,
 She condescended to admit.
 With pleasing arts she cou'd reduce
 Men's talents to their proper use ;
 And with address each genius held
 To that, wherein it most excell'd ;
 Thus making others wisdom known,
 Cou'd please them, and improve her own.
 A modest youth said something new ;
 She plac'd it in the strongest view.
 All humble worth she strove to raise ;
 Wou'd not be prais'd, yet lov'd to praise.
 The learned met with free approach,
 Although they came not in a coach :
 Some clergy too she wou'd allow,
 Nor quarrel'd at their awkward bow.
 But this was for *Cadenus's* sake,
 A gown-man of a diff'rent make ;
 Whom *Pallas*, once *Vanessa's* tutor,
 Had fix'd on for her coadjutor.

D

But

But *Cupid*, full of mischief, longs
 To vindicate his mother's wrongs.
 On *Pallas* all attempts are vain :
 One way he knows to give her pain ;
 Vows, on *Vanessa's* heart to take
 Due vengeance for her patron's sake.
 Those early seeds by *Venus* sown,
 In spite of *Pallas*, now were grown ;
 And *Cupid* hop'd, they wou'd improve
 By time, and ripen into love.
 The boy made use of all his craft,
 In vain discharging many a shaft,
 Pointed at col'nels, lords, and beaux :
Cadenus warded off the blows ;
 For, placing still some book betwixt,
 The darts were in the cover fix'd,
 Or, often blunted and recoil'd,
 On *Plutarch's* morals struck, were spoil'd.

The *queen of wisdom* could foresee,
 But not prevent, the fates decree :
 And human caution tries in vain
 To break that adamant chain.
Vanessa, though by *Pallas* taught,
 By *Love* invulnerable thought,
 Searching in books for wisdom's aid,
 Was, in the very search, betray'd.

Cupid, though all his darts were lost,
 Yet still resolv'd to spare no cost :
 He could not answer to his fame
 The triumphs of that stubborn dame,
 A nymph so hard to be subdu'd,
 Who neither was coquette nor prude.

I find,

I find, said he, she wants a doctor
Both to adore her, and instruct her :
I'll give her what she most admires
Among those venerable fires.

Cadenus is a subject fit,
Grown old in politicks and wit,
Caref's'd by ministers of state,
Of half mankind the dread and hate :
Whate'er vexations love attend,
She need no rivals apprehend.
Her sex, with universal voice,
Must laugh at her capricious choice.

Cadenus many things had writ :
Vanessa much esteem'd his wit,
And call'd for his poetic works :
Mean time the boy in secret lurks,
And, while the book was in her hand,
The urchin from his private stand
Took aim, and shot with all his strength
A dart of such prodigious length,
It pierc'd the feeble volume through,
And deep transfix'd her bosom too.
Some lines, more moving than the rest,
Stuck to the point that pierc'd her breast,
And, borne directly to the heart,
With pains unknown, increas'd her smart.

Vanessa *, not in years a score,
Dreams of a gown of forty-four ;

* The poet having before shewed the cause of *Vanessa's* disappointment, here represents *Vanessa*, who was intended to animate every woman to imitation and inspire every man

with love, as compelled to make advances to one, who had scarce sensibility enough to understand them.

Imaginary charms can find
 In eyes with reading almost blind:
Cadenus now no more appears
 Declin'd in health, advanc'd in years.
 She fancies musick in his tongue,
 Nor farther looks, but thinks him young.
 What mariner is not afraid
 To venture in a ship decay'd?
 What planter will attempt to yoke
 A sapling with a falling oak?
 As years increase, she brighter shines;
Cadenus with each day declines;
 And he must fall a prey to time,
 While she continues in her prime.

Cadenus, common forms apart,
 In ev'ry scene had kept his heart;
 Had sigh'd and languish'd, vow'd, and writ
 For pastime, or to shew his wit.
 But time, and books, and state-affairs,
 Had spoil'd his fashionable airs:
 He now cou'd praise, esteem, approve,
 But understood not what was love.
 His conduct might have made him stil'd
 A father, and the nymph his child.
 That innocent delight he took
 To see the virgin mind her book,
 Was but the master's secret joy
 In school to hear the finest boy.
 Her knowledge with her fancy grew;
 She hourly press'd for something new;
Ideas came into her mind
 So fast, his lessons lagg'd behind;

She

She reason'd without plodding long,
Nor ever gave her judgment wrong.
But now a sudden change was wrought;
She minds no longer what he taught.
Cadenus was amaz'd to find
Such marks of a distracted mind:
For, though she seem'd to listen more
To all he spoke, than e'er before,
He found her thoughts would absent range,
Yet guess'd not whence could spring the change.
And first he modestly conjectures
His pupil might be tir'd with lectures;
Which help'd to mortify his pride,
Yet gave him not the heart to chide:
But, in a mild dejected strain,
At last he ventur'd to complain;
Said, she should be no longer teaz'd;
Might have her freedom when she pleas'd;
Was now convinc'd, he acted wrong
To hide her from the world so long,
And in dull studies to engage
One of her tender sex and age;
That ev'ry nymph with envy own'd,
How she might shine in the *grande-monde*,
And ev'ry shepherd was undone
To see her cloister'd like a nun.
This was a visionary scheme:
He wak'd, and found it but a dream;
A project far above his skill;
For nature must be nature still.
If he was bolder than became
A scholar to a courtly dame,

She

She might excuse a man of letters ;
 Thus tutors often treat their betters :
 And, since his talk offensive grew,
 He came to take his last adieu.

Vanessa, fill'd with just disdain,
 Would still her dignity maintain,
 Instructed from her early years
 To scorn the art of female tears.

Had he employ'd his time so long
 To teach her what was right and wrong,
 Yet cou'd such notions entertain,
 That all his lectures were in vain ?
 She own'd the wand'ring of her thoughts ;
 But he must answer for her faults.
 She well remember'd, to her cost,
 That all his lessons were not lost.
 Two maxims she could still produce,
 And sad experience taught their use ;
 That virtue, pleas'd by being shown,
 Knows nothing which it dares not own,
 Can make us without fear disclose
 Our inmost secrets to our foes ;
 That common forms were not design'd
 Directors * to a noble mind.
 Now, said the nymph, I'll let you see
 My actions with your rules agree ;
 That I can vulgar forms despise,
 And have no secrets to disguise.

* *Vanessa*, conscious that her passion was virtuous, had no motive to conceal it: for "Virtue knows nothing that it dare not own." She therefore confessed it to *Cadenus*, contrary to the common forms, which require that

the first address should be made by the man. For common forms are only for common minds ; they only veil defects, and are not necessary, where defects are not found.

I knew,

I knew, by what you said and writ,
How dang'rous things were men of wit;
You caution'd me against their charms,
But never gave me equal arms;
Your lessons found the weakest part,
Aim'd at the head, but reach'd the heart.

Cadenus felt within him rise
Shame, disappointment, guilt, surprize.
He knew not how to reconcile
Such language with her usual stile:
And yet her words were so exprest,
He cou'd not hope she spoke in jest.
His thoughts had wholly been confin'd
To form and cultivate her mind.
He hardly knew, till he was told,
Whether the nymph were young or old;
Had met her in a publick place
Without distinguishing her face:
Much less cou'd his declining age
Vanessa's earliest thoughts engage;
And, if her youth indiff'rence met,
His person must contempt beget:
Or, grant her passion be sincere,
How shall his innocence be clear?
Appearances were all so strong,
The world must think him in the wrong;
Wou'd say, he made a treach'rous use
Of wit, to flatter and seduce:
The town wou'd swear he had betray'd
By magick spells the harmless maid:
And ev'ry beau wou'd have his jokes,
That scholars were like other folks;

That

That, when *platonick* flights were over,
 The tutor turn'd a mortal lover.
 So tender of the young and fair!
 It shew'd a true paternal care ---
 Five thousand guineas in her purse!
 The doctor might have fancy'd worse. ---

Hardly at length he silence broke,
 And falter'd ev'ry word he spoke;
 Interpreting her complaisance,
 Just as a man *sans consequence*.
 She rally'd well, he always knew:
 Her manner now was something new;
 And what she spoke was in an air
 As serious as a tragick player.
 But those who aim at ridicule
 Shou'd fix upon some certain rule,
 Which fairly hints they are in jest,
 Else he must enter his protest:
 For let a man be ne'er so wise,
 He may be caught with sober lyes;
 A science which he never taught,
 And, to be free, was dearly bought;
 For, take it in its proper light,
 'Tis just what coxcombs call a *bite*.

But not to dwell on things minute,
Vanessa finish'd the dispute,
 Brought weighty arguments to prove
 That reason was her guide in love.
 She thought he had himself describ'd,
 His doctrines when she first imbib'd:
 What he had planted, now was grown;
 His virtues she might call her own;

As

As he approves, as he dislikes,
 Love or contempt her fancy strikes.
 Self-love, in nature rooted fast,
 Attends us first, and leaves us last :
 Why she likes him, admire not at her ;
 She loves herself, and that's the matter.
 How was her tutor wont to praise
 The genius's of ancient days !
 (Those authors he so oft had nam'd,
 For learning, wit, and wisdom fam'd)
 Was struck with love, esteem, and awe,
 For persons whom he never saw.
 Suppose *Cadenus* flourish'd then,
 He must adore such god-like men.
 If one short volume cou'd comprize
 All that was witty, learn'd, and wise,
 How wou'd it be esteem'd, and read,
 Although the writer long were dead !
 If such an author were alive,
 How all wou'd for his friendship strive,
 And come in crouds to see his face !
 And this she takes to be her case.
Cadenus answers ev'ry end,
 The book, the author, and the friend :
 The utmost her desires will reach,
 Is but to learn what he can teach :
 His converse is a system fit
 Alone to fill up all her wit ;
 While ev'ry passion of her mind
 In him is center'd and confin'd.

Love can with speech inspire a mute,
 And taught *Vanessa* to dispute.

E

This

This topick, never touch'd before,
 Display'd her eloquence the more:
 Her knowledge, with such pains acquir'd,
 By this new passion grew inspir'd:
 Through this she made all objects pass,
 Which gave a tincture o'er the mass:
 As rivers, though they bend and twine,
 Still to the sea their course incline;
 Or, as philosophers, who find
 Some fav'rite system to their mind,
 In ev'ry point to make it fit,
 Will force all nature to submit.

Cadenus, who cou'd ne'er suspect
 His lessons wou'd have such effect,
 Or be so artfully apply'd,
 Insensibly came on her side.
 It was an unforeseen event;
 Things took a turn he never meant.
 Whoe'er excels in what we prize
 Appears a hero in our eyes:
 Each girl, when pleas'd with what is taught,
 Will have the teacher in her thought.
 The nymph in sober words intreats
 A truce with all sublime conceits:
 For why such raptures, flights, and fancies,
 To her who durst not read romances?
 In lofty style to make replies,
 Which he had taught her to despise?
 But when her tutor will affect
 Devotion, duty, and respect,
 He fairly abdicates his throne;
 The government is now her own:

But,

But, though her arguments were strong,
 At least cou'd hardly with them wrong.
 Howe'er it came, he cou'd not tell,
 But sure she never talk'd so well.
 His pride began to interpose;
 Preferr'd before a crowd of beaux!
 So bright a nymph to come unsought!
 Such wonder by his merit wrought!
 'Tis merit must with her prevail:
 He never knew her judgment fail.
 She noted all she ever read,
 And had a most discerning head.

'Tis an old maxim in the schools,
 That vanity's the food of fools:
 Yet now and then your men of wit
 Will condescend to take a bit.

So, when *Cadenus* cou'd not hide,
 He chose to justify, his pride;
 When miss delights in her spinnet,
 A fiddler may a fortune get;
 A blockhead, with melodious voice,
 In boarding-schools can have his choice:
 And oft' the dancing-master's art
 Climbs from the toe to touch the heart.
 In learning let a nymph delight,
 The pedant gets a mistress by't.
Cadenus, to his grief and shame,
 Cou'd scarce oppose *Vanessa's* flame;
 Where hot and cold, where sharp and sweet
 In all their equipages meet;
 Where pleasures mix'd with pains appear,
 Sorrow with joy, and hope with fear;

Wherein his dignity and age
 Forbid *Cadenus* to engage.
 But friendship, in its greatest height,
 A constant, rational delight,
 On virtue's basis fix'd to last,
 When love's allurements long are past,
 Which gently warms, but cannot burn,
 He gladly offers in return;
 His want of passion will redeem
 With gratitude, respect, esteem;
 With that devotion we bestow,
 When Goddeses appear below.

While thus *Cadenus* entertains
Vanessa in exalted strains,
 Constr'ing the passion she had shown,
 Much to her praise, more to his own.
 Nature in him had merit plac'd,
 In her a most judicious taste.
 Love, hitherto a transient guest,
 Ne'er held possession in his breast;
 So long attending at the gate,
 Disdain'd to enter in so late.
Love why do we one passion call,
 When 'tis a compound of them all?
 He has a forfeiture incurr'd;
 She vows to take him at his word,
 And hopes he will not think it strange,
 If both shou'd now their stations change.
 The nymph will have her turn to be
 The tutor; and the pupil, he:
 Though she already can discern,
 Her scholar is not apt to learn;

Or

Or wants capacity to reach
The science she designs to teach ;
Wherein his genius was below
The skill of ev'ry common beau ;
Who, though he cannot spell, is wise
Enough to read a lady's eyes,
And will each accidental glance
Interpret for a kind advance.

But what success *Vanessa* met,
Is to the world * a secret yet.
Whether the nymph, to please her swain,
Talks in a high romantick strain ;
Or whether he at last descends
To like with less seraphick ends ;
Or, to compound the bus'ness, whether
They temper love and books together ;
Must never to mankind be told,
Nor shall the conscious muse unfold.

Mean time the mournful *queen of love*
Led but a weary life above.
She ventures now to leave the skies,
Grown by *Vanessa's* conduct wife :
For, though by one perverse event
Pallas had cross'd her first intent,
Though her design was not obtain'd,
Yet had she much experience gain'd,
And by the project vainly try'd
Could better now the *cause* decide.
She gave due notice, that both parties
Coram regina prox' die Martis

* The event of *Vanessa's* suit is judiciously omitted, as foreign to the plan and design of the poem.

Shou'd at their peril without fail
 Come and appear, and save their bail.
 All met; and, silence thrice proclaim'd,
 One lawyer to each side was nam'd.
 The judge discover'd in her face
 Resentments for her late disgrace;
 And, full of anger, shame, and grief,
 Directed them to mind their brief;
 Nor spend their time to shew their reading;
 She'd have a summary proceeding.
 She gather'd under ev'ry head
 The sum of what each lawyer said,
 Gave her own reasons last, and then
 Decreed the cause against the *men*.

But, in a weighty case like this
 To shew she did not judge amiss,
 Which evil tongues might else report,
 She made a speech in open court;
 Wherein she grievously complains,
 " How she was cheated by the swains ;"
 On whose petition (humbly shewing
 That women were not worth the wooing,
 And that, unless the sex would mend,
 The race of lovers soon must end)
 " She was at lord knows what expence
 " To form a nymph of wit and sense,
 " A model for her sex design'd,
 " Who never could one lover find.
 " She saw, her favour was misplac'd ;
 " The fellows had a wretched taste ;
 " She needs must tell them to their face,
 " They were a senseless, stupid race ;

" And,

" And, were she to begin agen,
 " She'd study * to reform the *men*;
 " Or add some grains of folly more
 " To *women*, than they had before,
 " To put them on an equal foot;
 " And this, or nothing else, wou'd do't.
 " This might their mutual fancy strike;
 " Since ev'ry being loves its *like*.
 " But now, repenting what was done,
 " She left all bus'ness to her son;
 " She puts the world in his possession,
 " And let him use it at discretion."

The cry'r was order'd to dismiss
 The court, so made his last *O yes!*
 The Goddesses wou'd no longer wait;
 But, rising from her chair of state,
 Left all below at six and sev'n,
 Harness'd her doves, and flew to heav'n.

* As the *women* in their manners and dress imitate what the *men* approve, their faults and follies are little more than the consequences of the false taste of their admirers, who cannot surely be urged by a stronger motive to correct it.

BAUCIS

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON.

Imitated from the

EIGHTH BOOK OF OVID.

IN ancient times, as story tells,
The saints wou'd often leave their cells,
And strole about, but hide their quality,
To try good people's hospitality.

It happen'd on a winter night,
As authors of the legend write,
Two brother hermits, saints by trade,
Taking their *tour* in masquerade,
Disguis'd in tatter'd habits, went
To a small village down in *Kent*;
Where, in the stroller's canting strain,
They begg'd from door to door in vain,
Try'd ev'ry tone might pity win;
But not a soul would let them in.

Our wand'ring saints in woful state,
Treated at this ungodly rate,
Having through all the village pass'd,
To a small cottage came at last;
Where dwelt a good old honest ye'man,
Call'd in the neighbourhood *Philemon*,
Who kindly did these saints invite
In his poor hut to pass the night;
And then the hospitable fire
Bid goody *Baucis* mend the fire;
While he from out the chimney took
A fitch of bacon off the hook,

And

And freely from the fattest side
 Cut out large slices to be fry'd ;
 Then stepp'd aside to fetch 'em drink,
 Fill'd a large jug up to the brink,
 And saw it fairly twice go round ;
 Yet (what is wonderful !) they found,
 'Twas still replenish'd to the top,
 As if they had not touch'd a drop.
 The good old couple were amaz'd,
 And often on each other gaz'd ;
 For both were frighten'd to the heart,
 And just began to cry, --- What ar't !
 Then softly turn'd aside to view
 Whether the lights were burning blue.
 The gentle *pilgrims*, soon aware on't,
 Told them their calling, and their errant ;
 Good folks, you need not be afraid,
 We are but *saints*, the hermits said ;
 No hurt shall come to you or yours :
 But for that pack of churlish boors,
 Not fit to live on christian ground,
 They and their houses shall be drown'd ;
 Whilst you shall see your cottage rise,
 And grow a church before your eyes.

They scarce had spoke ; when fair and soft
 The roof began to mount aloft ;
 Aloft rose ev'ry beam and rafter ;
 The heavy wall climb'd slowly after.

The chimney widen'd, and grew higher,
 Became a steeple with a spire.

The kettle to the top was hoist,
 And there stood fasten'd to a joist,

F

But

But with the upside down, to show
Its inclination for below :

In vain ; for a superior force
Apply'd at bottom stops its course :
Doom'd ever in suspense to dwell,
'Tis now no kettle, but a bell.

A wooden jack, which had almost
Lost by diffuse the art to roast,
A sudden alteration feels,
Increas'd by new intestine wheels ;
And, what exalts the wonder more,
The number made the motion flow'r.
The flyer, though't had leaden feet,
Turn'd round so quick, you scarce could see't ;
But, slacken'd by some secret pow'r,
Now hardly moves an inch an hour.
The jack and chimney, near ally'd,
Had never left each other's side :
The chimney to a steeple grown,
The jack wou'd not be left alone ;
But, up against the steeple rear'd,
Became a clock, and still adher'd ;
And still its love to household cares
By a shrill voice at noon declares,
Warning the cook-maid not to burn
That roast-meat, which it cannot turn.

The groaning-chair began to crawl,
Like a huge snail, along the wall ;
There stuck aloft in publick view,
And, with small change, a pulpit grew.

The porringers, that in a row
Hung high, and made a glitt'ring show,

To

To a less noble substance chang'd,
 Were now but leathern buckets rang'd.
 The ballads pasted on the wall,
 Of *Joan of France*, and *English Moll*,
 Fair *Rosamond*, and *Robin Hood*,
 The *Little Children in the Wood*,
 Now seem'd to look abundance better,
 Improv'd in picture, size, and letter;
 And, high in order plac'd, describe
 The * heraldry of ev'ry tribe.

A bedstead of the antique mode,
 Compact of timber many a load,
 Such as our ancestors did use,
 Was metamorphos'd into pews;
 Which still their ancient nature keep
 By lodging folks dispos'd to sleep.

The cottage by such feats as these
 Grown to a church by just degrees,
 The hermits then desir'd their host
 To ask for what he fancy'd most.
Philemon, having paus'd a while,
 Return'd 'em thanks in homely style;
 Then said, my house is grown so fine,
 Methinks, I still wou'd call it mine:
 I'm old, and fain wou'd live at ease;
 Make me the *parson*, if you please.

He spoke; and presently he feels
 His grazier's coat fall down his heels;
 He sees, yet hardly can believe,
 About each arm a pudding-sleeve;

* Of the twelve tribes of *Israel*, which in the ensigns appropriated to them by *Jacob* on his country churches are sometimes distinguished by death-bed.

His waistcoat to a cassock grew,
 And both assum'd a sable hue;
 But, being old, continu'd just
 As thread-bare, and as full of dust.
 His talk was now of *tythes* and *dues*;
 He smok'd his pipe, and read the news;
 Knew how to preach old sermons next,
 Vamp'd in the preface and the text;
 At christ'nings well could act his part,
 And had the service all by heart;
 Wish'd women might have children fast,
 And thought whose sow had farrow'd last;
 Against *dissenters* would repine,
 And stood up firm for *right divine*;
 Found his head fill'd with many a system:
 But classick authors,---he ne'er mis'd 'em.

Thus having furbish'd up a parson,
 Dame *Baucis* next they play'd their farce on.
 Instead of home-spun coifs, were seen
 Good pinners edg'd with *colberteen*;
 Her petticoat, transform'd a-pace,
 Became black sattin flounc'd with lace.
 Plain *goody* would no longer down;
 'Twas *madam*, in her grogram gown.
Philemon was in great surprize,
 And hardly could believe his eyes,
 Amaz'd to see her look so prim;
 And she admir'd as much at him.

Thus happy in their change of life
 Were sev'ral years this man and wife;
 When on a day, which prov'd their last,
 Discoursing o'er old stories past,

They

They went by chance amidst their talk
To the church-yard to take a walk ;
When *Baucis* hastily cry'd out,
My dear, I see your forehead sprout !
Sprout ! quoth the man ; what's this you tell us ?
I hope you don't believe me jealous :
But yet, methinks, I feel it true ;
And really yours is budding too ---
Nay, --- now I cannot stir my foot ;
It feels as if 'twere taking root.

Description would but tire my muse ;
In short, they both were turn'd to *yews*.

Old goodman *Dobson* of the green
Remembers, he the trees has seen ;
He'll talk of them from noon till night,
And goes with folks to shew the sight ;
On *Sundays*, after ev'ning pray'r,
He gathers all the parish there ;
Points out the place of either *yew* ;
Here *Baucis*, there *Philemon* grew :
Till once a parson of our town
To mend his barn cut *Baucis* down ;
At which 'tis hard to be believ'd
How much the other tree was griev'd,
Grew scrubby, dy'd a-top, was stunted ;
So the next parson stubb'd and burnt it.

A
DESCRIPTION
OF A
CITY SHOWER.

In Imitation of Virgil's Georgicks.

CAREFUL observers may foretel the hour
(By sure prognosticks) when to dread a show'r.
While rain depends, the pensive cat gives o'er
Her frolicks, and pursues her tail no more.
Returning home at night, you'll find the sink
Strike your offended sense with double stink.
If you be wise, then go not far to dine;
You'll spend in coach-hire more than save in wine.
A coming show'r your shooting corns presage,
Old aches throb, your hollow tooth will rage:
Saunt'ring in coffee-house is *Dulman* seen;
He damns the climate, and complains of *spleen*.

Mean while the South, rising with dabbled wings,
A sable cloud athwart the welkin flings,
That swill'd more liquor than it could contain,
And, like a drunkard, gives it up again.
Brisk *Susan* whips her linnen from the rope,
While the first drizzling show'r is borne aslope:
Such is that sprinkling, which some careless quean
Flirts on you from her mop, but not so clean:
You fly, invoke the Gods; then turning, stop
To rail; she singing, still whirls on her mop.

Not

Not yet the dust had shunn'd th' unequal strife,
 But, aided by the wind, fought still for life,
 And waisted with its foe by vi'lent gust,
 * 'Twas doubtful which was rain, and which was dust.
 Ah! where must needy poet seek for aid,
 When dust and rain at once his coat invade?
 Sole coat, where dust cemented by the rain
 Erects the nap, and leaves a cloudy stain.
 Now in contiguous drops the flood comes down,
 Threat'ning with deluge this devoted town.
 To shops in crowds the daggled females fly,
 Pretend to cheapen goods, but nothing buy.
 The templar spruce, while ev'ry spout's abroach,
 Stays till 'tis fair, yet seems to call a coach.
 The tuck'd-up semstrefs walks with hasty strides,
 While streams run down her oil'd umbrella's sides.
 Here various kinds, by various fortunes led,
 Commence acquaintance underneath a shed.
 † Triumphant *tories*, and desponding *whigs* ‡,
 Forget their feuds, and join to save their wigs.
 Box'd in a chair the beau impatient sits,
 While spouts run clatt'ring o'er the roof by fits;
 And ever and anon with frightful din
 The leather sounds; he trembles from within.
 So when *Troy* chairmen bore the wooden steed,
 Pregnant with *Greeks* impatient to be freed,

* 'Twas doubtful which was sea and which was sky. *Garth's Disp.*

† This was written in the first year of the earl of *Oxford's* ministry.

‡ As *whig* and *wig* only differ by an aspiration which is scarce to be distinguished, it may be thought an exception to the dean's remarkable exactness, that he has made them rhyme:

but the same thing was afterwards done by *mr. Pope*, either upon the dean's authority, or because he did not think it liable to objection:

“ A joke on *Jekyll* or some odd old *whig*,
 “ Who never chang'd his principles or *wig*.”

(Those

40 A DESCRIPTION OF A CITY SHOWER.

(Those bully *Greeks*, who, as the moderns do,
Instead of paying chairmen, run them through,)
Laocoon struck the outside with his spear,
And each imprison'd hero quak'd for fear.

Now from all parts the swelling kennels flow,
And bear their trophies with them as they go:
Filths of all hues and odours seem to tell
What street they sail'd from by their sight and smell.
They, as each torrent drives, with rapid force,
From *Smithfield* or *St. 'Pulchre's* shape their course,
And in huge confluence join'd at *Snowhill* ridge,
Fall from the *conduit* prone to *Holborn-bridge*.

* Sweepings from butchers stalls, dung, guts, and blood,
Drown'd puppies, stinking sprats, all drench'd in mud,
Dead cats, and turnip-tops, come tumbling down the flood. }

A

D E S C R I P T I O N

O F T H E

M O R N I N G.

NOW hardly here and there an hackney coach
Appearing shew'd the ruddy morn's approach.
Now *Betty* from her master's bed had flown,
And softly stole to discompose her own :

* These three last lines were intended to ridicule the practice of modern poets, who make three lines rhyme together, which they call *Triplets*, and the last line two or more syllables longer than the rest, which they call an *Alexandrine*: these Triplets and Alexandrines were

brought in by *Dryden* and other poets in the reign of *Charles II*: they were merely the effects of haste, idleness, and want of money; and have been wholly avoided by the best poets, since these verses were written.

The

The slipshod 'prentice from his master's door
 Had par'd the dirt, and sprinkled round the floor.
 Now *Moll* had whirl'd her mop with dextrous airs,
 Prepar'd to scrub the entry and the stairs.
 The youth * with broomy stumps began to trace
 The kennel's edge, where wheels had worn the place.
 The small-coal man was heard with cadence deep,
 Till drown'd in shriller notes of chimney-sweep :
 Duns at his lordship's gate began to meet
 And brick-dust *Moll* had scream'd through half the street.
 The turnkey now his flock returning fees,
 Duly let out a-nights to steal for fees:
 The watchful bailiffs take their silent stands,
 And school-boys lag with fatchels in their hands.

HORACE, EPIST. VII. BOOK I.

Imitated, and Addressed to

THE EARL † OF OXFORD,

In the Year 1713 ‡.

HARLEY, the nation's great support, I
 Returning home one day from court,
 (His mind with publick cares possess'd,
 All *Europe's* bus'ness in his breast)

1. *Strenuus et fortis, caussisque Philippus agendis
 Clarus, ab officiis octavam circiter horam
 Dum redit —*

* To find old nails.

† *Robert Harley, esq;* three times speaker of
 the house of commons, once in king *William's*
 reign, and twice in queen *Anne's*: created ba-
 ron *Harley of Wigmore*, earl of *Oxford* and earl
Mortimer, the 24th of *April* 1711, and lord

high treasurer of *England*, on the 29th of the
 said month.

‡ In this year the author was made dean of
St. Patrick's, Dublin. See an account of his
 first interview with mr. *Harley*, in his letter to
 dr. *King*, Oct. 10, 1710. Vol. VI.

Observ'd a *parson* near *Whitehall* 5
 Cheap'ning old authors on a stall.
 The priest was pretty well in case,
 And shew'd some humour in his face ;
 Look'd with an easy, careless mein,
 A perfect stranger to the spleen ; 10
 Of size that might a pulpit fill,
 But more inclining to sit still.
 My lord (who, if a man may say't,
 Loves mischief better than his meat)
 Was now dispos'd to crack a jest, 15
 And bid friend *Lewis* * go in quest,
 (This *Lewis* is a cunning shaver,
 And very much in *Harley's* favour)
 In quest, who might this *parson* be,
 What was his name, of what degree, 20
 If possible, to learn his story,
 And whether he were *whig* or *tory*.
Lewis his patron's humour knows,
 Away upon his errand goes,
 And quickly did the matter sift ; 25
 Found out that it was doctor *Swift* ;
 A clergyman of special note
 For shunning those of his own coat ;

5. ——— *Conspexit, ut aiunt,*

*Adrasum quendam vacuâ tonsoris in umbrâ
 Cultello proprios purgantem leniter unguis.*

15. *Demetri, (puer hic non læve jussa Philippi
 Accipiebat) abi, quære, et refer: Unde domo, quis,
 Cujus fortunæ, quo sit patre, quove patrono?*

23, 25. *It, redit, et narrat, Volteium nomine Mlenam.*

* *Erasmus Lewis, esq; private secretary to the earl of Oxford.*

Which

Which made his brethren of the gown
 Take care betimes to run him down : 30
 No libertine, nor over-nice,
 Addicted to no sort of vice,
 Went where he pleas'd, said what he thought,
 Not rich, but ow'd no man a groat :
 In state opinions *à la mode*, 35
 * He hated *Wharton* like a toad,
 Had giv'n the faction many a wound,
 And libell'd all the *junto* round ;
 Kept company with men of wit,
 Who often father'd what he writ : 40
 His works were hawk'd in every street,
 But seldom rose above a sheet :
 Of late indeed the paper *stamp*
 Did very much his genius cramp ;
 And, since he could not spend his fire, 45
 He now intended to retire.

Said *Harley*, I desire to know
 From his own mouth, if this be so ?
 Step to the doctor strait, and say,
 I'd have him dine with me to day. 50
Swift seem'd to wonder what he meant,
 Nor wou'd believe my lord had sent ;

31. ——— *Tenui censu, sine crimine notum,
 Et properare loco, et cessare, et quærere, et uti,
 Gaudentem* ———

47. *Scitari libet ex ipso quodcunque refers. Dic
 Ad cœnam veniat. Non sane credere Mœna ;
 Mirari secum tacitus.*

* Earl of *Wharton*, father to the duke of *Wharton* who died in *France*.

So never offer'd once to stir;
 But coldly said, *your servant, sir.*
 Does he refuse me? *Harley* cry'd: 55
 He does, with insolence and pride.
 Some few days after *Harley* spies
 The doctor fasten'd by the eyes
 At *Charing-cross* among the rout,
 Where painted monsters are hung out: 60
 He pull'd the string, and stopt his coach,
 Beck'ning the doctor to approach.

Swift, who cou'd neither fly nor hide,
 Came sneaking to the chariot side,
 And offer'd many a lame excuse: 65
 He never meant the least abuse ---
My lord----the honour you design'd----
Extremely proud----but I had din'd----
I'm sure I never shou'd neglect----
No man alive has more respect---- 70

“ Well, I shall think of that no more,
 “ If you'll be sure to come at *four*.”
 The doctor now obeys the summons,
 Likes both his company and commons;

Displays

54. *Benigne, Respondet.*55. *Negat ille mibi?*56. — *Negat improbus, et te
Negligit, aut horret.*57. — *Volteium mane Philippus**Vilia vendentem tunicato scruta popello**Occupat, et salvere jubet prior.*65. — *Ille Philippo**Excusare laborem? —*71. — *Sic ignovisse putato**Me tibi, si cœnas hodie mecum. Ut libet. Ergo**Post nonam venies —*74. *Ut ventum ad cœnam est, dicenda, tacenda locutus,
Tandem dormitum dimittitur. Hic ubi sæpe*

Occul-

Displays his talent, fits till ten ; 75
 Next day invited comes again ;
 Soon grows domestick ; seldom fails
 Either at morning, or at meals ;
 Came early, and departed late :
 In short, the gudgeon took the bait. 80
 My lord would carry on the jest,
 And down to *Windsor* takes his guest.
Swift much admires the place and air,
 And longs to be a *canon* there ;
 In summer round the park to ride, 85
 In winter, never to reside.
 A *canon* ! that's a place too mean ;
 No, doctor, you shall be a *dean* ;
 Two dozen *canons* round your stall,
 And you the tyrant o'er them all : 90
 You need but cross the *Irish seas*
 To live in plenty, pow'r, and ease.
 Poor *Swift* departs ; and, what is worse,
 With borrow'd money in his purse ;
 Travels at least an hundred leagues, 95
 And suffers numberless fatigues.
 Suppose him now a *dean* compleat,
 Devoutly lolling in his seat ;
 The silver virge, with decent pride,
 Stuck underneath his cushion side : 100

Occultum visus decurrere piscis ad hamum,
 Mane cliens, et jam certus conviva : —

81. — Jubetur

Rura suburbana indiētis comes ire Latinis.
 Impositus mannis, arvum cælumque Sabinum
 Non cessat laudare.

87. — Videt, ridetque Philippus :

Suppose

Suppose him gone through all vexations,
 Patents, instalments, abjurations,
 First-fruits and tenths and chapter-treats,
 Dues, payments, fees, demands, and --- cheats
 (The wicked laity's contriving 105
 To hinder clergymen from thriving)
 Now all the doctor's money's spent,
 His tenants wrong him in his rent;
 The farmers spitefully combin'd
 Force him to take his tythes in kind; 110
 And * *Parvisol* discounts arrears
 By bills for taxes and repairs †.

Poor *Swift*, with all his losses vex'd,
 Not knowing where to turn him next,
 Above a thousand pounds in debt, 115
 Takes horse, and in a mighty fret
 Rides day and night at such a rate,
 He soon arrives at *Harley's* gate;
 But was so dirty, pale, and thin,
 Old *Read* ‡ would hardly let him in. 120

Said *Harley*, welcome, rev'rend dean;
 What makes your worship look so lean?

107. — *Oves furto, morbo periere capellæ;
 Spem mentita seges, bos est enectus arando;*

115. *Offensus damnis, mediâ de nocte caballum
 Arripit, iratusque Philippi tendit ad ædes.*

121. *Quem simul aspexit scabrum intonsumque Philippus,
 Durus, ait, Voltei, nimis attentusque videris
 Esse mihi.*

* The dean's agent, a *Frenchman*.

† "Upon his arrival in *Ireland* to take possession of his deanery, the common people were taught to look upon him as a *Jacobite*, and proceeded so far as to throw stones and dirt at him, as he passed through the streets:

"the chapter of *St. Patrick's* thwarted him in every point he proposed, he was avoided as a pestilence, he was opposed as an invader." *Orrery*.

‡ The lord treasurer's porter.

What

Why, fure you won't appear in town
 In that old wig and rusty gown?
 I doubt your heart is fet on pelf 125
 So much, that you neglect yourself.
 What! I suppose now stocks are high,
 You've some good purchase in your eye;
 Or is your money out at use?-----
 Truce, good my lord, I beg a truce, 130
 (The doctor in a passion cry'd,)
 Your raillery is misapply'd;
 Experience I have dearly bought;
 You know I am not worth a groat:
 But 'tis a folly to contest 135
 When you resolve to have your jest;
 Then, since you now have done your worst,
 Pray leave me where you found me first *.

136. *Quod te per genium, dextramque, deosque penates
 Obsecro, et obtestor, vitæ me redde priori.*

HORACE, LIB. II. SAT. VI.

Part of it imitated †.

I OFTEN wish'd, that I had clear
 For life six hundred pounds a year,
 A handsome house to lodge a friend,
 A river at my garden's end,

1. *Hoc erat in votis: modus agri non ita magnus,
 Hortus ubi, et tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons,
 Et paulum silvæ super his foret.*

* In *England*, where he seems by this poem to solicit a settlement in the manner peculiar to himself.

† This poem was written about the same time with the preceding, and apparently with the same view.

A terras

A terras walk, and half a rood 5
Of land fet out to plant a wood.

Well, now I have all this, and more,
I ask not to increase my store,
But shou'd be perfectly content,
Cou'd I but live on this side *Trent*, 10
Nor cross the *channel* twice a year
To spend six months with *statesmen* here.

I must by all means come to town,
'Tis for the service of the crown.
“ *Lewis*, the *dean* will be of use ; 15

“ Send for him up, take no excuse.”
The toil, the danger of the seas,
Great ministers ne'er think of these ;
Or, let it cost five hundred pound,
No matter where the money's found ; 20
It is but so much more in debt,
And that they ne'er consider'd yet.

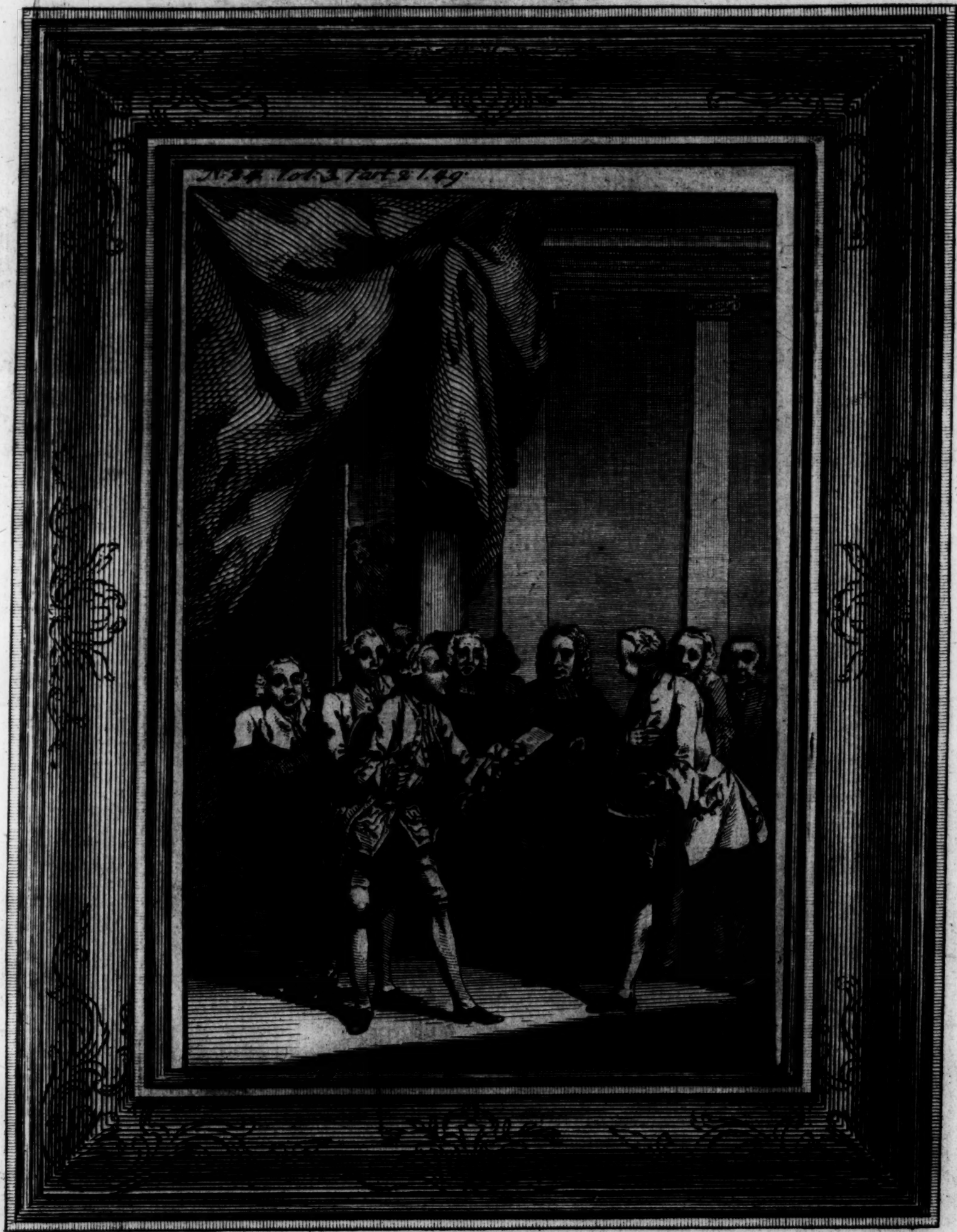
“ Good mr. *dean*, go change your gown,
“ Let my lord know you're come to town.”
I hurry me in haste away, 25
Not thinking it is levee-day ;
And find his honour in a pound,
Hemm'd by a triple circle round
Chequer'd with ribbons blue and green ;
How should I thrust myself between ? 30
Some wag observes me thus perplex't,
And smiling whispers to the next,

7. — *Auētius atque
Dii melius fecere.* —

17. *Sive Aquilo radit terras, seu bruma nivalem
Interiore diem gyro trahit, ire necesse est.*

“ I thought





" I thought the *dean* had been too proud
 " To juggle here among a croud."
 Another in a furly fit 35
 Tells me, I have more zeal than wit;
 " So eager to express your love,
 " You ne'er consider whom you shove,
 " But rudely press before a duke."
 I own, I'm pleas'd with this rebuke, 40
 And take it kindly meant to show
 What I desire the world should know.
 I get a whisper, and withdraw,
 When twenty fools I never saw
 Come with petitions fairly penn'd, 45
 Desiring I wou'd stand their friend.
 This humbly offers me his case ---
 That begs my int'rest for a place ---
 An hundred other men's affairs
 Like bees are humming in my ears. 50
 " To-morrow my appeal comes on,
 " Without your help the cause is gone" ---
 The duke expects my lord and you
 About some great affair at two ---
 " Put my lord *Bolingbroke* in mind 55
 " To get my warrant quickly sign'd :
 " Consider, 'tis my first request." ---
 Be satisfy'd, I'll do my best : ---
 Then presently he falls to teize,

35. *Quid vis, insane, et quas res agis? improbus urget,
 Iratis precibus, tu pulses omne quod obstat,
 Ad Mæcenatem memori si mente recurras.
 Hoc juvat, et melli est, non mentiar. ---*

44. --- *Aliena negotia centum
 Per caput et circa saliunt latus.*

H

" You

50 HORACE, LIB. II. SAT. VI. IMITATED.

" You may for certain, if you please; 60

" I doubt not, if his lordship knew ---

" And, mr. *dean*, one word from you" ---

'Tis (let me see) three years and more
(*October* next it will be four)

Since *Harley* bid me first attend, 65

And chose me for an humble friend ;

Wou'd take me in his coach to chat,

And question me of this and that ;

As, " What's o'clock?" and, " how's the wind?"

" Whose chariot's that we left behind?" 70

Or gravely try to read the lines

Writ underneath the country *signs* ;

Or, " have you nothing new to-day

" From *Pope*, from *Parnel*, or from *Gay*?"

Such tattle often entertains 75

My lord and me as far as *Stains*,

As once a week we travel down

To *Windsor*, and again to town,

Where all that passes *inter nos*

Might be proclaim'd at *Charing-cross*. 80

Yet some I know with envy swell,

Because they see me us'd so well :

" How think you of our friend the *dean*?"

" I wonder what some people mean ;

60. — Si vis, potes, addit et instat.

63. *Septimus octavo propior jam fugerit annus,
Ex quo Mecænas me cæpit habere suorum
In numero; duntaxat ad hoc, quem tollere rhedâ
Vellet iter faciens, et cui concedere nugas.*

81. — Subjectior in diem et horam
Invidiæ.

" My

HORACE, LIB. II. SAT. VI. IMITATED. 51

" My lord and he are grown so great, 85

" Always together, *tête à tête* ---

" What, they admire him for his jokes ---

" See but the fortune of some folks!"

There flies about a strange report

Of some express arriv'd at court, 90

I'm stopp'd by all the fools I meet,

And catechis'd in ev'ry street.

" You, mr. *dean*, frequent the great;

" Inform us, will the *emp'ror* treat?

" Or, do the prints and papers lye?" 95

Faith, sir, you know as much as I.

" Ah! doctor, how you love to jest!

" 'Tis now no secret"---I protest

'Tis one to me.---" Then tell us, pray,

" When are the troops to have their pay?" 100

And though I solemnly declare

I know no more than my *lord-mayor*,

They stand amaz'd, and think me grown

The closest mortal ever known.

Thus in a sea of folly tofs'd 105

My choicest hours of life are lost;

Yet always wishing to retreat,

Oh, could I see my country-seat!

There leaning near a gentle brook,

Sleep, or peruse some ancient book! 110

And there in sweet oblivion drown

Those cares that haunt the court and town!

89. *Frigidus à rostris manat per compita rumor;
Quicumque obvius est, me consulit.*

101. *Jurantem me scire nihil, mirantur, ut unum
Scilicet egregii mortalem altique silenti.*

108. *O rus, quando ego te aspiciam, quandoque licebit
Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno, et inertibus horis
Ducere sollicitæ jucunda oblivio vitæ?*

* THE
H A P P Y L I F E
O F A
C O U N T R Y P A R S O N .

In Imitation of MARTIAL.

PARSON, these things in thy possessing
Are better than the bishop's blessing.
A *wife* that makes conserves; a *steed*
That carries double when there's need;
October store, and best *Virginia*,
Tytche-pig, and mortuary *guinea*;
Gazettes sent *gratis* down, and frank'd,
For which thy patron's weekly thank'd;
A large concordance, bound long since;
Sermons to *Charles* the first, when prince;
A chronicle of ancient standing;
A *Chrysostom* to smoothe thy band in;
The *Polyglott*, --- *three parts*, --- my *text*, ---
Howbeit, --- *likewise* --- *now to my next*, ---
Lo here the *Septuagint*, --- and *Paul*, ---
To *sum the whole*, --- the *close of all*.

He that has these, may pass his life,
Drink with the 'squire, and kiss his wife;
On *Sundays* preach, and eat his fill;
And fast on *Fridays* --- if he will;
Toast church and queen, explain the news,
Talk with church-wardens about pews,
Pray heartily for some new gift,
And shake his head at doctor *Swift*.

* A

* A

TALE OF CHAUCER.

Lately found in an Old Manuscript.

WOMEN, though nat fans leacherie,
Ne swinken but with secrecie :
This in our tale is plain y-fond,
Of clerk that wonneth in *Ireland* ;
Which to the fennes hath him betake
To filch the gray ducke fro the lake.
Right then there passen by the way
His aunt, and eke her daughters tway :
Ducke in his trowzes hath he hent,
Not to be spied of ladies gent.
“ But ho ! our nephew, (crieth one,)
“ Ho ! quoth another, couzen *John* ;”
And stoppen, and lough, and callen out,---
This fely clerk full low doth lout.
They asken that, and talken this,
“ Lo here is *cox*, and here is *miss*.”
But, as he gloz’d with speeches foote,
The ducke fore tickleth his erse roote :
Fore-piece and buttons all to-brest,
Forth thrust a white neck and red crest.
Te-be, cry’d ladies ; clerke nought spake ;
Miss star’d ; and gray ducke crieth *quaake*.
“ O moder, moder, (quoth the daughter)
“ Be thilke same thing maids longen a’ter ?
“ Bette is to pyne on coals and chalke,
“ Then trust on mon, whose yerde can *talke*.”

* THE

* THE ALLEY.

In Imitation of SPENCER.

I.

IN ev'ry town where *Thamis* rolls his tide
A narrow pass there is, with houses low;
Where ever and anon the stream is ey'd,
And many a boat soft sliding to and fro:
There oft' are heard the notes of infant woe,
The short thick sob, loud scream, and shriller squall:
How can ye, mothers, vex your children so?
Some play, some eat, some cack against the wall,
And, as they crouchen low, for bread and butter call.

II.

And on the broken pavement here and there
Doth many a stinking sprat and herring lie;
A brandy and tobacco-shop is near,
And hens, and dogs, and hogs, are feeding by;
And here a sailor's jacket hangs to dry;
At ev'ry door are sun-burnt matrons seen,
Mending old nets to catch the scaly fry;
Now singing shrill, and scolding oft between;
Scolds answer foul-mouth'd scolds; bad neighbourhood, I ween.

III.

The snappish cur (the passengers annoy)
Close at my heel with yelping treble flies;
The whimp'ring girl and hoarser-screaming boy
Join to the yelping treble shrilling cries;
The scolding quean to louder notes doth rise,

And

And her full pipes those shrilling cries confound;
 To her full pipes the grunting hog replies;
 The grunting hogs alarm the neighbours round,
 And curs, girls, boys, and scolds, in the deep base are drown'd.

IV.

Hard by a sty, beneath a roof of thatch,
 Dwelt *Obloquy*, who in her early days
 Baskets of fish at *Billingsgate* did watch,
 Cod, whiting, oyster, mackrel, sprat, or plaice:
 There learn'd she speech from tongues that never cease.
Slander beside her, like a magpye chatters,
 With *Envy* (spitting cat) dreadfoe to peace;
 Like a curs'd cur, *Malice* before her clatters,
 And, vexing ev'ry wight, tears cloaths and all to tatters.

V.

Her dugs were mark'd by ev'ry collier's hand,
 Her mouth was black as bull-dogs at the stall:
 She scratched, bit, and spar'd ne lace ne band;
 And bitch and rogue her answer was to all;
 Nay, e'en the parts of shame by name wou'd call.
 Whene'er she pass'd by a lane or nook,
 Wou'd greet the man who turn'd him to the wall,
 And by his hand obscene the porter took,
 Nor ever did askance like modest virgin look.

VI.

Such place hath *Deptford*, navy-building town;
Woolwich and *Wapping*, smelling strong of pitch:
 Such *Lambeth*, envy of each band and gown;
 And *Twick'nam* such, which fairer scenes enrich,
 Grots, statues, urns, and *Jo--n's dog* and *bitch*:

Ne

Ne village is without, on either side,
 All up the silver *Thames*, or all a-down;
 Ne *Richmond*'s self, from whose tall front are ey'd
 Vales, spires, meandring streams, and *Windsor*'s tow'ry pride.

* THE CAPON'S TALE,

To a Lady who father'd her Lampoons upon her Acquaintance.

IN *Yorkshire* dwelt a sober yeoman,
 Whose wife, a clean, pains-taking woman,
 Fed num'rous poultry in her pens,
 And saw her cocks well serve her hens.
 A hen she had, whose tuneful clocks
 Drew after her a train of cocks;
 With eyes so piercing, yet so pleasant,
 You wou'd have sworn this hen a pheasant.
 All the plum'd *beau-monde* round her gathers;
 Lord! what a brustling up of feathers!
 Morning from noon there was no knowing,
 There was such flutt'ring, chuckling, crowing:
 Each forward bird must thrust his head in,
 And not a cock but wou'd be treading.
 Yet tender was this hen so fair,
 And hatch'd more chicks than she could rear.
 Our prudent dame bethought her then
 Of some dry-nurse to save her hen:
 She made a capon drunk; in fine
 He eat the sopps, she sipp'd the wine;
 His rump well pluck'd with nettles stings,
 And claps the brood beneath his wings.

The

The feather'd dupe awakes content,
O'erjoy'd to see what God had sent;
'Thinks he's the hen, clocks, keeps a pother,
A foolish foster-father-mother.

Such, lady *Mary*, are your tricks;
But since you hatch, pray own your chicks;
You shou'd be better skill'd in nocks,
Nor like your capons serve your cocks.

V E R S E S

Written on a Lady's Ivory Table-Book.

PERUSE my leaves through ev'ry part,
And think thou see'st my owner's heart,
Scrawl'd o'er with trifles thus, and quite
As hard, as senseless, and as light;
Expos'd to ev'ry coxcomb's eyes,
But hid with caution from the wife.
Here you may read, *dear charming saint*;
Beneath, *a new receipt for paint*;
Here in beau-spelling, *tru tel deth*;
There in her own, *far an el breth*;
Here, *lovely nymph*, pronounce my doom:
There, *a safe way to use perfume*;
Here a page fill'd with billet-doux;
On t'other side, *laid out for shoes*;
Madam, I die without your grace;
Item, *for half a yard of lace*.

I

Who

VERSES ON A LADY'S TABLE-BOOK.

Who that had wit wou'd place it here
 For ev'ry peeping fop to jeer?
 In pow'r of spittle, and a clout,
 Whene'er he please, to blot it out;
 And then, to heighten the disgrace,
 Clap his own nonsense in the place.
 Whoe'er expects to hold his part
 In such a book, and such a heart,
 If he be wealthy, and a fool,
 Is in all points the fittest tool;
 Of whom it may be justly said,
 He's a gold pencil tipp'd with lead.

MRS. HARRIS'S PETITION.

Written in the Year 1701.

To their Excellencies the Lords Justices of Ireland *.

*The humble petition of Frances Harris,
 Who must starve, and die a maid, if it miscarries,*

Humbly sheweth,

That I went to warm myself in lady Betty's † chamber, because I was cold,
 And I had in a purse seven pound, four shillings, and six pence, besides farthings, in money and gold:
 So, because I had been buying things for my lady last night,
 I was resolv'd to tell my money, to see if it was right.

* Earl of Berkeley, and earl of Galway.

† Lady Betty Berkeley.

Now

Now you must know, because my trunk has a very bad lock,
Therefore all the money I have, which, God knows, is a very
small stock,
I keep in my pocket, ty'd about my middle, next to my
smock.

So, when I went to put up my purse, as God would have it,
my smock was unript,

And, instead of putting it into my pocket, down it flipt :

Then the bell rung, and I went down to put my *lady* to bed ;

And, God knows, I thought my money was as safe as my
maidenhead.

So, when I came up again, I found my pocket feel very light :

But when I search'd, and mis'd my purse, *Lord!* I thought I
shou'd have funk outright.

Lord! madam, says *Mary*, how d'ye do? indeed, says I, never
worse :

But pray, *Mary*, can you tell what I have done with my
purse?

Lord help me! said *Mary*, I never stirr'd out of this place :

Nay, said I, I had it in lady *Betty's* chamber, that's a plain
case.

So *Mary* got me to bed, and cover'd me up warm :

However, she stole away my garters, that I might do myself no
harm.

So I tumbled and tofs'd all night, as you may very well think,

But hardly ever set my eyes together, or slept a wink.

So I was a-dream'd, methought, that we went and search'd the
folks round,

And in a corner of mrs. *Dukes's* box ty'd in a rag the money
was found.

So next morning we told *Whittle* *, and he fell a fwearing :
Then my dame *Wadgar* † came; and she, you know, is thick
of hearing :

Dame, said I, as loud as I could bawl, do you know what a
lofs I have had ?

Nay, said she, my lord ‡ *Colway*'s folks are all very sad ;
For my lord § *Dromedary* comes a *Tuesday* without fail.

Pugh ! said I, but that's not the bus'ness that I ail.

Says *Cary* **, says he, I have been a servant this five and twenty
years, come spring,

And in all the places I liv'd I never heard of such a thing.

Yes, says the *steward*, I remember, when I was at my lady
Shrewsbury's,

Such a thing as this happen'd just about the time of *goos-*
berries.

So I went to the party suspected, and I found her full of
grief,

(Now you must know, of all things in the world, I hate a
thief)

However, I was resolv'd to bring the discourse silyly about :

Mrs. *Dukes* ††, said I, here's an ugly accident has happen'd
out :

'Tis not that I value the money three skips of a louse †† ;
But the thing I stand upon is the credit of the house.

'Tis true, seven pounds, four shillings, and six pence, makes a
great hole in my wages :

Besides, as they say, service is no inheritance in these ages.

* Earl of *Berkeley*'s valet.

† The old deaf house-keeper.

‡ *Galway*.

§ *Drogheda*, who with the primate was to
succeed the two earls.

** Clerk of the kitchen.

†† A servant, wife to one of the footmen.

‡‡ An usual saying of hers.

Now,

Now, mrs. *Dukes*, you know, and every body understands,
That though 'tis hard to judge, yet money can't go without
hands.

The *devil* take me, said she, (blessing herself) if ever I saw't!
So she roar'd like a *Bedlam*, as though I had call'd her all to
naught.

So you know, what cou'd I say to her any more?

I e'en left her, and came away as wife as I was before.

Well; but then they would have had me gone to the cunning
man:

No, said I, 'tis the same thing, the *chaplain* will be here anon.

So the *chaplain* * came in. Now the servants say he is my
sweetheart,

Because he's always in my chamber, and I always take his part.

So, as the *devil* would have it, before I was aware, out I
blunder'd,

Parson, said I, can you cast a *nativity*, when a body's plun-
der'd?

(Now you must know, he hates to be call'd *parson* like the
devil)

Truly, says he, mrs. *Nab*, it might become you to be more
civil:

If your money be gone, as a learned *divine* says, d'ye see,

You are no *text* for my handling; so take that from me:

I was never taken for a *conjurer* before, I'd have you to know.

Lord! said I, don't be angry, I am sure I never thought you so;

You know, I honour the cloth; I design to be a *parson's* wife;

I never took one in your *coat* for a *conjurer* in all my life.

With that, he twisted his girdle at me like a rope, as who should
say,

Now you may go hang yourself for me, and so went away.

* The author.

Well: I thought I should have swoon'd; *Lord!* said I, what shall I do?

I have lost my *money*, and shall lose my *true love* too.

Then my *lord* call'd me: *Harry* *, said my *lord*, don't cry, I'll give you something towards thy loss; and says my *lady*, so will I.

Oh! but, said I, what if after all my chaplain won't *come to*?

For that, he said, (an't please your *excellencies*,) I must petition you.

The premises tenderly consider'd, I desire your *excellencies* protection,

And that I may have a share in next *Sunday's* collection;

And, over and above, that I may have your *excellencies* letter,

With an order for the *chaplain* aforesaid, or, instead of him, a better:

And then your poor *petitioner* both night and day,

Or the *chaplain*, (for 'tis his *trade*) as in duty bound, shall ever pray.

* A cant word of my lord and lady to mrs. *Harris*.

Lady

*Lady Betty Berkeley, finding in the author's room some verses * unfinished, underwrit a stanza of her own with raillery upon him, which gave occasion to this Ballad, written by the author in a counterfeit hand, as if a third person had done it.*

Written in the Year 1699.

To the Tune of The Cutpurse.

I.

ONCE on a time, as old stories rehearse,
A friar would needs shew his talent in *Latin*;
But was sorely put to't in the midst of a verse,
Because he could find no word to come pat in:
Then all in the place
He left a void space,
And so went to bed in a desperate case:
When behold the next morning a wonderful riddle!
He found it was strangely fill'd up in the middle.

Chorus. *Let censuring criticks then think what they list on't ;
Who wou'd not write verses with such an assistant ?*

II.

This put me the friar into an amazement :
For he wisely consider'd it must be a sprite,
That came through the key-hole, or in at the casement ;
And it needs must be one that could both read and write:
Yet he did not know
If it were friend or foe,
Or whether it came from above or below :
Howe'er, it was civil in angel or elf,
For he ne'er could have fill'd it so well of himself.

Cho. *Let censuring, etc.*

* These verses are called *A ballad on the game of traffic*, and may be found among the posthumous poetry. Vol. IV.

Even

64 BALLAD TO LADY BETTY BERKELEY.

III.

Even so master doctor had puzzled his brains
In making a ballad, but was at a stand :
He had mix'd little wit with a great deal of pains ;
When he found a new help from invifible hand.
Then good doctor *Swift*,
Pay thanks for the gift,
For you freely muft own you were at a dead lift :
And, though some malicious young fpirit did do't,
You may know by the hand it had no cloven foot.
Cho. *Let cenfuring, etc.*

VANBRUGH's HOUSE,

Built from the ruins of Whitehall that was burnt.

IN times of *old*, when time was *young*,
And poets their own verfes fung,
A verfe could draw a ftone or beam,
That now would over-load a team ;
Lead them a dance of many a mile,
Then rear them to a goodly pile.
Each number had its diff'rent pow'r :
Heroick ftains could build a tow'r ;
Sonnets, or elegies to *Chloris*,
Might raife a houfe about two ftories ;
A lyrick ode wou'd flate ; a catch
Wou'd tile ; an epigram wou'd thatch.
But, to their own, or landlord's coft,
Now poets feel this art is loft.

Not

Not one of all our tuneful throng
 Can raise a lodging *for a song* :
 For *Jove* consider'd well the case,
 Observ'd they grew a num'rous race ;
 And shou'd they *build* as fast as *write*,
 'Twould ruin undertakers quite.
 This evil therefore to prevent,
 He wisely chang'd their element :
 On earth the God of wealth was made
 Sole patron of the building trade ;
 Leaving the wits the spacious air,
 With licence to *build castles* there :
 And 'tis conceiv'd, their old pretence
 To lodge in garrets comes from thence.

Premising thus, in modern way,
 The better half we have to say,
 Sing, muse, the house of poet *Van*
 In higher strains than we began.

Van (for 'tis fit the reader know it,)
 Is both a herald and a poet ;
 No wonder then if nicely skill'd
 In both capacities to build.
 As herald, he can in a day
 Repair a *house* * gone to decay ;
 Or by *atchievement, arms, device*,
 Erect a new one in a trice :
 And as a poet, he has skill
 To build in speculation still.
 Great *Jove* ! he cry'd, the art restore
 To build by verse as heretofore,

* House, Family.

I

K

And

And make my muse the architect ;
 What palaces shall we erect !
 No longer shall forsaken *Thames*
 Lament his old *Whitehall* in flames ;
 A pile shall from its ashes rise,
 Fit to invade or prop the skies.

Jove smil'd, and like a gentle God,
 Consenting with the usual nod,
 Told *Van*, he knew his talent best,
 And left the choice to his own breast.
 So *Van* resolv'd to write a farce ;
 But, well perceiving wit was scarce,
 With cunning that defect supplies ;
 Takes a *French* play as lawful prize ;
 Steals thence his plot and ev'ry joke,
 Not once suspecting *Jove* wou'd smoke ;
 And (like a wag) sat down to write,
 Wou'd whisper to himself, a *bite*.
 Then from the motly, mingled style
 Proceeded to erect his pile.
 So men of old, to gain renown, did
 Build *Babel* with their tongues confounded.
Jove saw the cheat, but thought it best
 To turn the matter to a jest :
 Down from *Olympus'* top he slides,
 Laughing as if he'd burst his sides :
 Ay, thought the God, are these your tricks ?
 Why then *old plays* deserve *old bricks* ;
 And, since you're sparing of your stuff,
 Your building shall be small enough.
 He spake, and grudging lent his aid,
 Th' experienc'd bricks that knew their trade,

(As

(As being bricks at second hand,)
Now move, and now in order stand.

The building, as the poet writ,
Rose in proportion to his wit :
And first the prologue built a wall
So wide as to encompass all.
The scene a wood, produc'd no more
Than a few scrubby trees before.

The plot as yet lay deep ; and so
A cellar next was dug below :
But this a work so hard was found,
Two acts it cost him under ground.
Two other acts we may presume
Were spent in building each a room ;
Thus far advanc'd, he made a shift
To raise a roof with act the fifth.
The epilogue behind did frame
A place not decent here to name.

Now poets from all quarters ran
To see the house of brother *Van*,
Look'd high and low, walk'd often round ;
But no such house was to be found :
One asks the watermen hard by,
Where may the poet's palace lie ?
Another of the *Thames* enquires,
If he has seen its gilded spires ?
At length they in the rubbish spy
A thing resembling a goose-pye.
Thither in haste the poets throng,
And gaze in silent wonder long,
'Till one in raptures thus began
To praise the pile and builder *Van*.

Thrice happy poet! who may'st trail
 Thy house about thee like a snail;
 Or, harness'd to a nag, at ease
 Take journies in it like a chaise;
 Or in a boat, whene'er thou wilt,
 Can'st make it serve thee for a tilt.
 Capacious house! 'tis own'd by all,
 Thou'rt well contriv'd, though thou art small:
 For ev'ry wit in *Britain's* isle
 May lodge within thy spacious pile.
 Like *Bacchus* thou, as poets feign,
 Thy mother burnt, art born again,
 Born like a *Phoenix* from the flame;
 But neither *bulk* nor *shape* the same:
 As animals of largest size
 Corrupt to maggots, worms, and flies;
 A type of *modern* wit and style,
 The rubbish of an ancient pile:
 So *chymists* boast they have a pow'r
 From the dead ashes of a flow'r
 Some faint resemblance to produce,
 But not the virtue, taste, or juice:
 So modern rhymers wisely blast
 The poetry of ages past;
 Which after they have overthrown,
 They from its ruins build their own.

T H E

THE HISTORY OF VANBRUGH'S HOUSE.

WHEN mother *Clud* had rose from play,
And call'd to take the cards away,
Van saw, but seem'd not to regard,
How *miss* pick'd ev'ry painted card,
And, busy both with hand and eye,
Soon rear'd a house two stories high.
Van's genius, without thought or lecture,
Is hugely turn'd to *architecture* :
He view'd the edifice, and smil'd,
Vow'd it was pretty for a child :
It was so perfect in its kind,
He kept the *model* in his mind.

But, when he found the boys at play,
And saw them dabling in their clay,
He stood behind a stall to lurk,
And mark the progress of their work ;
With true delight observ'd them all
Raking up *mud* to build a wall.
The plan he much admir'd, and took
The *model* in his table-book ;
Thought himself now exactly skill'd,
And so resolv'd a *house* to build ;
A *real house*, and *rooms*, and *stairs*,
Five times at least as big as theirs ;
Taller than *miss's* by two yards ;
Not a sham thing of clay or cards :
And so he did ; for in a while
He built up such a monstrous pile,
That no two chairmen could be found
Able to lift it from the ground.

Still

Still at *Whitehall* it stands in view,
 Just in the place where first it grew :
 There all the little school-boys run,
 Envyng to see themselves out done.

From such deep rudiments as these,
Van is become by due degrees
 For building fam'd, and justly reckon'd
 At court *Vitruvius* the second :
 No wonder, since wise authors show
 That best foundations must be low :
 And now the duke * has wisely ta'en him
 To be his architect at *Blenheim*.

But, raillery for once a-part,
 If this rule holds in ev'ry art ;
 Or if his grace were no more skill'd in
 The art of batt'ring walls than building,
 We might expect to see next year
 A mouse-trap man chief engineer.

* The duke of *Marlborough*.

T H E

THE
VIRTUES OF SID HAMET

THE
MAGICIAN'S ROD*.

Written in 1712.

THE *rod* was but a harmless wand,
While *Moses* held it in his hand ;
But, soon as e'er he *laid it down*,
'Twas a devouring serpent grown.

Our great magician, *Hamet Sid*,
Reverses what the prophet did :
His *rod* was honest *English* wood,
That senseless in a corner stood,
Till, metamorphos'd by his grasp,
It grew an all-devouring asp ;
Wou'd hiss, and sting, and roll, and twist,
By the mere virtue of his fist ;
But, when he *laid it down*, as quick
Resum'd the figure of a stick.

So to her midnight feast the hag
Rides on a broomstick for a nag,
That, rais'd by magick of her breech,
O'er sea and land conveys the witch ;
But with the morning dawn resumes
The peaceful state of common brooms.

They tell us something strange and odd
About a certain *magick rod*,

* The staff of lord treasurer *Godolphin*, which, on the 29th of *May* 1711, was given to
Robert Harley, earl of *Oxford*.

That

That, bending down its top, divines
 Whene'er the soil has golden mines * ;
 Where there are none, it stands erect,
 Scorning to shew the least respect :
 As ready was the wand of Sid
 To bend where golden mines were hid ;
 In *Scotish* hills found precious ore †,
 Where none e'er look'd for it before ;
 And by a gentle bow divin'd
 How well a cully's purse was lin'd ;
 To a forlorn and broken rake
 Stood without motion, like a stake.

The rod of *Hermes* was renown'd
 For charms above and under ground ;
 To sleep could mortal eye-lids fix,
 And drive departed souls to *Styx*.
 That rod was just a type of Sid's,
 Which o'er a *British* senate's lids
 Could scatter *opium* full as well,
 And drive as many souls to hell.

Sid's rod was slender, white, and tall,
 Which oft he us'd to fish withal ;
 A plaise was fasten'd to the hook,
 And many score of gudgeons took :
 Yet still so happy was his fate,
 He caught his fish, and sav'd his bait.

Sid's brethren of the conj'ring tribe
 A circle with their rod describe,

* The *virgula divina*, or *divining-rod*, is described to be a forked branch of a hazel or willow, two feet and an half long: it is to be held in the palms of the hands with the single end elevated about eighty degrees; and in this

position is said to be attracted by minerals and springs, so as by a forcible inclination to direct where they are to be found.

† Supposed to allude to the union of the two kingdoms.

Which

Which proves a magical redoubt
 To keep *mischievous spirits* out.
Sid's rod was of a larger stride,
 And made a circle thrice as wide,
 Where *spirits* throng'd with hideous din,
 And he stood there to *take them in* :
 But, when th' enchanted *rod* was broke,
 They vanish'd in a stinking smoke.

Achilles' scepter was of wood,
 Like *Sid's*, but nothing near so good ;
 That down from ancestors divine
 Transmitted to the hero's line,
 Thence, through a long descent of kings,
 Came an heir-loom, as *Homer* sings.
 Though this description looks so big,
 That *sceptre* was a sapless twig,
 Which from the fatal day, when first
 It left the forest where 'twas nurs'd,
 As *Homer* tells us o'er and o'er,
 Nor leaf, nor fruit, nor blossom bore.
Sid's sceptre, full of juice, did shoot
 In golden boughs, and golden fruit ;
 And he, the *dragon*, never sleeping,
 Guarded each fair *Hesperian* pippin.
 No *hobby-horse*, with gorgeous top,
 The dearest in *Charles Mather's* shop *,
 Or glitt'ring tinsel of *May-fair*,
 Could with this rod of *Sid* compare.

Dear *Sid*, then why wer't thou so mad
 To break thy *rod* like naughty lad ?

* An eminent toyman in *Fleet-street*.

SID HAMET.

You shou'd have kifs'd it in your distrefs,
 And then return'd it to *your mistress* ;
 Or made it a *Newmarket* fwitch,
 And not a *rod* for thy own breech.
 But, since old *Sid* has broken this,
 His next may be a *rod in pifs*.

A T L A S ;

OR, THE

MINISTER OF STATE.

TO THE

LORD TREASURER OXFORD.

A T L A S, we read in ancient fong,
 Was fo exceeding tall and ftrong,
 He bore the fkies upon his back,
 Juft as a pedlar does his pack :
 But, as a pedlar overprefs'd
 Unloads upon a ftall to reft,
 Or, when he can no longer ftand,
 Defires a friend to lend a hand ;
 So *Atlas*, left the pond'rous fpheres
 Shou'd fink, and fall about his ears,
 Got *Hercules* to bear the pile,
 That he might fit and reft a while.

Yet *Hercules* was not fo ftrong,
 Nor could have borne it half fo long.

Great ftatemen are in this condition ;
 And *Atlas* is a politician,

A premier

A *premier* minister of state ;
Alcides one of second rate.
 Suppose then *Atlas* ne'er so wise,
 Yet, when the weight of kingdoms lies
 Too long upon his single shoulders,
 Sink down he must, or find *upholders*.

THE
 DESCRIPTION
 OF A

SALAMANDER,

Out of Pliny's Natural History, Lib. 10. C. 67. and Lib. C. 4.

AS mastiff dogs in modern phrase are
 Call'd *Pompey*, *Scipio*, and *Cæsar* ;
 As *pyes* and *daws* are often stil'd
 With christian nick-names like a child ;
 As we say *monsieur* to an *ape*,
 Without offence to human shape ;
 So men have got from bird and brute
 Names that would best their natures suit.
 The *lion*, *eagle*, *fox*, and *boar*,
 Were heroes titles heretofore,
 Bestow'd as hi'roglyphicks fit
 To shew their valour, strength, or wit :
 For what is understood by *fame*,
 Besides the getting of a name ?

But, e'er since men invented guns,
 A diff'rent way their fancy runs :
 To paint a hero, we enquire
 For something that will conquer fire.
 Would you describe *Turenne* * or *Trump* † ?
 Think of a bucket or a pump.
 Are these too low ?--then find out grander,
 Call my lord *Cuts* a *salamander* ‡.
 'Tis well ;---but since we live among
 Detractors with an evil tongue,
 Who may object against the term,
Pliny shall prove what we affirm ;
Pliny shall prove, and we'll apply,
 And I'll be judg'd by standers-by.

First, then, our author has defin'd
 This reptile of the serpent kind,
 With gaudy coat, and shining train ;
 But loathsome spots his body stain :
 Out from some hole obscure he flies,
 When rains descend, and tempests rise,
 Till the sun clears the air ; and then
 Crawls back neglected to his den.

So, when the war has rais'd a storm,
 I've seen a *snake* in human form,
 All stain'd with infamy and vice,
 Leap from the dunghill in a trice,

* The famous *mareschal Turenne*, general of the *French* forces, said to have been the greatest commander of the age.

† *Van Trump*, admiral of the States General in their last war with *England*, eminent for his courage and his victories.

‡ Lord *Cuts*. *Salamander* was a name given him by his flatterers, upon his having survived

an engagement in which he stood an incessant fire for many hours. He is said frequently to have lamented himself in these terms, " G—d d—n my bl—d, I'm the most unlucky dog upon earth ; for I never engaged an enemy without being wounded, nor a whore without being p—x'd."

Burnish,

Burnish, and make a gaudy show,
 Become a gen'ral, peer, and beau,
 Till peace hath made the sky serene;
 Then shrink into its hole again.

*All this we grant---why then look yonder,
 Sure that must be a salamander!*

Farther, we are by *Pliny* told,
 This *serpent* is extremely cold;
 So cold, that, put it in the fire,
 'Twill make the very flames expire:
 Besides, it spews a filthy froth
 (Whether thro' rage, or love, or both,)
 Of matter purulent and white,
 Which happening on the skin to light,
 And there corrupting to a wound,
 Spreads leprosy and baldness round.

So have I seen a batter'd beau,
 By age and claps grown cold as snow,
 Whose breath or touch, where-e'er he came,
 Blew out love's torch, or chill'd the flame:
 And shou'd some nymph who ne'er was cruel,
 Like *Charleton* cheap, or fam'd *Du-Ruel*,
 Receive the filth which he ejects,
 She soon wou'd find the same effects
 Her tainted carcass to pursue,
 As from the *salamander's* spue;
 A dismal shedding of her locks,
 And, if no leprosy, a pox.

*Then I'll appeal to each by-stander,
 If this be not a Salamander?*

* T H E

THE
ELEPHANT;
OR,
THE PARLIAMENT-MAN:

Written many Years since.

Taken from *Coke's* Institutes.

E'RE bribes convince you whom to chuse,
The precepts of lord *Coke* peruse:
Observe an *elephant*, says he,
And let like him your member be:
First, take a man that's free from *gall*;
For elephants have none at all:
In *flocks* or *parties* he must keep;
For elephants live just like sheep:
Stubborn in honour he must be;
For elephants *ne'er bend the knee*:
Last, let his *memory* be sound,
In which your elephant's profound,
That *old examples* from the wise
May prompt him in his No's and I's.

Thus the lord *Coke* hath gravely writ,
In all the form of lawyers wit;
And then with *Latin*, and all that,
Shews the comparifon is pat.

Yet in some points my lord is wrong:
One's *teeth* are fold, and t'other's *tongue*:
Now men of parliament, God knows,
Are more like *elephants of shows*,

Whose

Whose docile memory and sense
 Are turn'd to trick, to gather pence.
 To get their master half a crown,
 They spread their flag, or lay it down :
 Those who bore bulwarks on their backs,
 And guarded nations from attacks,
 Now practise ev'ry pliant gesture,
 Op'ning their trunk for ev'ry tester.
Siam, for elephants so fam'd,
 Is not with *England* to be nam'd :
 Their elephants by men are sold ;
 Ours sell themselves, and take the gold.

A N
 E L E G Y

O N T H E

Supposed Death of PARTRIDGE, the Almanack-Maker *.

WELL; 'tis as *Bickerstaff* has guess'd,
 Though we all took it for a jest :
Partridge is dead; nay more, he dy'd,
 E're he could prove the good 'squire ly'd.
 Strange, an astrologer shou'd die
 Without one wonder in the sky !
 Not one of all his *crony* stars
 To pay their duty at his herse !
 No meteor, no eclipse appear'd !
 No comet with a flaming beard !

* See an account of his death, which *Partridge* averred to be false, and *Bickerstaff* defended as true. Vol. III.

The

AN ELEGY ON PARTRIDGE.

The sun has rose, and gone to bed,
 Just as if *Partridge* were not dead;
 Nor hid himself behind the moon
 To make a dreadful night at noon.
 He at fit periods walks through *Aries*,
 Howe'er our earthly motion varies;
 And twice a year he'll cut th' *equator*,
 As if there had been no such matter.

Some wits have wonder'd, what analogy
 There is 'twixt * *cobling* and *astrology*;
 How *Partridge* made his *opticks* rise
 From a *shoe-sole* to reach the skies.

A list the cobbler's temples ties,
 To keep the hair out of his eyes;
 From whence 'tis plain, the *diadem*
 That princes wear derives from them:
 And therefore *crowns* are now-a-days
 Adorn'd with *golden stars* and *rays*;
 Which plainly shews the near alliance
 'Twixt *cobling* and the *planets science*.

Besides, that slow-pac'd sign *Bootes*,
 As 'tis miscall'd, we know not who 'tis:
 But *Partridge* ended all disputes;
 He knew his trade, and call'd it † *boots*.

The *horned moon*, which heretofore
 Upon their shoes the *Romans* wore,
 Whose wideness kept their toes from corns,
 And whence we claim our *shoeing-horns*,
 Shews how the art of *cobling* bears
 A near resemblance to the *spheres*.

* *Partridge was a cobbler.*

† *See his almanack.*

AN ELEGY ON PARTRIDGE.

81

A scrap of *parchment* hung by *geometry*
(A great refinement in *barometry*)
Can, like the stars, foretel the weather;
And what is *parchment* else but *leather*?
Which an astrologer might use
Either for *almanacks* or *shoes*.

Thus *Partridge* by his wit and parts
At once did practise both these arts:
And as the boading owl (or rather
The bat, because her wings are *leather*)
Steals from her private cell by night,
And flies about by candle-light;
So learned *Partridge* could as well
Creep in the dark from *leathern* cell,
And in his fancy fly as far
To peep upon a twinkling star.

Besides, he could confound the *spheres*,
And set the *planets* by the ears;
To shew his skill, he *Mars* could join
To *Venus* in *aspect malign*;
Then call in *Mercury* for aid,
And cure the wounds that *Venus* made.

Great scholars have in *Lucian* read,
When *Philip* king of *Greece* was dead,
His *soul* and *spirit* did divide,
And each part took a diff'rent side:
One rose a star; the other fell
Beneath, and mended shoes in hell.

Thus *Partridge* still shines in each art,
The *cobling* and *star-gazing* part,
And is install'd as good a star
As any of the *Cæsars* are.

M

Triumphant

AN ELEGY ON PARTRIDGE.

Triumphant star! some pity show
 On *coblers militant* below,
 Whom roguish boys in stormy nights
 Torment by pissing out their lights,
 Or thro' a chink convey their smoke
 Inclos'd *artificers* to choke.

Thou, high exalted in thy sphere,
 May'st follow still thy calling there.
 To thee the *Bull* will lend his *hide*,
 By *Phæbus* newly tann'd and dry'd:
 For thee they *Argo's* hulk will tax,
 And scrape her pitchy sides for *wax*:
 Then *Ariadne* kindly lends
 Her braided hair to make thee *ends*:
 The point of *Sagittarius'* dart
 Turns to an *awl* by heav'nly art;
 And *Vulcan*, wheedled by his wife,
 Will forge for thee a *paring-knife*.
 For want of room by *Virgo's* side,
 She'll strain a point, and sit * *astride*,
 To take thee kindly in *between*;
 And then the *signs* will be *thirteen*.

THE EPITAPH.

HERE, five foot deep, lies on his back
 A cobbler, starmonger, and quack;
 Who to the stars in pure good-will
 Does to his best look upward still.

* — Tibi brachia contrahet ingens
Scorpius, etc.

Weep,

*Weep, all you customers that use
 His pills, his almanacks, or shoes:
 And you that did your fortunes seek,
 Step to his grave but once a week:
 This earth, which bears his body's print,
 You'll find has so much virtue in't,
 That I durst pawn my ears 'twill tell
 Whate'er concerns you full as well,
 In physick, stolen goods, or love,
 As he himself could, when above.*

* V E R S E S

To be prefix'd before

BERNARD LINTOT's New Miscellany *.

SOME *Colinæus* † praise, some *Bleau* †,
 Others account them but so so;
 Some *Plantin* † to the rest prefer,
 And some esteem old *Elzevir* †;
 Others with *Aldus* † wou'd besot us;
 I, for my part, admire *Lintottus*.---
 His character's beyond compare,
 Like his own person, large and fair.
 They print their names in letters small,
 But *LINTOT* stands in capital:
 Author and he with equal grace
 Appear, and stare you in the face.

* The Oxford and Cambridge miscellany, 8vo. editions of the Bible, and of the Greek and Roman classicks.

† Printers famous for having published fine

Stephens prints *heathen Greek*, 'tis said,
 Which some can't construe, some can't read:
 But all that comes from *Lintot's* hand
 Ev'n *Rawlinson* might understand.
 Oft in an *Aldus*, or a *Plantin*,
 A page is blotted, or leaf wanting:
 Of *Lintot's* books this can't be said,
 All fair, and not so much as read.
 Their copy cost 'em not a penny
 To *Homer*, *Virgil*, or to any;
 They ne'er gave *six pence* for *two lines*
 To them, their heirs, or their assigns:
 But *Lintot* is at vast expence,
 And pays prodigious dear for---sense.
 Their books are useful but to few,
 A scholar, or a wit or two:
Lintot's for gen'ral use are fit;
 For some folks read, but all folks sh---.

* T O

M R. J O H N M O O R E,

Author of the celebrated Worm-Powder.

H O W much, egregious *Moore*, are we
 Deceiv'd by shews and forms!
 Whate'er we think, whate'er we see,
 All human-kind are worms.

Man

Man is a very worm by birth,
Vile, reptile, weak, and vain !
A while he crawls upon the earth,
Then shrinks to earth again.

That woman is a worm, we find,
E'er since our grandame's evil;
She first convers'd with her own kind,
That ancient worm, the devil.

The learn'd themselves we book-worms name;
The blockhead is a flow-worm;
The nymph, whose tail is all on flame,
Is aptly term'd a glow-worm.

The fops are painted butterflies,
That flutter for a day;
First from a worm they take their rise,
And in a worm decay.

The flatterer an earwig grows;
Thus worms suit all conditions;
Misers are muck-worms, silk-worms beaux,
And death-watches physicians.

That statesmen have the worm, is seen
By all their winding play;
Their conscience is a worm within,
That gnaws them night and day.

Ah

TO MR. JOHN MOORE.

Ah *Moore*! thy skill were well employ'd,
 And greater gain wou'd rise,
 If thou could'st make the courtier void
 The worm that never dies!

O! learned friend of *Abchurch-lane*,
 Who sett'st our entrails free!
 Vain is thy art, thy powder vain,
 Since worms shall eat ev'n thee.

Our fate thou only can'st adjourn
 Some few short years, no more!
 * Ev'n *Button*'s wits to worms shall turn,
 Who maggots were before.

* V E R S E S

*Occasioned by an etc. at the End of Mr. D'Urfy's Name in the
 Title to one of his Plays †.*

J O V E call'd before him t'other day
 The vowels, *U, O, I, E, A*;
 All diphthongs, and all consonants,
 Either of *England*, or of *France*;
 And all that were, or wish'd to be,
 Rank'd in the name of *Tom D'Urfy*.

* *Button*'s coffee-house, in *Covent-Garden*, having made a flourish there, which the printer mistook for an etc.

† This accident happen'd by *Mr. D'Urfy*'s

Fierce in this cause the *letters* spoke all;
Liquids grew rough, and *mutes* turn'd vocal.

Those four proud syllables alone
Were silent, which by fate's decree
Chim'd in so smoothly, one by one,
To the sweet name of *Tom D'Urfy*.

N, by whom names subsist, declar'd,
To have no place in this was hard;
And *Q* maintain'd 'twas but his due
Still to keep company with *U*;
So hop'd to stand no less than he
In the great name of *Tom D'Urfy*.
E shew'd, a *comma* ne'er could claim
A place in any *British* name;
Yet, making here a perfect botch,
Thrusts your poor vowel from his notch;
Hiatus mi valde deſendus!
From which, good *Jupiter*, defend us!
Sooner I'd quit my part in thee,
Than be no part in *Tom D'Urfy*.

P protested, puff'd, and swore,
He'd not be serv'd so like a beast;
He was a piece of emperor,
And made up half a pope at least.

C vow'd, he'd frankly have releas'd
His double share in *Cæsar Caius*
For only one in *Tom Durfeius*.

I, consonant

I, consonant and vowel too,
 To *Jupiter* did humbly sue,
 That of his grace he wou'd proclaim
Durfeius his true *Latin* name:
 For though without them both 'twas clear
 Himself could ne'er be *Jupiter*;
 Yet they'd resign that post so high
 To be the genitive, *Durfei*.
B and *L* swore b--- and w---s;
X and *Z* cry'd, p--x and z---s;
G swore by G--d, it ne'er should be;
 And *W* wou'd not lose, not he,
 An *English* letter's property
 In the great name of *Tom D'Urfy*.
 In short, the rest were all in fray,
 From *christ-cross* to *et cætera*.
 They, though but standers-by, too mutter'd;
 Diphthongs and triphthongs swore and flutter'd;
 That none had so much right to be
 Part of the name of stuttering T--
 T--Tom--a--as---De--D'Ur--fy--fy.

Then *Jove* thus spake: With care and pain
 We form'd this name, renown'd in rhyme:
 Not thine, * immortal *Neufgermain*!
 Cost studious *cabalists* more time.
 Yet now, as then, you all declare,
 Far hence to *Egypt* you'll repair,
 And turn strange hi'roglyphicks there,

* A poet, who used to make verses ending with the last syllables of the names of those persons he praised; which *Voiture* turn'd against him in a poem of the same kind.

Rather than letters longer be,
Unless i'th' name of *Tom D'Urfy*.

Were you all pleas'd, yet what, I pray,
To foreign letters could I say?
What if the *Hebrew* next shou'd aim
To turn quite backward *D'Urfy's* name?
Shou'd the *Greek* quarrel too, by *Styx*, I
Cou'd never bring in *Psi* and *Xi*;
Omicron and *Omega* from us
Would each hope to be *O* in *Thomas*;
And all th' ambitious vowels vie,
No less than *Pythagorick Y*,
To have a place in *Tom D'Urfy*.

Then, well-belov'd and trusty letters!
Cons'nants, and vowels much their betters,
We, willing to repair this breach,
And, all that in us lies, please each,
Et cæt'ra to our aid must call;
Et cæt'ra represents ye all:
Et cæt'ra therefore, we decree,
Henceforth for ever join'd shall be
To the great name of *Tom D'Urfy*.

* P R O L O G U E

Design'd for Mr. D'URFY's last play.

GROWN old in rhyme, 'twere barbarous to discard
Your persevering, unexhausted bard:
Damnation follows death in other men,
But your damn'd poet lives, and writes again.

N

Th' adven-

PROLOGUE FOR MR. D'URFY'S PLAY.

Th' advent'rous lover is successful still,
 Who strives to please the fair *against* her will :
 Be kind, and make him in his wishes easy,
 Who in your own *despite* has strove to please ye.
 He scorn'd to borrow from the wits of yore,
 But ever writ, as none e'er writ before.
 You modern wits, shou'd each man bring his claim,
 Have desperate debentures on your fame ;
 And little wou'd be left you, I'm afraid,
 If all your debts to *Greece* and *Rome* were paid.
 From his deep fund our author largely draws,
 Nor sinks his credit lower than it was.
 Though plays for honour in old time he made,
 'Tis now for better reasons --- to be paid.
 Believe him, he has known the world too long,
 And seen the death of much immortal song.
 He says, poor poets lost, while players won,
 As pimps grow rich, while gallants are undone.
 Though *Tom* the poet writ with ease and pleasure,
 The comick *Tom* abounds in other treasure.
Fame is at best an unperforming cheat ;
 But 'tis substantial happiness to eat.
 Let ease, his last request, be of your giving,
 Nor force him to be damn'd to get his living.

* PROLOGUE

* P R O L O G U E

· T O T H E

Three Hours after Marriage.

AUTHORS are judg'd by strange capricious rules ;
The great ones are thought mad, the small ones fools :
Yet sure the best are most severely fated ;
For fools are only laugh'd at, wits are hated.
Blockheads with reason men of sense abhor ;
But fool 'gainst fool, is barb'rous civil war.
Why on all authors then shou'd criticks fall ?
Since some have writ, and shewn no wit at all.
Condemn a play of theirs, and they evade it ;
Cry, " Damn not us, but damn the *French* who made it."
By running goods these graceless owlers gain ;
Theirs are the *rules* of *France*, the *plots* of *Spain* :
But wit, like wine, from happier climates brought,
Dash'd by these rogues, turns *English* common draught.
They pall *Moliere's* and *Lopez's* sprightly strain,
And teach dull *Harlequins* to grin in vain.

How shall our author hope a gentler fate,
Who dares most impudently not translate !
It had been civil in these ticklish times
To fetch his fools and knaves from foreign climes.
Spaniards and *French* abuse to the world's end ;
But spare old *England*, lest you hurt a friend.
If any fool is by our satire bit,
Let him hiss loud, to shew you all he's hit.
Poets make characters, as *salesmen* clothes ;
We take no measure of your fops and beaus ;
But here all sizes and all shapes you meet,
And fit yourselves, like chaps in *Monmouth-street*.

92 PROLOGUE TO THE THREE HOURS, *etc.*

Gallants! look here; this * *fool's cap* has an air
 Goodly and smart, with ears of *Iffachar*.
 Let no one fool engross it, or confine,
 A common blessing! now 'tis yours, now mine.
 But poets in all ages had the care
 To keep this cap, for such as will, to wear.
 Our author has it now, (for every wit
 Of course resign'd it to the next that writ;)
 And thus upon the stage 'tis fairly † thrown;
 Let him that takes it, wear it as his own.

SANDYS'S GHOST:

OR, A

Proper New BALLAD

ON THE

NEW OVID'S METAMORPHOSES,

As it was intended to be translated by Persons of Quality.

YE lords and commons, men of wit
 And pleasure about town,
 Read this, e're you translate one bit
 Of books of high renown.

Beware of *Latin* authors all!
 Nor think your verses sterling,
 Though with a golden pen you scrawl,
 And scribble in a *berlin*:

* Shews a cap with ears.

† Flings down the cap, and exit.

For

For not the desk with silver nails,
 Nor *bureau* of expence,
 Nor standish well japan'd, avails
 To writing of good sence.

Hear how a ghost in dead of night,
 With saucer eyes of fire,
 In woful wife did fore affright
 A wit and courtly 'squire.

Rare imp of *Phæbus*, hopeful youth!
 Like puppy tame, that uses
 To fetch and carry in his mouth
 The works of all the muses.

Ah! why did he write poetry,
 That hereto was so civil;
 And sell his soul for vanity
 To rhyming and the devil?

A desk he had of curious work,
 With glitt'ring studs about;
 Within the same did *Sandys* lurk,
 Though *Ovid* lay without.

Now, as he scratch'd to fetch up thought,
 Forth popp'd the *sprite* so thin,
 And from the key-hole bolted out
 All upright as a pin.

With whiskers, band, and pantaloons,
 And ruff compos'd most dully,
 This 'squire he dropp'd his pen full soon,
 While as the light burnt blueely.

Ho!

Ho! master *Sam*, quoth *Sandys*' sprite,
Write on, nor let me scare ye;
Forsooth, if rhymes fall not in right,
To *Budgel* seek, or *Carey*.

I hear the beat of *Jacob*'s drums,
Poor *Ovid* finds no quarter!
See first the merry *P---* comes
In haste, without his garter.

Then lords and lordings, 'squires and knights,
Wits, witlings, prigs, and peers:
Garth at St. *James*'s, and at *White*'s,
Beats up for volunteers.

What *Fenton* will not do, nor *Gay*,
Nor *Congreve*, *Rowe*, nor *Stanyan*,
Tom Burnet or *Tom D'Urfy* may,
John Dunton, *Steel*, or any one.

If justice *Philips*' costive head
Some frigid rhymes disburfes;
They shall like *Persian* tales be read,
And glad both babes and nurses.

Let *Warwick*'s muse with *Asb---t* join,
And *Oxel*'s with lord *Hervey*'s,
Tickell and *Addison* combine,
And *Pope* translate with *Jervis*.

L--- himself, that lively lord,
Who bows to ev'ry lady,
Shall join with *F---* in one accord,
And be like *Tate* and *Brady*.

Ye

Ye ladies too, draw forth your pen;
 I pray, where can the hurt lie?
 Since you have brains as well as men,
 As witness lady *Wortley*.

Now, *Tonson*, list thy forces all,
 Review them, and tell noses:
 For to poor *Ovid* shall befall
 A strange *metamorphosis*;

A *metamorphosis* more strange
 Than all his books can vapour---
 "To what, (quoth 'squire) shall *Ovid* change?"
 Quoth *Sandys*, *To waste paper*.

* U M B R A.

CLOSE to the best-known author *Umbra* fits,
 The constant index to all *Button*'s wits.
Who's here? cries *Umbra*: only *Johnson* --- Oh!
Your slave, and *exit*; but returns with *Rowe*:
Dear Rowe, let's sit and talk of tragedies:
 Ere long *Pope* enters, and to *Pope* he flies.
 Then up comes *Steele*: he turns upon his heel,
 And in a moment fastens upon *Steele*;
 But cries as soon, dear *Dick*, *I must be gone*,
For, if I know his tread, here's *Addison*.
 Says *Addison* to *Steele*, 'tis time to go:
Pope to the closet steps aside with *Rowe*.

Poor

Poor *Umbra*, left in this abandon'd pickle,
 E'en sits him down, and writes to honest *Tickell*.
 Fool! 'tis in vain from wit to wit to roam;
 Know, sense like charity *begins at home*.

DUKE UPON DUKE.

An excellent New Ballad.

To the Tune of Chevy-Chace.

TO lordings proud I tune my lay,
 Who feast in bow'r or hall:
 Though dukes they be, to dukes I say,
 That pride will have a fall.

Now, that this same it is right sooth,
 Full plainly doth appear,
 From what befel *John* duke of *Guise*,
 And *Nic.* of *Lancastere*.

When *Richard Cœur-de-Lion* reign'd,
 (Which means a lion's heart)
 Like him his barons rag'd and roar'd;
 Each play'd a lion's part.

A word and blow was then enough:
 Such honour did them prick,
 If you but turn'd your cheek, a cuff;
 And if your a---fe, a kick.

Look

Look in their face, they tweak'd your nose,
At ev'ry turn fell to't;
Come near, they trod upon your toes;
They fought from head to foot.

Of these the duke of *Lancastere*
Stood paramount in pride;
He kick'd, and cuff'd, and tweak'd, and trod
His foes, and friends beside.

Firm on his front his beaver fate;
So broad, it hid his chin;
For why? he deem'd no man his mate,
And fear'd to tan his skin.

With *Spanish* wool he dy'd his cheek,
With essence oil'd his hair;
No vixen civet-cat so sweet,
Nor could so scratch and tear.

Right tall he made himself to show,
Though made full short by God:
And, when all other dukes did bow,
This duke did only nod.

Yet courteous, blithe, and debonnair
To *Guise's* duke was he:
Was ever such a loving pair?
How could they disagree?

Oh, thus it was: he lov'd him dear,
And cast how to requite him;
And, having no friend left but this,
He deem'd it meet to fight him.

O

Forthwith

Forthwith he drench'd his desp'rate quill,

And thus he did indite:

"This eve at whisk ourself will play,

"Sir duke! be here to night."

Ah no! ah no! the guileless *Guise*

Demurely did reply;

I cannot go, nor yet can stand,

So fore the gout have I.

The duke in wrath call'd for his steeds,

And fiercely drove them on;

Lord! lord! how rattled then thy stones,

O kingly *Kensington*!

All in a trice he rush'd on *Guise*,

Thrust out his lady dear;

He tweak'd his nose, trod on his toes;

And smote him on the ear.

But mark, how 'midst of victory

Fate plays her old dog trick!

Up leap'd duke *John*, and knock'd him down;

And so down fell duke *Nic*.

Alas, oh *Nic*! oh *Nic*. alas!

Right did thy gossip call thee:

As who should say, alas the day

When *John* of *Guise* shall maul thee!

For on thee did he clap his chair,

And on that chair did sit;

And look'd, as if he meant therein

To do---what was not fit.

Up

Up didst thou look, oh woeful duke !
 Thy mouth yet durst not ope,
Certes for fear of finding there
 A t---d, instead of trope.

“ Lie there, thou caitiff vile ! quoth *Guise* ;
 “ No *sheet* is here to save thee :
 “ The casement it is shut likewise ;
 “ Beneath my feet I have thee.

“ If thou hast aught to speak, speak out.”
 Then *Lancastere* did cry,
 “ Know’st thou not me, nor yet thyself ?
 “ Who thou, and who am I ?

“ Know’st thou not me, who (God be prais’d)
 “ Have brawl’d, and quarrel’d more,
 “ Than all the line of *Lancastere*,
 “ That battled heretofore ?

“ In senates fam’d for many a speech,
 “ And (what some awe must give ye,
 “ Though laid thus low beneath thy breech)
 “ Still of the council privy ;

“ Still of the *dutchy* chancellor ;
 “ *Durante life* I have it ;
 “ And turn, as now thou dost on me,
 “ Mine a---e on them that gave it.”

But now the servants they rush’d in ;
 And duke *Nic.* up leap’d he :
 I will not cope against such odds,
 But, *Guise* ! I’ll fight with thee :

To-morrow with thee will I fight
Under the green-wood tree ;
“ No, not to-morrow, but to-night
“ (Quoth *Guise*) I'll fight with thee.”

And now the sun declining low
Bestreak'd with blood the skies ;
When, with his sword at faddle-bow,
Rode forth the valiant *Guise*.

Full gently pranc'd he o'er the lawn ;
Oft' roll'd his eyes around,
And from the stirrup stretch'd to find
Who was not to be found.

Long brandish'd he the blade in air,
Long look'd the field all o'er :
At length he spy'd the merry-men brown,
And eke the coach and four.

From out the boot bold *Nicholas*
Did wave his wand so white,
As pointing out the gloomy glade
Wherein he meant to fight.

All in that dreadful hour so calm
Was *Lancastere* to see,
As if he meant to take the air,
Or only take a fee :

And so he did---for to *New Court*
His rowling wheels did run :
Not that he shunn'd the doubtful strife ;
But *bus'ness* must be done.

Back

Back in the dark, by *Brompton* park,
 He turn'd up through the *Gore*;
 So slunk to *Cambden* house so high,
 All in his coach and four.

Mean while duke *Guise* did fret and fume,
 A fight it was to see,
 Benumb'd beneath the evening dew
 Under the green-wood tree.

Then, wet, and weary, home he far'd,
 Sore mutt'ring all the way,
 "The day I meet him, *Nic.* shall rue
 "The cudgel of that day.

"Mean time on every pissing-post
 "Paste we this recreant's name,
 "So that each piffer-by shall read
 "And piss against the same."

Now God preserve our gracious king,
 And grant, his nobles all
 May learn this lesson from duke *Nic.*
 That *pride will have a fall.*

* FRAGMENT OF A SATIRE.

IF meagre *Gildon* draws his venal quill,
 I wish the man a dinner, and sit still:
 If dreadful *Dennis* raves in furious fret,
 I'll answer *Dennis*, when I am in debt.

'Tis

'Tis hunger, and not malice, makes them print;
 And who'll wage war with *bedlam* or the *mint*?
 Should some more sober criticks come abroad,
 If wrong, I smile; if right, I kiss the rod.
 Pains, reading, study, are their just pretence;
 And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense.
Commas and *points* they set exactly right;
 And 'twere a sin to rob them of their *mite*:
 Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel grac'd those ribalds,
 From flashing *Bentley* down to pidling *Tibalds*,
 Who thinks he *reads*, when he but *scans* and *spells*;
 A word-catcher, that lives on syllables.
 Yet ev'n this creature may some notice claim,
 Wrapt round and sanctify'd with *Shakespeare's* name.
 Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
 Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!
 The *thing*, we know, is neither rich nor rare;
 And wonder how the devil it got there.

Are others angry? I excuse them too:
 Well may they rage; I give them *but* their due.
 Each man's true merit 'tis not hard to find;
 But each man's secret standard in his mind,
 That casting-weight pride adds to emptiness,
 This who can *gratify*? for who can *guess*?
 The wretch * whom pilfer'd pastorals renown,
 Who turns a *Persian* tale for half a crown,
 Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
 And strains from hard-bound brains six lines a year;
 In sense still wanting, though he lives on theft,
 Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left:
 † *Johnson*, who now to sense, now nonsense leaning,
 Means not, but blunders round about a meaning:

* *Philips*.* Author of the *Victim*, and *Cobler of Preston*.

And he, whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
 * It is not poetry, but prose run mad:
 Should modest satire bid all these *translate*,
 And own that nine such poets make a *Tate*;
 How wou'd they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe!
 How wou'd they swear not *Congreve's* self was safe!
 Peace to all such! but were there one whose fires
Apollo kindled, and fair *fame* inspires;
 Blest with each talent and each art to please,
 And born to write, converse, and live with ease:
 Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
 Bear, like the *Turk*, no brother near the throne;
 View him with scornful, yet with fearful eyes,
 And hate for arts that caus'd himself to rise;
 Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
 And without sneering teach the rest to sneer;
 Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
 Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
 Alike reserv'd to blame, or to commend,
 A tim'rous foe, and a suspicious friend;
 Dreading ev'n fools, by flatterers besieg'd,
 And so obliging that he ne'er oblig'd;
 Who, if two wits on rival themes contest,
 Approves of each, but likes the worst the best;
 Like *Cato*, gives his *little senate* laws,
 And sits attentive to his own applause;
 While wits and templars ev'ry sentence raise,
 And wonder with a foolish face of praise ---
 What pity, heav'n! if such a man there be,
 Who would not weep, if *Addison* were he!

* Verse of Dr. *Ev.*

* M A C E R

* M A C E R.

WHEN simple *Macer*, now of high renown,
 First fought a poet's fortune in the town;
 'Twas all th' ambition his great soul could feel,
 To wear red stockings, and to dine with *Steel*.
 Some ends of verse his betters might afford,
 And gave the harmless fellow a good word.
 Set up with these, he ventur'd on the town,
 And in a borrow'd play out-did poor *Crown*.
 There he stopt short, nor since has writ a tittle,
 But has the wit to make the most of little;
 Like stunted hide-bound trees, that just have got
 Sufficient sap at once to bear and rot.
 * Now he begs verse, and what he gets commends,
 Not of the wits his foes, but fools his friends.

So some coarse country wench almost decay'd,
 Trudges to town, and first turns chamber-maid:
 Aukward, and supple each devoir to pay,
 She flatters her good lady twice a day;
 Thought wond'rous honest, though of mean degree,
 And strangely lik'd for her *simplicity*:
 In a translated suit then tries the town,
 With borrow'd pins, and patches not her own;
 But just endur'd the winter she began,
 And in four months a batter'd harridan.
 Now nothing's left, but wither'd pale and shrunk
 To bawd for others, and go shares with punk.

* He requested by publick advertisements the aid of the ingenious to make up a miscellany in 1713.

* S Y L V I A,

* S Y L V I A,
A F R A G M E N T.

S Y L V I A my heart in wond'rous wise alarm'd,
Aw'd without sense, and without beauty charm'd:
But some odd graces and fine flights she had,
Was just not ugly, and was just not mad:
Her tongue still run on credit from her eyes,
More pert than witty, more a wit than wise:
Good-nature, she declar'd it, was her scorn,
Though 'twas by that alone she could be born:
Affronting all, yet fond of a good name;
A fool to pleasure, yet a slave to fame:
Now coy, and studious in no point to fall,
Now all agog for *D-----y* at a ball:
Now deep in *Taylor*, and the *book of martyrs*,
Now drinking citron with his *Grace* and *Chartres*.

Men, some to bus'ness, some to pleasure take;
But ev'ry woman's in her soul a rake.
Frail, fev'rish sex! their fit now chills, now burns:
Atheism and superstition rule by turns;
And the mere heathen in her carnal part
Is still a sad good christian at her heart.

* A R T E M I S I A..

THOUGH *Artemisia* talks, by fits,
Of councils, classicks, fathers, wits;
Reads *Malbranche*, *Boyle*, and *Locke*:
Yet in some things, methinks, she fails;
'Twere well, if she wou'd pare her nails,
And wear a cleaner smock.

P

Haughty

Haughty and huge as *High-Dutch* bride ;
 Such nastiness, and so much pride,
 Are oddly join'd by fate :
 On her large squab you find her spread,
 Like a fat corpse upon a bed,
 That lies and stinks in state.

She wears no colours (sign of grace)
 On any part, except her face ;
 All white and black beside :
 Dauntless her look, her gesture proud,
 Her voice theatrically loud,
 And masculine her stride.

So have I seen, in black and white,
 A prating thing, a magpye height,
 Majestically stalk ;
 A stately, worthless animal,
 That plies the tongue, and wags the tail,
 All flutter, pride, and talk.

* P H R Y N E.

PHRYNE had talents for mankind ;
 Open she was, and unconfin'd,
 Like some free port of trade :
 Merchants unloaded here their freight,
 And agents from each foreign state
 Here first their entry made.

Her

Her learning and good breeding such,
 Whether th' *Italian* or the *Dutch*,
Spaniard or *French* came to her,
 To all obliging she'd appear ;
 'Twas *si signior*, 'twas *yaw mynbeer*,
 'Twas *s'il vous plait, monsieur*.

Obscure by birth, renown'd by crimes,
 Still changing names, religions, climes,
 At length she turns a bride :
 In di'monds, pearls, and rich brocades,
 She shines the first of batter'd jades,
 And flutters in her pride.

So have I known those insects fair,
 Which curious *Germans* hold so rare,
 Still vary shapes and dyes ;
 Still gain new titles with new forms ;
 First grubs obscene, then wrigling worms,
 Then painted butterflies.

ON MRS. BIDDY LLOYD.

OR, THE

Receipt to form a B E A U T Y.

WHEN *Cupid* did his grandfire *Jove* intreat
 To form some beauty by a new receipt,
Jove sent, and found far in a country scene
 Truth, innocence, good-nature, look serene :

ON MRS. BIDDY LLOYD.

From which ingredients first the dex'trous boy
 Pick'd the demure, the aukward, and the coy.
 The *Graces* from the court did next provide
 Breeding, and wit, and air, and decent pride:
 These *Venus* cleans'd from ev'ry spurious grain
 Of nice, coquet, affected, pert, and vain.
Jove mix'd up all, and his best clay employ'd;
 Then call'd the happy composition *Lloyd*.

APOLLO OUTWITTED.

To the Honourable Mrs. *FINCH*,

Afterwards countess of *Winchelsea*,

Under her name of *Ardelia*.

PHOEBUS, now short'ning ev'ry shade,
 Up to the northern *tropick* came,
 And thence beheld a lovely maid,
 Attending on a royal dame.

The God laid down his feeble rays,
 Then lighted from his glitt'ring coach;
 But fenc'd his head with his own bays,
 Before he durst the nymph approach.

Under those sacred leaves, secure
 From common light'ning of the skies,
 He fondly thought he might endure
 The flashes of *Ardelia's* eyes.

The

The nymph, who oft had read in books
Of that bright God whom bards invoke,
Soon knew *Apollo* by his looks,
And guess'd his bus'ness e're he spoke.

He in the old celestial cant
Confess'd his flame, and swore by *Styx*
Whate'er she would desire to grant---
But wife *Ardelia* knew his tricks.

Ovid had warn'd her to beware
Of stroling Gods, whose usual trade is,
Under pretence of taking air,
To pick up sublunary ladies.

Howe'er, she gave no flat denial,
As having malice in her heart;
And was resolv'd upon a trial
To cheat the God in his own art.

Hear my request, the virgin said;
Let which I please of all the nine
Attend, whene'er I want their aid,
Obey my call, and only mine.

By vow oblig'd, by passion led,
The God could not refuse her pray'r:
He wav'd his wreath thrice o'er her head,
Thrice mutter'd something to the air.

And now he thought to seize his due:
But she the charm already try'd:
Thalia heard the call, and flew
To wait at bright *Ardelia's* side.

On

On sight of this celestial *prude*,
Apollo thought it vain to stay,
Nor in her presence durst be rude,
But made his leg, and went away.

He hop'd to find some lucky hour,
When on their queen the muses wait:
But *Pallas* owns *Ardelia's* pow'r;
For vows divine are kept by fate.

Then, full of rage, *Apollo* spoke:
Deceitful nymph, I see thy art;
And, though I can't my gift revoke,
I'll disappoint its nobler part.

Let stubborn pride possess thee long,
And be thou negligent of fame;
With ev'ry muse to grace thy song,
May'st thou despise a poet's name.

Of modest poets be thou first;
To silent shades repeat thy verse,
Till *Fame* and *Echo* almost burst,
Yet hardly dare one line rehearse.

And last, my vengeance to compleat,
May you descend to take renown,
Prevail'd on by the thing you hate,
A whig, and one that wears a gown.

* IMPROMPTU.

* I M P R O M P T U.

To Lady W-I N C H E L S E A.

Occasion'd by four Satirical Verses on *Women-Wits* in *The Rape of the Lock*.

I N vain you boast poetic names of yore,
And cite those *Sapphos* we admire no more :
Fate doom'd the fall of ev'ry female wit ;
But doom'd it then, when first *Ardelia* writ.
Of all examples by the world confest,
I knew *Ardelia* could not quote the best ;
Who, like her mistress on *Britannia's* throne,
Fights and subdues in quarrels not her own.
To write their praise you but in vain essay ;
Ev'n while you write, you take that praise away :
Light to the stars the sun does thus restore,
But shines himself till they are seen no more.

* E P I G R A M.

A Bishop by his neighbours hated
Has cause to wish himself translated:
But why shou'd *Hough* desire translation,
Lov'd and esteem'd by all the nation?

Yet, if it be the old man's case,
I'll lay my life, I know the place:
'Tis where God sent some that adore him,
And whither *Enoch* went before him.

STELLA'S

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY. 1718.

STELLA this day is thirty-four,
 (We sha'n't dispute a year or more :)
 However, *Stella*, be not troubled ;
 Although thy size and years are doubled,
 Since first I saw thee at sixteen,
 The brightest virgin on the green,
 So little is thy form declin'd ;
 Made up so largely in thy mind.

Oh, wou'd it please the Gods to *split*
 Thy beauty, size, and years, and wit !
 No age could furnish out a pair
 Of nymphs so graceful, wise, and fair ;
 With half the lustre of your eyes,
 With half your wit, your years, and size.
 And then, before it grew too late,
 How shou'd I beg of gentle fate
 (That either nymph might have her swain)
 To split my worship too in twain.

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY. 1720.

ALL travellers at first incline
 Where-e'er they see the fairest sign ;
 And, if they find the chambers neat,
 And like the liquor and the meat,
 Will call again, and recommend
 The *Angel-inn* to ev'ry friend.
 What though the painting grows decay'd ?
 The house will never lose its trade :
 Nay, though the treach'rous tapster *Thomas*
 Hangs a new angel two doors from us,

As

As fine as dawber's hands can make it,
 In hopes that strangers may mistake it,
 We think it both a shame and sin
 To quit the true old *Angel-inn*.

Now this is *Stella's* case in fact :
 An *angel's* face, a little crack'd ;
 (Could poets, or could painters fix
 How *angels* look at thirty-fix :)
 This drew us in at first to find
 In such a form an *angel's* mind ;
 And ev'ry virtue now supplies
 The fainting rays of *Stella's* eyes.
 See at her levee crowding swains,
 Whom *Stella* freely entertains
 With breeding, humour, wit, and sense ;
 And puts them but to small expence ;
 Their mind so plentifully fills,
 And makes such reasonable bills,
 So little gets for what she gives,
 We really wonder how she lives !
 And, had her stock been less, no doubt
 She must have long ago run out.

Then who can think we'll quit the place,
 When *Doll* hangs out a newer face ;
 Or stop and light at *Cloe's* head,
 With scraps and leavings to be fed ?

Then, *Cloe*, still go on to prate
 Of thirty-fix, and thirty-eight ;
 Pursue your trade of scandal-picking,
 Your hints, that *Stella* is no chicken ;
 Your innuendos, when you tell us
 That *Stella* loves to talk with fellows :

Q

And

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY.

And let me warn you to believe
 A truth, for which your soul should grieve;
 That, should you live to see the day
 When *Stella's* locks must all be grey,
 When age must print a furrow'd trace
 On ev'ry feature of her face;
 Though you, and all your senseless tribe,
 Could art or time or nature bribe
 To make you look like beauty's queen,
 And hold for ever at fifteen;
 No bloom of youth can ever blind
 The cracks and wrinkles of your mind;
 All men of sense will pass your door,
 And crowd to *Stella's* at fourscore.

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY;

A great bottle of wine, long buried, being that day dug up.

1722.

RESOLV'D my annual verse to pay,
 By duty bound, on *Stella's* day,
 Furnish'd with paper, pens, and ink,
 I gravely sat me down to think:
 I bit my nails, and scratch'd my head,
 But found my wit and fancy fled:
 Or, if with more than usual pain,
 A thought came slowly from my brain,
 It cost me lord knows how much time
 To shape it into sense and rhyme:

And

And, what was yet a greater curse,
Long-thinking made my fancy worfe.

Forfaken by th' inspiring nine,
I waited at *Apollo's* shrine:
I told him what the world would say,
If *Stella* were unfung to day;
How I shou'd hide my head for shame,
When both the *Jacks* and *Robin* came;
How *Ford* would frown, how *Jim* would leer,
How *Sh---r* the rogue would sneer,
And swear it does not always follow,
That *semel'n anno ridet Apollo*.

I have assur'd them twenty times,
That *Phæbus* help'd me in my rhymes,
Phæbus inspir'd me from above;
And he and I were hand and glove.
But, finding me so dull and dry since,
They'll call it all poetick licence;
And, when I brag of aid divine,
Think *Eusden's* right as good as mine.

Nor do I ask for *Stella's* sake;
'Tis my own credit lies at stake:
And *Stella* will be sung, while I
Can only be a stander-by.

Apollo, having thought a little,
Return'd this answer to a tittle:

Tho' you should live like old *Methusalem*,
I furnish hints, and you should use all 'em,
You yearly sing as she grows old,
You'd leave her virtues half untold.
But, to say truth, such dulness reigns
Through the whole set of *Irish* deans,

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY.

I'm daily stunn'd with such a medley,
 Dean *W---*, dean *D---*, and dean *Smedley*,
 That, let what dean soever come,
 My orders are, I'm not at home;
 And, if your voice had not been loud,
 You must have pass'd among the crowd.

But now, your danger to prevent,
 You must apply to * *mrs. Brent*;
 For she, as priestess, knows the rites
 Wherein the God of *earth* delights.
 First, nine ways looking, let her stand
 With an old poker in her hand;
 Let her describe a circle round
 In † *Saunders's* cellar on the ground:
 A spade let prudent ‡ *Archy* hold,
 And with discretion dig the mould:
 Let *Stella* look with watchful eye,
 § *Rebecca*, ** *Ford*, and *Grattons* by.

Behold the bottle, where it lies
 With neck elated tow'rd the skies!
 The God of winds, and God of fire,
 Did to its wondrous birth conspire;
 And *Bacchus* for the poet's use
 Pour'd in a strong inspiring juice:
 See! as you raise it from its tomb,
 It drags behind a spacious womb,
 And in the spacious womb contains
 A sov'reign medicine for the brains.

You'll find it soon, if fate consents;
 If not, a thousand *mrs. Brents*,

* House-keeper.

† The butler.

‡ The footman.

§ A lady, friend to *Stella*.

** Friends of the author.

Ten thousand *Archys*, arm'd with spades,
May dig in vain to *Pluto's* shades.

From thence a plenteous draught infuse,
And boldly then invoke the muse;
(But first let *Robert* on his knees
With caution drain it from the lees)
The muse will at your call appear
With *Stella's* praise to crown the year.

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY. 1724.

AS, when a beauteous nymph decays,
We say she's past her dancing days;
So poets lose their feet by time,
And can no longer dance in rhyme.
Your annual bard had rather chose
To celebrate your birth in prose:
Yet merry folks, who want by chance
A pair to make a country dance,
Call the old house-keeper, and get her
To fill a place, for want of better:
While *Sheridan* is off the hooks,
And friend *Delany* at his books,
That *Stella* may avoid disgrace,
Once more the dean supplies their place.

Beauty and wit, too sad a truth!
Have always been confin'd to youth;
The God of wit, and beauty's queen,
He twenty-one, and she fifteen.
No poet ever sweetly sung,
Unless he were, like *Phœbus*, young;

Nor

Nor ever nymph inspir'd to rhyme,
 Unless, like *Venus*, in her prime.
 At fifty-six, if this be true,
 Am I a poet fit for you?
 Or, at the age of forty-three,
 Are you a subject fit for me?
 Adieu! bright wit, and radiant eyes,
 You must be grave, and I be wise.
 Our fate in vain we would oppose:
 But I'll be still your friend in prose:
 Esteem and friendship to express,
 Will not require poetick dress;
 And, if the muse deny her aid
 To have them *sung*, they may be *said*.

But, *Stella*, say, what evil tongue
 Reports you are no longer young;
 That *Time* fits with his scythe to mow
 Where erst fate *Cupid* with his bow;
 That half your locks are turn'd to grey?
 I'll ne'er believe a word they say.
 'Tis true, but let it not be known,
 My eyes are somewhat dimish grown:
 For nature, always in the right,
 To your decays adapts my sight;
 And wrinkles undistinguish'd pass,
 For I'm asham'd to use a glass;
 And till I see them with these eyes,
 Whoever says you have them, lyes.

No length of time can make you quit
 Honour and virtue, sense and wit:
 Thus you may still be young to me,
 While I can better bear than see.

Oh,

Oh, ne'er may fortune shew her spight,
To make me deaf, and mend my *sight*!

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY,

March 13, 1726.

THIS day, whate'er the fates decree,
Shall still be kept with joy by me:

This day then let us not be told,
That you are sick, and I grown old;
Nor think on our approaching ills,
And talk of spectacles and pills:
To-morrow will be time enough
To hear such mortifying stuff.
Yet, since from reason may be brought
A better and more pleasing thought,
Which can in spight of all decays
Support a few remaining days,
From not the gravest of divines
Accept for once some serious lines.

Although we now can form no more
Long schemes of life, as heretofore;
Yet you, while time is running fast,
Can look with joy on what is past.

Were future happiness and pain
A mere contrivance of the brain,
As atheists argue, to entice
And fit their proselytes for vice,
(The only comfort they propose,
To have companions in their woes:)

Grant

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY.

Grant this the case ; yet sure 'tis hard
 That virtue, still'd its own reward,
 And by all sages understood
 To be the chief of human good,
 Shou'd acting die, nor leave behind
 Some lasting pleasure in the mind,
 Which by remembrance will assuage
 Grief, sickness, poverty, and age,
 And strongly shoot a radiant dart
 To shine through life's declining part.

Say, *Stella*, feel you no content,
 Reflecting on a life well spent?
 Your skilful hand employ'd to save
 Despairing wretches from the grave ;
 And then supporting with your store
 Those whom you dragg'd from death before :
 So Providence on mortals waits,
 Preserving what it first creates :
 Your gen'rous boldness to defend
 An innocent and absent friend ;
 That courage, which can make you just
 To merit humbled in the dust ;
 The detestation you express
 For vice in all its glitt'ring dress ;
 That patience under tort'ring pain,
 Where stubborn stoicks wou'd complain :
 Must these like empty shadows pass,
 Or forms reflected from a glass ?
 Or mere chimæras in the mind,
 That fly, and leave no marks behind ?
 Does not the body thrive and grow
 By food of twenty years ago ?

And,

And, had it not been still supply'd,
It must a thousand times have dy'd.

Then who with reason can maintain
That no effects of food remain?

And is not virtue in mankind
The nutriment that feeds the mind;
Upheld by each good action past,
And still continu'd by the last?

Then, who with reason can pretend
That all effects of virtue end?

Believe me, *Stella*, when you show
That true contempt for things below,
Nor prize your life for other ends
Than merely to oblige your friends,
Your former actions claim their part,
And join to fortify your heart.
For virtue in her daily race,
Like *Janus*, bears a double face;
Looks back with joy where she has gone,
And therefore goes with courage on.
She at your sickly couch will wait,
And guide you to a better state.

O then, whatever heav'n intends,
Take pity on your pitying friends!
Nor let your ills affect your mind,
To fancy they can be unkind.
Me, surely me, you ought to spare,
Who gladly wou'd your suff'rings share;
Or give my scrap of life to you,
And think it far beneath your due;
You, to whose care so oft I owe
That I'm alive to tell you so.

R

* T O

* TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT.

Sent on her Birth-Day, June 15.

O H, be thou blest with all that heav'n can send,
Long health, long youth, long pleasure, and a friend !
Not with those toys the female race admire,
Riches that *vex*, and vanities that *tire* ;
Not as the world its pretty slaves rewards,
A youth of frolicks, an old-age of cards ;
Fair to no purpose, artful to no end ;
Young without lovers, old without a friend ;
A fop their passion, but their prize a sot ;
Alive ridiculous, and dead forgot !

Let joy, or ease, let affluence, or content,
And the gay conscience of a life well spent,
Calm ev'ry thought, inspirit ev'ry grace,
Glow in thy heart, and smile upon thy face ;
Let day improve on day, and year on year,
Without a *pain*, a *trouble*, or a *fear* ;
Till death unfelt that tender frame destroy,
In some soft dream, or extasy of joy,
Peaceful sleep out the sabbath of the tomb,
And wake to raptures in a life to come !

* S O N G.

By a Person of Quality.

I SAID to my heart, between sleeping and waking,
Thou wild thing, that always art leaping or aking,
What black, brown, or fair, in what clime, in what nation,
By turns has not taught thee a pit--a--pat-ation ?

Thus.

Thus accus'd, the wild thing gave this sober reply:
 See the heart without motion, though *Celia* pass by!
 Not the beauty she has, or the wit that she borrows,
 Gives the eye any joys, or the heart any sorrows.

When our *Sappho* appears, she whose wit's so refin'd,
 I am forc'd to applaud with the rest of mankind;
 Whatever she says, is with spirit and fire;
 Ev'ry word I attend; but I only admire.

Prudentia as vainly would put in her claim,
 Ever gazing on heaven, though man is her aim:
 'Tis love, not devotion, that turns up her eyes;
 Those stars of this world are too good for the skies.

But *Cloe* so lively, so easy, so fair,
 Her wit so genteel, without art, without care;
 When she comes in my way, the motion, the pain,
 The leapings, the aking, return all again.

O wonderful creature! a woman of reason!
 Never grave out of pride, never gay out of season!
 When so easy to guess who this angel should be,
 Would one think Mrs. *Howard* ne'er dreamt it was she?

* B A L L A D.

O F all the girls that e'er were seen,
 There's none so fine as *Nelly*,
 For charming face, and shape, and mien,
 And what's not fit to tell ye:

R 2

Oh!

Oh! the turn'd neck and smooth white skin
 Of lovely dearest *Nelly*!
 For many a swain it well had been,
 Had she ne'er pass'd by *Calai*.

For when as *Nelly* came to *France*,
 (Invited by her cousins)
 Across the *Tuilleries* each glance
 Kill'd *Frenchmen* by whole dozens:
 The king, as he at dinner sate,
 Did beckon to his *bussar*,
 And bid him bring his tabby-cat,
 For charming *Nell* to buss her.

The ladies were with rage provok'd
 To see her so respected:
 The men look'd arch, as *Nelly* strok'd,
 And puss her tail erected.
 But not a man did look employ,
 Except on pretty *Nelly*:
 Then said the duke *de Villeroy*,
Ab! qu'elle est bien jolie!

But who's that grave philosopher,
 That carefully looks a'ter?
 By his concern it shou'd appear,
 The fair one is his daughter.
May foy! (quoth then a courtier sly,)
 He on his child does leer too:
 I wish he has no mind to try
 What some papas will here do.

The

The courtiers all with one accord
 Broke out in *Nelly's* praises,
 Admir'd her *rose*, and *lys sans farde*,
 (Which are your *termes francoises*.)
 Then might you see a painted ring
 Of dames that stood by *Nelly*;
 She like the pride of all the spring,
 And they like *fleurs de palais*.

In *Marli's* gardens, and *St. Clou*,
 I saw this charming *Nelly*,
 Where shameless nymphs, expos'd to view,
 Stand naked in each *alley*:
 But *Venus* had a brazen face,
 Both at *Versailles* and *Meudon*,
 Or else she had resign'd her place,
 And left the stone she stood on:

Were *Nelly's* figure mounted there,
 'Twould put down all th' *Italian*:
 Lord! how those foreigners would stare!
 But I should turn *Pygmalion*:
 For spite of lips, and eyes and mien,
 Me nothing can delight so,
 As does that part that lies between
 Her left toe, and her right toe.

• O D E,

* ODE, for Musick.

On the LONGITUDE.

RECITATIVO.

THE *longitude* miss'd on
By wicked *Will. Whiston*;
And not better hit on
By good master *Ditton*.

RITORNELLO.

So *Ditton* and *Whiston*
May both be bep-ft on;
And *Whiston* and *Ditton*
May both be besh-t on.

Sing *Ditton*,
Besh-t on;
And *Whiston*,
Bep-ft on.

Sing *Ditton* and *Whiston*,
And *Whiston* and *Ditton*,
Besh-t and bep-ft on,
Bep-ft and besh-t on.

DA CAPO.

* EPIGRAM on the feuds about *Handel* and
Bononcini.

STRANGE! all this difference should be
'Twixt tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee!

* O N

* ON MRS. TOFTS.

SO bright is thy beauty, so charming thy song,
As had drawn both the beasts and their *Orpheus* along :
But such is thy av'rice, and such is thy pride,
That the beasts must have starv'd, and the poet have dy'd.

* TWO OR THREE;

O R, A

Receipt to make a CUCKOLD.

TWO or three visits, and two or three bows,
Two or three civil things, two or three vows,
Two or three kisses, with two or three sighs,
Two or three *Jesusses* and *let-me-die's*,
Two or three squeezes, and two or three towzes,
(With two or three thousand pound lost at their houses)
Can never fail cuckolding two or three spouses. }

* On a LADY who p---t at the Tragedy of Cato;
occasioned by an Epigram on a Lady who wept at it.

WHILE maudlin *whigs* deplor'd their *Cato's* fate,
Still with dry eyes the *tory Celia* fate :
But, while her pride forbids her tears to flow,
The gushing waters find a vent below :
Though secret, yet with copious grief she mourns,
Like twenty river-gods with all their urns.

Let

Let others screw their hypocritick face,
 She shews her grief in a sincerer place :
 There nature reigns, and passion void of art ;
 For that road leads directly to the heart.

* E P I G R A M,

In a Maid of Honour's Prayer-Book.

WHEN *Israel's* daughters mourn'd their past offences,
 They dealt in *sackcloth*, and turn'd *cinder-wenches* :
 But *Richmond's* fair ones never spoil their locks ;
 They use white powder, and wear *holland* smocks.
 O comely church ! where females find *clean linen*
 As decent to *repent* in, as to *sin* in.

E P I G R A M.

AS *Thomas* was cudgell'd one day by his wife,
 He took to the street, and fled for his life :
Tom's three dearest friends came by in the squabble,
 And sav'd him at once from the shrew and the rabble ;
 Then ventur'd to give him some sober advice ---
 But *Tom* is a person of honour so nice,
 Too wise to take counsel, too proud to take warning,
 That he sent to all three a challenge next morning :
 Three duels he fought, thrice ventur'd his life ;
 Went home, and was cudgell'd again by his wife.

* THE

* THE BALANCE OF EUROPE.

NOW *Europe's* balanc'd, neither side prevails;
For nothing's left in either of the scales.

* A

PANEGYRICAL EPISTLE

T O

MR. THOMAS SNOW,

Goldsmith, near Temple-bar;

*Occasion'd by his buying and selling the third South-Sea subscriptions, taken in by the Directors at a thousand per cent *.*

DISDAIN not, *Snow*, my humble verse to hear;
Stick thy black pen a while behind thy ear.
Whether thy compter shine with fums untold,
And thy wide-grasping hand grows black with gold;
Whether thy mien erect, and fable locks,
In crowds of brokers over-awe the *stocks*;
Suspend the worldly bus'ness of the day,
And, to enrich thy mind, attend my lay.

O thou, whose penetrative wisdom found
The *South-Sea* rocks and shelves, where thousands drown'd!

* In the year 1720 the *South-Sea* company, under pretence of paying the publick debt, obtained an act of parliament for enlarging their capital, by taking into it all the debts of the nation incurred before the year 1716, amount to 31,664,551 *l.* Part of this sum was subscribed into their capital at three subscrip-

tions; the first at 300 *l.* per cent. the second at 400 *l.* and a third at 1000 *l.* Such was the infatuation of the time, that these subscriptions were bought and sold at exorbitant premiums, so that 100 *l.* *South-Sea* stock subscribed at 1000 *l.* was sold for 1200 *l.* in *Exchange-alley*.

S

When

When credit funk, and commerce gasping lay,
 Thou stood'st: no bill was sent unpaid away.
 When not a guinea chink'd on * *Martin's* boards,
 And * *Atwill's* self was drain'd of all his hoards,
 Thou stood'st; an *Indian* king in size and hue!
 Thy unexhausted shop was our *Peru*.

Why did '*Change-alley*' waste thy precious hours
 Among the fools who gap'd for golden show'rs?
 No wonder, if we find some poets there,
 Who live on fancy, and can feed on air;
 No wonder, *they* were caught by *South-Sea* schemes,
 Who ne'er enjoy'd a guinea, but in dreams;
 No wonder, *they* their third subscriptions fold
 For millions of 'imaginary gold';
 No wonder, that *their* fancies wild can frame
 Strange reasons, that a thing is still the same,
 Though chang'd throughout in substance and in name.
 But *you* (whose judgment scorns poetick flights)
 With contracts furnish boys for paper kites.

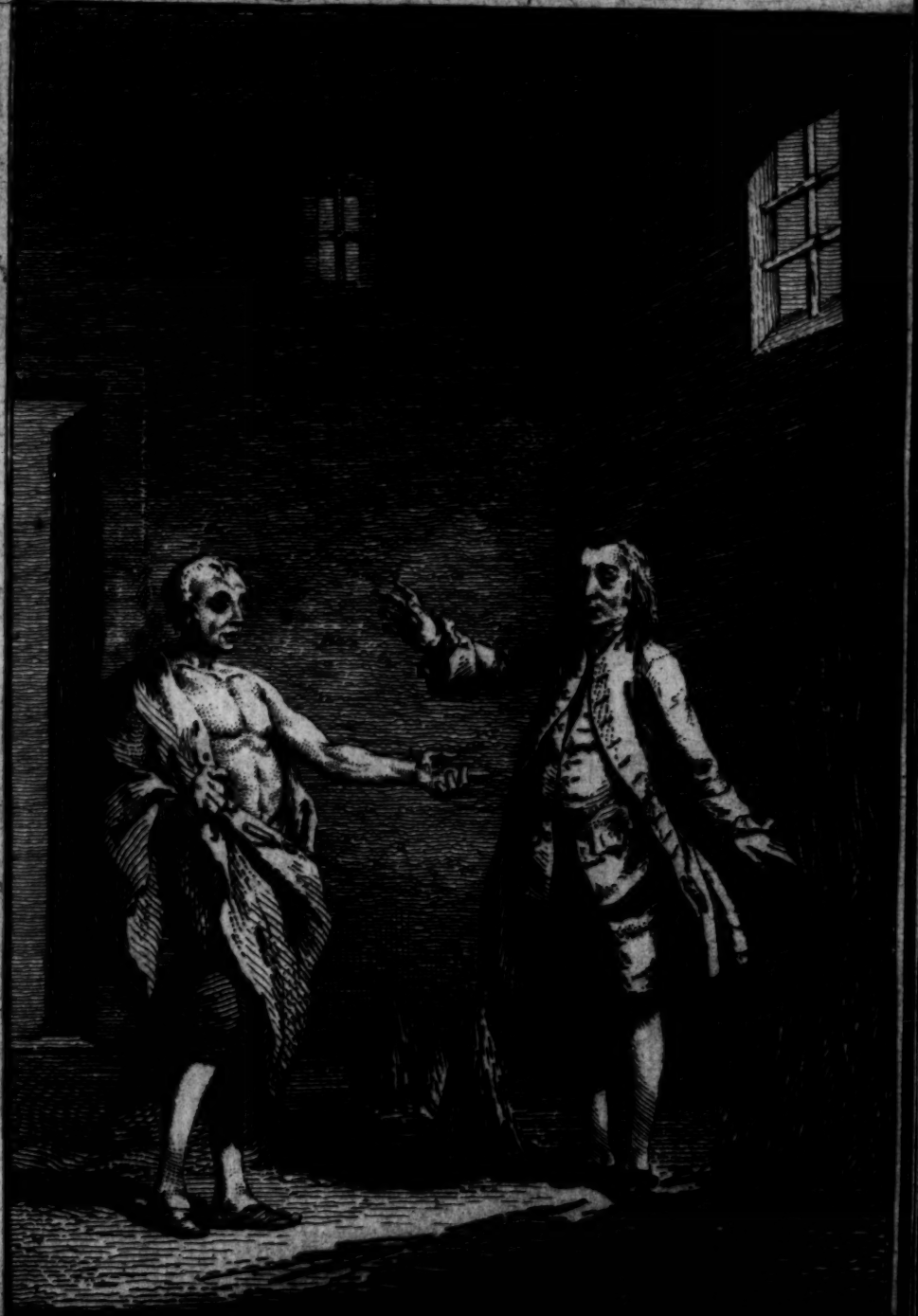
Let vultur *Hopkins* stretch his rusty throat,
 Who ruins thousands for a single groat:
 I know thou scorn'st his mean, his sordid mind;
 Nor with ideal debts would'st plague mankind.
 Madmen alone their empty dreams pursue,
 And still believe the fleeting vision true;
 They sell the treasures which their slumbers get,
 Then wake, and fancy all the world in debt.
 If to instruct thee all my reasons fail,
 Yet be diverted by this moral tale.

Through fam'd *Moorfields* extends a spacious seat,
 Where mortals of exalted wit retreat;

* Names of eminent goldsmiths.



N. 25 Vol. 3 Part. 2. 1731.



Where wrap'd in contemplation, and in straw,
 The wiser few from the mad world withdraw,
 There in full opulence a *banker* dwelt,
 Who all the joys and pangs of riches felt:
 His side-board glitter'd with imagin'd plate;
 And his proud fancy held a vast estate.

As on a time he pass'd the vacant hours
 In raising piles of straw and twisted bow'rs,
 A *poet* enter'd of the neighbouring cell,
 And with fix'd eye observ'd the structure well:
 A sharpen'd skew'r 'cross his bare shoulders bound
 A tatter'd rug, which dragg'd upon the ground.
 The banker cry'd, "Behold my castle-walls,
 " My statues, gardens, fountains, and canals,
 " With land of more than twenty acres round!
 " All these I sell thee for ten thousand pound."
 The bard with wonder the cheap purchase saw,
 So sign'd the contract (as ordains the law.)
 The banker's brain was cool'd; the mist grew clear;
 The visionary scene was lost in air.
 He now the vanish'd prospect understood,
 And fear'd the fancy'd bargain was not good:
 Yet loth the sum intire should be destroy'd,
 " Give me a penny, and thy contract's void."
 The startled bard with eye indignant frown'd:
 " Shall I, ye Gods, (he cries) my debts compound!"
 So saying, from his rug the skew'r he takes,
 And on the stick ten equal notches makes;
 With just resentment flings it on the ground;
 " There, take my * tally of ten thousand pound."

* *Charles II*, having borrowed a considerable sum, gave tallies as a security for the repayment; but soon after, shutting up the *Exchequer*, these tallies were as much reduced from their original value, as the *South-Sea* had exceeded it.

THE SOUTH-SEA. 1721.

YE wise philosophers ! explain
What magick makes our money rise,
When dropt into the *Southern* main ?
Or do these jugglers cheat our eyes ?

Put in your money fairly told ;
Presto be gone---'Tis here agen ;
Ladies and gentlemen, behold,
Here's ev'ry piece as big as ten.

Thus in a bason drop a shilling,
Then fill the vessel to the brim ;
You shall observe, as you are filling,
The pond'rous metal seems to swim.

It rises both in bulk and height ;
Behold it swelling like a sop !
The liquid medium cheats your sight ;
Behold it mounted to the top !

In stock three hundred thousand pound ;
I have in view a lord's estate ;
My manors all contiguous round ;
A coach and six, and serv'd in plate.

Thus the deluded bankrupt raves,
Puts all upon a desp'rate bet ;
Then plunges in the *Southern* waves,
Dipt over head and ears---in debt,

So, by a calenture misled,
The mariner with rapture sees
On the smooth ocean's azure bed
Enamel'd fields, and verdant trees.

With

With eager haste he longs to rove
In that fantastick scene, and thinks
It must be some enchanted grove ;
And *in* he leaps, and *down* he sinks.

Two hundred chariots, just bespoke,
Are sunk in these devouring waves,
The horses drown'd, the harness broke ;
And here the owners find their graves.

Like *Pharaoh*, by *directors* led,
They with their *spoils* went safe before ;
His chariots, tumbling out the dead,
Lay shatter'd on the *Red-sea* shore.

Rais'd up on *hope's* aspiring plumes,
The young advent'rer o'er the deep
An eagle's flight and state assumes,
And scorns the middle way to keep.

On *paper* wings he takes his flight ;
With *wax* the *father* bound them fast ;
The *wax* is melted by the height,
And down the tow'ring boy is cast.

His *wings* are his *paternal rent* ;
He melts his *wax* at ev'ry flame ;
His credit sunk, his money spent,
In Southern seas *he leaves his name*.

Inform us, you that best can tell,
Why in your dang'rous gulph profound,
Where hundreds and where thousands fell,
Fools chiefly float, the *wise* are drown'd?

So have I seen from *Severn's* brink
 A flock of *geese* jump down together,
 Swim where the bird of *Jove* would sink,
 And swimming never wet a feather.

One fool may from another win,
 And then get off with money stor'd:
 But, if a *sharper* once comes in,
 He throws at all, and sweeps the board.

As fishes on each other prey,
 The great ones swallow up the small;
 So fares it in the *Southern sea*;
 The whale *directors* eat up all.

When *stock* is high, they come between,
 Making by second-hand their offers;
 Then cunningly retire unseen,
 With each a million in his coffers.

So, when upon a moon-shine night
 An ass was drinking at a stream,
 A cloud arose, and stopt the light
 By intercepting ev'ry beam.

The day of judgment will be soon,
 (Cries out a sage among the crowd;)
 An ass hath swallow'd up the moon:
 The moon lay safe behind the cloud.

Each poor *subscriber* to the sea
 Sinks down at once, and there he lies:
Directors fall as well as they;
 Their fall is but a trick to rise.

So

So fishes rising from the main
Can soar with moisten'd wings on high;
The moisture dry'd, they sink again,
And dip their fins again to fly.

Undone at play, the female troops
Come here their losses to retrieve;
Ride o'er the waves in spacious hoops,
Like *Lapland* witches in a sieve.

Thus *Venus* to the sea descends,
As poets feign; but where's the moral?
It shews the queen of love intends
To search the deep for pearl and coral.

A shilling in the *Bath* you fling,
The silver takes a nobler hue
By magick virtue in the spring,
And seems a guinea to your view.

But, as a guinea will not pass
At market for a farthing more,
Shewn through a multiplying glass,
Than what it always did before;

So cast it in the *Southern seas*,
And view it through a *jobber's* bill;
Put on what spectacles you please,
Your guinea's but a guinea still.

One night a fool into a brook
Thus from a hillock looking down,
The *golden* stars for guineas took,
And *silver Cynthia* for a crown.

The

The point he could no longer doubt;
 He ran, he leapt into the flood;
 There sprawl'd a while, and scarce got out,
 All cover'd o'er with slime and mud.

Upon the water cast thy bread,
 And after many days thou'lt find it;
 But gold upon this ocean spread
 Shall sink, and leave no mark behind it.

There is a gulph where thousands fell;
 Here all the bold advent'urers came;
 A narrow found, though deep as hell;
 'Change-alley is the dreadful name.

Nine times a day it ebbs and flows;
 Yet he that on the surface lies,
 Without a pilot, seldom knows
 The time it falls, or when 'twill rise.

* *Now bury'd in the depth below,
 Now mounted up to heav'n agen,
 They reel and stagger to and fro,
 At their wits end, like drunken men.*

Mean time secure on † *Garr'way* cliffs
 A savage race, by shipwrecks fed,
 Lie waiting for the founder'd skiffs,
 And strip the bodies of the dead.

* Psalm cvii.

† Coffee-house in *Change-alley*.

While some build castles in the air,
Directors build them in the seas:
Subscribers plainly see 'em there;
 For fools will see, as wise men please.

Thus oft by mariners are shewn
 (Unless the men of *Kent* are liars)
 Earl *Godwin's* castles overflown,
 And palace-roofs, and steeple-spires.

Mark where the sly *directors* creep,
 Nor to the shore approach too nigh!
 The monsters nestle in the deep
 To seize you in your passing by.

Then, like the dogs of *Nile*, be wise,
 Who, taught by instinct how to shun
 The crocodile that lurking lies,
 Run as they drink, and drink and run.

Antæus could by magick charms
 Recover strength whene'er he fell:
Alcides held him in his arms,
 And sent him *up in air to hell*.

Directors thrown into the sea
 Recover strength and vigour there;
 But may be tam'd another way,
Suspended for a while in *air*.

Oh! may some *Western* tempest sweep
 These *locusts*, whom our fruits have fed,
 That plague, *directors*, to the deep,
 Driv'n from the *South-sea* to the *Red*!

T

May

May he, whom nature's laws obey,
 Who *lifts* the poor, and *sinks* the proud,
Quiet the raging of the sea,
And still the madness of the crowd!

But never shall our isle have rest,
 Till these devouring *swine* run down,
(The devils leaving the possesst)
And headlong in the waters drown.

The nation then too late will find,
 Computing all their cost and trouble,
Directors promises but wind,
South-sea at best a mighty bubble.

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto,
Arma virum, tabulaeque, et Troia gaza per undas. Virg.

* BALLAD ON QUADRILLE.

I.

WHEN as corruption hence did go,
 And left the nation free;
 When *ay* said *ay*, and *no* said *no*,
 Without a place or fee;
 Then *Satan*, thinking things went ill,
 Sent forth his spirit call'd *Quadrille*,
Quadrille, Quadrille, etc.

II. And

II.

Kings, queens, and knaves made up his pack,
And four fair suits he wore ;
His troops they are with red and black
All blotch'd and spotted o'er :
And ev'ry house, go where you will,
Is haunted by the imp *Quadrille*, etc.

III.

Sure cards he has for ev'ry thing,
Which well court-cards they name ;
And, statesman-like, calls in the king
To help out a bad game :
But, if the parties manage ill,
The king is forc'd to lose *Codille*, etc.

IV.

When two and two were met of old,
Though they ne'er meant to marry,
They were in *Cupid's* books enroll'd,
And call'd a *party quarree* :
But now, meet when and where you will,
A *party quarree* is *Quadrille*, etc.

V.

The commoner, and knight, the peer,
Men of all ranks and fame,
Leave to their wives the only care
To propagate their name ;
And well that duty they fulfil,
When the good husband's at *Quadrille*, etc.

VI.

When patients lie in piteous case,
 In comes the *apothecary* ;
 And to the doctor cries, alas !
Non debes quadrillare.

The patient dies without a pill ;
 For why ? the doctor's at *Quadrille*, etc.

VII.

Should *France* and *Spain* again grow loud,
 The *Muscovite* grow louder ;
Britain to curb her neighbours proud
 Wou'd want both ball and powder ;
 Must want both sword and gun to kill ;
 For why ? the gen'ral's at *Quadrille*, etc.

VIII.

The king of late drew forth his sword,
 (Thank God 'twas not in wrath)
 And made of many a squire and lord
 An unwash'd knight of *Bath* :
 What are their feats of arms and skill ?
 They're but nine parties at *Quadrille*, etc.

IX.

A party late at *Cambray* met,
 Which drew all *Europe's* eyes ;
 'Twas call'd in *Post-boy* and *Gazette*
 The *quadruple allies* :
 But somebody took something ill,
 So broke this party at *Quadrille*, etc.

X. And

X.

And now, God save this noble realm,
 And God save eke *Hanover*;
 And God save those who hold the helm,
 When as the king goes over:
 But let the king go where he will,
 His subjects must play at *Quadrille*,
Quadrille, Quadrille, etc.

* MOLLY MOG:

OR, THE

The Fair Maid of the Inn *.

SAYS my uncle, I pray you discover
 What hath been the cause of your woes,
 Why you pine, and you whine, like a lover?
 I've seen *Molly Mog* of the *Rose*.

O nephew! your grief is but folly;
 In town you may find better prog;
 Half a crown there will get you a *Molly*,
 A *Molly* much better than *Mog*.

I know that by wits 'tis recited,
 That women at best are a clog:
 But I'm not so easily frightened
 From loving my sweet *Molly Mog*.

* The *Rose Inn* at *Ockingham* in *Berkshire*:

The school-boy's desire is a play-day ;

The school-master's joy is to flog ;

The milk-maid's delight is on *May-day* ;

But mine is on sweet *Molly Mog*.

Will-o'-wisp leads the traveller a gadding

Through ditch, and through quagmire and bog :

But no light can set me a madding,

Like the eyes of my sweet *Molly Mog*.

For guineas in other mens breeches

Your gamesters will palm and will cog :

But I envy them none of their riches,

So I may win sweet *Molly Mog*.

The heart, when half wounded, is changing,

It here and there leaps like a frog :

But my heart can never be ranging,

'Tis so fix'd upon sweet *Molly Mog*.

Who follows all ladies of pleasure,

In pleasure is thought but a hog :

All the sex cannot give so good measure

Of joys, as my sweet *Molly Mog*.

I feel I'm in love to distraction,

My senses all lost in a fog ;

And nothing can give satisfaction

But thinking of sweet *Molly Mog*.

A letter when I am inditing,

Comes *Cupid*, and gives me jog ;

And I fill all the paper with writing

Of nothing but sweet *Molly Mog*.

If

If I would not give up the three *Graces*,
 I wish I were hang'd like a dog,
 And at court all the drawing-room faces,
 For a glance of my sweet *Molly Mog*.

Those faces want nature and spirit,
 And seem as cut out of a log :
Juno, *Venus*, and *Pallas's* merit
 Unite in my sweet *Molly Mog*.

Those who toast all the family royal
 In bumpers of *bogan* and *nog*,
 Have hearts not more true or more loyal
 Than mine to my sweet *Molly Mog*.

Were *Virgil* alive with his *Phillis*,
 And writing another eclogue ;
 Both his *Phillis* and fair *Amaryllis*
 He'd give up for sweet *Molly Mog*.

When she smiles on each guest, like her liquor,
 Then jealousy sets me agog ;
 To be sure she's a bit for the vicar,
 And so I shall lose *Molly Mag*.

* A NEW SONG OF SIMILIES.

MY passion is as mustard strong ;
 I sit all sober sad,
 Drunk as a piper all day long,
 Or like a *March* hare mad.

Round

A SONG OF SIMILIES.

Round as a hoop the bumpers flow;
 I drink, yet can't forget her;
 For, though as drunk as *David's* fow,
 I love her still the better.

Pert as a pear-monger I'd be,
 If *Molly* were but kind;
 Cool as a cucumber could see
 The rest of woman-kind.

Like a stuck pig I gaping stare,
 And eye her o'er and o'er;
 Lean as a rake with sighs and care,
 Sleek as a mouse before.

Plump as partridge was I known,
 And soft as silk my skin;
 My cheeks as fat as butter grown;
 But as a goat now thin!

I melancholy as a cat
 Am kept awake to weep;
 But she, insensible of that,
 Sound as top can sleep.

Hard is her heart as flint or stone;
 She laughs to see me pale,
 And merry as a grig is grown,
 And brisk as bottled ale.

The God of love at her approach
 Is busy as a bee!
 Hearts sound as any bell or roach
 Are smit, and sigh like me.

Ay

Ay me ! as thick as hops or hail,
The fine men crowd about her :
But soon as dead as a door-nail
Shall I be, if without her.

Strait as my leg her shape appears ;
O were we join'd together !
My heart would be scot-free from cares,
And lighter than a feather.

As fine as five-pence is her mien ;
No drum was ever tighter ;
Her glance is as the razor keen,
And not the sun is brighter.

As soft as pap her kisses are ;
Methinks I taste them yet ;
Brown as a berry is her hair,
Her eyes as black as jet.

As smooth as glass, as white as curds,
Her pretty hand invites ;
Sharp as a needle are her words ;
Her wit like pepper bites.

Brisk as a body-louse she trips,
Clean as a penny drest ;
Sweet as a rose her breath and lips,
Round as the globe her breast.

Full as an egg was I with glee,
And happy as a king :
Good lord ! how all men envy'd me !
She lov'd like any thing.

U

But

But false as hell, she, like the wind,
Chang'd, as her sex must do ;
Though seeming as the turtle kind,
And like the gospel true.

If I and *Molly* could agree,
Let who would take *Peru* !
Great as an emp'ror should I be,
And richer than a *Jew*.

Till you grow tender as a chick,
I'm dull as any post :
Let us like burs together stick,
And warm as any toast.

You'll know me truer than a dye,
And wish me better sped,
Flat as a flounder when I lie,
And as a herring dead.

Sure as a gun, she'll drop a tear,
And sigh perhaps, and wish,
When I am rotten as a pear,
And mute as any fish.

* NEWGATE'S

* NEWGATE'S GARLAND:

Being a new ballad, shewing how Mr. Jonathan Wild's throat was cut from ear to ear with a penknife by Mr. Blake, alias Blueskin, the bold highwayman, as he stood at his trial in the Old-Baily, 1725.

To the Tune of the Cut-purse.

I.

YE gallants of *Newgate*, whose fingers are nice
In diving in pockets, or cogging of dice;
Ye sharpers so rich, who can buy off the noose,
Ye honefter poor rogues, who die in your shoes,
Attend and draw near,
Good news ye shall hear,
How *Jonathan's* throat was cut from ear to ear,
How *Blueskin's* sharp penknife hath set you at ease,
And ev'ry man round me may rob, if he please.

II.

When to the *Old-Baily* this *Blueskin* was led,
He held up his hand; his indictment was read;
Loud rattled his chains; near him *Jonathan* stood;
For full forty pounds was the price of his blood.
Then, hopeless of life,
He drew his penknife,
And made a sad widow of *Jonathan's* wife.
But forty pounds paid her her grief shall appease;
And ev'ry man round me may rob, if he please.

III.

Some say there are courtiers of highest renown,
Who steal the king's gold, and leave him but a crown:
U 2 Some

Some say there are peers, and some parliament-men,
Who meet once a year to rob courtiers agen.

Let them all take their swing
To pillage the king,
And get a blue ribbon, instead of a string.
Now *Blueskin's* sharp penknife hath set you at ease ;
And ev'ry man round me may rob, if he please.

IV.

Knaves of old, to hide guilt by their cunning inventions,
Call'd briberies grants, and plain robberies pensions:
Physicians and lawyers (who take their degrees
To be learned rogues) call'd their pilfering fees.

Since this happy day
Now ev'ry man may
Rob (as safe as in office) upon the highway.
For *Blueskin's* sharp penknife hath set you at ease ;
And ev'ry man round me may rob, if he please.

V.

Some cheat in the customs, some rob the excise ;
But he who robs both is esteemed most wise.
Church-wardens, too prudent to hazard the halter,
As yet only venture to steal from the altar.

But now to get gold,
They may be more bold,
And rob on the highway, since *Jonathan's* cold :
For *Blueskin's* sharp penknife hath set you at ease ;
And ev'ry man round me may rob, if he please.

VI. Some

VI.

Some by publick revenues, which pass'd thro' their hands,
Have purchas'd clean houses, and bought dirty lands:
Some to steal from a charity think it no sin,
Which at home (says the proverb) does always begin.

But, if ever you be
Assign'd a trustee,
Treat not orphans like masters of the chancery;
But take the highway, and more honestly seize;
For ev'ry man round me may rob, if he please.

VII.

What a pother has here been with *Wood* and his brass,
Who would modestly make a few half-pennies pass!
The patent is good, and the precedent's old,
For *Diomed* changed his copper for gold:

But, if *Ireland* despise
The new half-pennies,
With more safety to rob on the road I advise:
For *Blueskin's* sharp penknife hath set thee at ease;
And ev'ry man round me may rob, if he please.

P R O M E T H E U S.

P R O M E T H E U S.

On *Wood* * the patentee's *Irish half-pence*.

Written in the Year 1724.

I.

AS, when the 'squire and tinker, *Wood*,
Gravely consulting *Ireland's* good,
Together mingled in a mass
Smith's dust, and copper, lead, and brass;
The mixture thus by chymick art
United close in ev'ry part,
In fillets roll'd, or cut in pieces,
Appear'd like one continu'd species;
And, by the forming engine struck,
On all the same impression stuck.

So, to confound this *bated coin*,
All parties and religions join;
Whigs, Tories, Trimmers, Hanoverians,
Quakers, Conformists, Presbyterians,
Scotch, Irish, English, French unite,
With equal int'rest, equal spight;
Together mingled in a lump,
Do all in *one opinion* jump;
And ev'ry one begins to find
The same impression on his mind.

A strange event! whom *gold* incites
To blood and quarrels, *brass* unites:
So, goldsmiths say, the coarsest stuff
Will serve for *solder* well enough:

* See an Account of *Wood's* project in the *Drapier's* letters, *Vol. V.

So by the *kettle's* loud alarm
 The *bees* are gather'd to a *swarm* :
 So by the *brazen* trumpet's bluster
 Troops of all tongues and nations muster :
 And so the *harp* of *Ireland* brings
 Whole crowds about its *brazen strings*.

II.

There is a chain let down from *Jove*,
 But fasten'd to his throne above,
 So strong, that from the lower end,
 They say, all human things depend.
 This chain, as ancient poets hold,
 When *Jove* was young, was made of *gold*.
Prometheus once this chain purloin'd,
 Dissolv'd, and into *money* coin'd ;
 Then whips me on a chain of brass :
 (*Venus* * was brib'd to let it pass.)

Now, while this brazen chain prevail'd,
Jove saw that all devotion fail'd ;
 No temple to his Godship rais'd ;
 No sacrifice at altars blaz'd ;
 In short, such dire confusion follow'd,
 Earth must have been in chaos swallow'd.
Jove stood amaz'd ; but, looking round,
 With much ado the cheat he found ;
 'Twas plain he cou'd no longer hold
 The world in any chain but gold ;
 And to the God of wealth, his brother,
 Sent *Mercury* to get another.

* A great lady was said to have been bribed by *Wood*.

Prometheus on a rock is laid,
 Ty'd with a chain himself had made,
 On icy *Caucasus* to shiver,
 While vulturs eat his growing liver.

III.

Ye pow'rs of *Grubstreet*, make me able
 Discreetly to apply this fable;
 Say, who is to be understood
 By that old thief *Prometheus*? WOOD.
 For *Jove*, it is not hard to guess him;
 I mean his Majesty, *God blefs him*.
 This thief and blacksmith was so bold,
 He strove to steal that chain of gold,
 Which links the subject to the king,
 And change it for a brazen string.
 But sure, if nothing else must pass
 Between the king and us, but brass,
 Although the chain will never crack,
 Yet our devotion may grow slack.

But *Jove* will soon convert, I hope,
 This brazen chain into a rope;
 With which *Prometheus* shall be ty'd,
 And high in air for ever ride;
 Where, if we find his liver grows,
 For want of vulturs, we have crows.

* S T R E P H O N

* STREPHON AND FLAVIA.

WITH ev'ry lady in the land
Soft *Strephon* kept a pother ;
One year he languish'd for one hand,
And next year for the other.

Yet, when his love the shepherd told
To *Flavia* fair and coy,
Reserv'd, demure, than snow more cold,
She scorn'd the gentle boy.

Late at a ball he own'd his pain :
She blush'd, and frown'd, and swore,
With all the marks of high disdain,
She'd never hear him more.

The swain persisted still to pray,
The nymph still to deny ;
At last she vow'd she wou'd not stay ;
He swore she shou'd not fly.

Enrag'd, she call'd her footman strait,
And rush'd from out the room,
Drove to her lodging, lock'd the gate,
And lay with *Ralph* at home.

CORINNA.

THIS day (the year I dare not tell)
Apollo play'd the midwife's part ;
Into the world *Corinna* fell,
And he endow'd her with his art.

X

Then

But *Cupid* with a *Satyr* comes ;
 Both softly to the cradle creep ;
 Both stroke her hands, and rub her gums,
 While the poor child lay fast asleep.

Then *Cupid* thus ; This little maid
 Of love shall always speak and write :
 And I pronounce (the *Satyr* said)
 The world shall feel her scratch and bite.

Her talent she display'd betimes ;
 For in twice twelve revolving moons
 She seem'd to laugh and squawl in rhymes,
 And all her gestures were lampoons.

At six years old the subtle jade
 Stole to the pantry-door, and found
 The butler with my lady's maid ;
 And you may swear the tale went round.

She made a song, how little miss
 Was kiss'd and flobber'd by a lad ;
 And how, when master went to p---,
 Miss came, and peep'd at all he had.

At twelve a wit and a coquette ;
 Marries for love, half whore, half wife ;
 Cuckolds, elopes, and runs in debt ;
 Turns auth'refs, and is *Curll's* for life.

Her common-place book all gallant is,
 Of scandal now a *cornucopia* ;
 She pours it out in * *Atalantis*,
 Or memoirs of the *New Utopia*.

* The *Atalantis* was written by Mrs. Man- company by a genteel appearance, and good
 ley ; and may be considered as a pander for address.
 the stewes, who gains admittance into good

* T H E
Q U I D N U N C K I ' S :

A Tale occasion'd by the Death of the Duke Regent of France.

HOW vain are mortal man's endeavours !
(Said, at † dame *Elleot's*, master *Tr---*s)

Good *Orleans* dead ! in truth 'tis hard :

Oh ! may all statesmen die prepar'd !

I do foresee (and for foreseeing

He equals any man in being)

The army ne'er can be disbanded.

--- I wish the king were safely landed.

Ah friends ! great changes threat the land !

All *France* and *England* at a stand !

There's *Merowis* --- mark ! strange work !

And there's the *Czar*, and there's the *Turk* ---

The *Pope* --- An *India*-merchant by

Cut short the speech with this reply :

All at a stand ? you see great changes ?

Ah, sir ! you never saw the *Ganges* :

There dwells the nation of *Quidnuncki's*,

(So *Monomotapa* calls monkies :)

On either bank, from bough to bough,

They meet and chat (as we may now :)

Whispers go round, they grin, they shrug,

They bow, they snarl, they scratch, they hug ;

And, just as chance or whim provoke them,

They either bite their friends or stroke them.

There have I seen some active prig,

To shew his parts, bestride a twig :

† Coffee-house near *St. James's*.

THE QUIDNUNCKI'S.

Lord! how the chatt'ring tribe admire!

Not that he's wiser, but he's higher:

All long to try the vent'rous thing,

(For pow'r is but to have one's swing.)

From side to side he springs, he spurns,

And bangs his foes and friends by turns.

Thus as in giddy freaks he bounces,

Crack goes the twig, and in he flounces!

Down the swift stream the wretch is borne;

Never, ah never, to return!

Z---ds! what a fall had our dear brother!

Morbleu! cries one; and *damme*, t'other.

The nation gives a gen'ral screech;

None cocks his tail, none claws his breech;

Each trembles for the publick weal,

And for a while forgets to steal.

A while all eyes intent and steddy

Pursue him whirling down the eddy:

But, out of mind when out of view,

Some other mounts the twig a-new;

And bus'ness on each monkey shore

Runs the same track, it run before.

* A Y A N D N O :

A F A B L E.

I N fable all things hold discourse;

Then *words*, no doubt, must talk of course.

Once on a time, near *Channel-row* *,

Two hostile adverbs, *ay* and *no*,

* *Channel-row* is a dirty street near the parliament-house, *Westminster*.

Were

Were hast'ning to the field of fight,
 And front to front stood opposite.
 Before each gen'ral join'd the van;
Ay, the more courteous knight, began:
 Stop, pceevish particle, beware!
 I'm told you are not such a bear,
 But sometimes *yield*, when *offer'd* fair. }
 Suffer yon' folks a while to tattle;
 'Tis *we* who must decide the battle.
 Whene'er we war on yonder stage
 With various fate and equal rage,
 The nation trembles at each blow,
 That *no* gives *ay*, and *ay* gives *no*:
 Yet in expensive long contention
 We gain nor office, grant, or pension:
 Why then shou'd *kinsfolks* quarrel thus?
 (For *two* of *you* make *one* of *us* *.)
 To some wise statesman let us go,
 Where each his *proper use* may know:
 He may admit two such commanders,
 And make those wait, who serv'd in *Flanders*.
 Let's quarter on a great man's tongue,
 A treas'ry lord, not master Y---g.
 Obsequious at his high command
Ay shall march forth to tax the land.
 Impeachments *no* can best resist,
 And *ay* support the civil list:
Ay quick as *Cæsar* wins the day;
 And *no*, like *Fabius*, by delay.
 Sometimes, in mutual fly disguise,
 Let *ay's* seem *no's*, and *no's* seem *I's*;

* In *English* two negatives make an affirmative.

Ay's be in court denials meant,
 And *no's* in bishops give consent.
 Thus *ay* propos'd---and for reply
No for the first time answer'd *I*.
 They parted with a thousand kisses,
 And fight e'er since for *pay*, like *Swisses*.

P H I L L I S :

O R, T H E

P R O G R E S S O F L O V E

Written in the Year 1716.

DEsponding *Phillis* was endu'd
 With ev'ry talent of a prude :
 She trembled when a man drew near ;
 Salute her, and she turn'd her ear ;
 If o'er against her you were plac'd,
 She durst not look above your waist :
 She'd rather take you to her bed,
 Than let you see her dress her head :
 In church you hear her, thro' the crowd,
 Repeat the *absolution* loud ;
 In church, secure behind her fan,
 She durst behold that monster *man* ;
 There practis'd how to place her head,
 And bit her lips to make them red ;
 Or, on the mat devoutly kneeling,
 Wou'd lift her eyes up to the cieling,

And

And heave her bosom unaware,
For neighb'ring beaux to see it bare.
At length a lucky lover came,
And found admittance to the dame.
Suppose all parties now agreed,
The writings drawn, the lawyer fee'd,
The vicar and the ring bespoke:
Guess, how could such a match be broke?
See then what mortals place their blifs in!
Next morn betimes the bride was missing:
The mother scream'd, the father chid;
Where can ~~this~~ idle wench be hid?
No news of *Phil*! the bridegroom came,
And thought his bride had sculk'd for shame;
Beause her father us'd to say
The girl *had such a bashful way*.

Now *John* the butler must be sent
To learn the road that *Phillis* went.
The groom was wish'd to saddle *Crop*;
For *John* must neither light, nor stop,
But find her, wherefoe'er she fled,
And bring her back, alive or dead.

See here again the devil to do;
For truly *John* was missing too:
The horse and pillion both were gone!
Phillis, it seems, was fled with *John*.

Old madam, who went up to find
What papers *Phil* had left behind,
A letter on the toilet sees,
To my much honour'd father---these,
(Tis always done, romances tell us,
When daughters run away with fellows)

Fill'd

THE PROGRESS OF LOVE.

Fill'd with the choicest common-places,
By others us'd in the like cases.

" That long ago a *fortune-teller*.

" Exactly said what now befel her;

" And in a *glass* had made her see

" A *serving-man* of low degree.

" It was *her fate*, must be forgiven;

" For *marriages* were made in heaven:

" His pardon begg'd; but, to be plain,

" She'd do't, if 'twere to do again:

" Thank'd God, 'twas neither *shame* nor *sin*;

" For *John* was come of *honest kin*.

" Love never thinks of rich and poor:

" She'd beg with *John* from door to door.

" Forgive her, if it be a crime;

" She'll never do't *another time*.

" She ne'er before in all her life

" Once disobey'd him, *maid* nor *wife*.

" One argument she summ'd up all in,

" The *thing* was done, and past recalling;

" And therefore hop'd she should recover

" His favour, when his *passion's* over.

" She valu'd not what others thought her,

" And was---his *most obedient daughter*."

Fair maidens, all attend the muse,

Who now the wand'ring pair pursues:

Away they rode in homely fort,

Their journey long, their money short;

The loving couple well bemir'd;

The horse and both the riders tir'd;

Their victuals bad, their lodging worse;

Phil cry'd, and *John* began to curse:

Phil

Phil wish'd, that she had strain'd a limb,
 When first she ventur'd out with him;
John wish'd, that he had broke a leg,
 When first for her he quitted *Peg*.

But what adventures more beset 'em,
 The muse hath now no time to tell 'em:
 How *Johnny* wheedled, threaten'd, fawn'd,
 Till *Phillis* all her trinkets pawn'd:
 How oft she broke her marriage vows
 In kindness to maintain her spouse,
 Till swains unwholesome spoil'd the trade;
 For now the surgeons must be paid,
 To whom those perquisites are gone,
 In christian justice due to *John*.

When food and raiment now grew scarce,
 Fate put a period to the farce,
 And with exact poetick justice;
 For *John* is landlord, *Phillis* hostess:
 They keep at *Staines* the *Old Blue Boar*,
 Are cat and dog, and rogue and whore.

T H E P R O G R E S S O F P O E T R Y.

T H E farmer's goose, who in the stubble
 Has fed without restraint or trouble,
 Grown fat with corn, and sitting still,
 Can scarce get o'er the barn-door fill;
 And hardly waddles forth to cool
 Her belly in the neighb'ring pool;
 Nor loudly cackles at the door;
 For cackling shews the goose is poor.

Y

But,

But, when she must be turn'd to graze,
 And round the barren common strays,
 Hard exercise and harder fare
 Soon make my dame grow lank and spare :
 Her body light, she tries her wings,
 And scorns the ground, and upward springs ;
 While all the parish, as she flies,
 Hear sounds harmonious from the skies.

Such is the poet fresh in pay,
 (The third night's profits of his play ;)
 His morning-draughts 'till noon can swill
 Among his brethren of the quill :
 With good roast beef his belly full,
 Grown lazy, foggy, fat, and dull,
 Deep sunk in plenty and delight,
 What poet e'er could take his flight ?
 Or, stuff'd with phlegm up to the throat,
 What poet e'er could sing a note ?
 Nor *Pegasus* could bear the load
 Along the high celestial road ;
 The steed, oppress'd would break his girth
 To raise the lumber from the earth.

But view him in another scene,
 When all his drink is *Hippocrene*,
 His money spent, his patrons fail,
 His credit out for cheese and ale ;
 His two-years coat so smooth and bare,
 Through ev'ry thread it lets in air ;
 With hungry meals his body pin'd,
 His guts and belly full of wind ;
 And, like a jockey for a race,
 His flesh brought down to flying case :

Now

Now his exalted spirit loaths
Incumbrances of food and cloaths;
And up he rises, like a vapour,
Supported high on wings of paper;
He singing flies, and flying sings,
While from below all *Grubstreet* rings.

T H E
P R O G R E S S O F B E A U T Y.

WHEN first *Diana* leaves her bed,
Vapours and steams her look disgrace,
A frowzy dirty-colour'd red
Sits on her cloudy wrinkled face:

But by degrees, when mounted high
Her artificial face appears
Down from her window in the sky,
Her spots are gone, her visage clears.

'Twixt earthly females and the moon
All parallels exactly run:
If *Celia* should appear too soon,
Alas, the nymph would be undone!

To see her from her pillow rise,
All reeking in a cloudy steam,
Crack'd lips, foul teeth, and gummy eyes,
Poor *Strephon*, how wou'd he blaspheme!

Three colours, black, and red, and white,
So graceful in their proper place,
Remove them to a diff'rent scite,
They form a frightful hideous face :

For instance, when the lily skips
Into the precincts of the rose,
And takes possession of the lips,
Leaving the purple to the nose.

So *Celia* went entire to bed,
All her complexion safe and sound ;
But, when she rose, white, black, and red,
Though still in sight, had chang'd their ground.

The black, which would not be confin'd,
A more inferior station seeks,
Leaving the fiery red behind,
And mingles in her muddy cheeks.

But *Celia* can with ease reduce,
By help of pencil, paint, and brush,
Each colour to its place and use,
And teach her cheeks again to blush.

She knows her *early* self no more ;
But fill'd with admiration stands,
As other painters oft adore
The workmanship of their own hands.

Thus, after four important hours,
Celia's the wonder of her sex :
Say, which among the heav'nly pow'rs
Could cause such marvellous effects ?

Venus,

Venus, indulgent to her kind,
Gave women all their hearts could wish,
When first she taught them where to find
White lead and * *Lusitanian* dish.

Love with white lead cements his wings :
White lead was sent us to repair
Two brightest, brittlest, earthly things,
A lady's face, and *China* ware.

She ventures now to lift the fash ;
The window is her proper sphere :
Ah lovely nymph ! be not too rash,
Nor let the beaux approach too near :

Take pattern by your *sister* star ;
Delude at once, and bless our sight ;
When you are seen, be seen from far,
And chiefly chuse to shine by night.

But art no longer can prevail,
When the materials all are gone ;
The best mechanic hand must fail,
Where nothing's left to work upon.

Matter, as wise logicians say,
Cannot without a *form* subsist ;
And *form*, say I, as well as they,
Must fail, if *matter* brings no grist.

And this is fair *Diana's* case ;
For all astrologers maintain,
Each night a bit drops off her face,
When mortals say she's in her wane :

* Portugal.

While * *Partridge* wisely shews the cause
Efficient of the moon's decay,
That *Cancer* with his pois'nous claws
Attacks her in the *milky way* :

But *Gadbury*, in art profound,
From her pale cheeks pretends to shew,
That swain *Endymion* † is not found,
Or else that *Mercury's* her foe.

But, let the cause be what it will,
In half a month she looks so thin,
That *Flamstead* can, with all his skill,
See but her forehead and her chin.

Yet, as she wastes, she grows discreet,
'Till midnight never shews her head :
So rotting *Celia* strols the street,
When sober folks are all a-bed :

For sure, if this be *Luna's* fate,
Poor *Celia*, but of mortal race,
In vain expects a longer date
To the materials of *her* face.

When *Mercury* her tresses mows,
To think of black-lead combs is vain ;
No painting can restore a *nose*,
Nor will her *teeth* return again.

* *Partridge* and *Gadbury* wrote each an
ephemeris.

† *Endymion*, a young shepherd, of whom
Diana was feigned to be enamoured.

Ye pow'rs, who over love preside!
 Since mortal beauties drop so soon,
 If you would have us well supply'd,
 Send us *new* nymphs with each *new* moon.

PETHOX THE GREAT.

FROM *Venus* born, thy beauty shows;
 But who thy father, no man knows:
 Nor can the skilful herald trace
 The founder of thy ancient race:
 Whether thy temper, full of fire,
 Discovers *Vulcan* for thy fire,
 The God who made *Scamander* boil,
 And round his margin sing'd the soil,
 From whence, philosophers agree,
 An equal pow'r descends to thee:
 Whether from dreadful *Mars* you claim
 The high descent from whence you came,
 And, as a proof, shew num'rous scars
 By fierce encounters made in wars,
 Those honourable wounds you bore
 From head to foot, and *all before*;
 And still the bloody field frequent,
 Familiar in each leader's tent:
 Or whether, as the learn'd contend,
 You from the neighb'ring *Gaul* descend;
 Or from * *Parthenope* the proud,
 Where numberless thy vot'ries crowd:

* Naples.

Whether thy great forefathers came
 From * realms that bear *Vesputio's* name;
 For so conject'ers would obtrude,
 And from thy painted skin conclude:
 Whether, as *Epicurus* shows,
 The world from justling seeds arose,
 Which, mingling with prolifick strife
 In chaos, kindled into life;
 So your production was the same,
 And from contending atoms came.

Thy fair indulgent mother crown'd
 Thy head with sparkling rubies round:
 Beneath thy decent steps the road
 Is all with precious jewels strow'd.
 The † bird of *Pallas* knows his post,
 Thee to attend, where-e'er thou go'st.

Byzantians boast, that on the clod
 Where once their *sultan's* horse hath trod,
 Grows neither grass, nor shrub, nor tree:
 The same thy subjects boast of thee.

The greatest lord, when you appear,
 Will deign your livery to wear,
 In all the various colours seen
 Of red, and yellow, blue, and green.

With half a word, when you require,
 The man of bus'ness must retire.

The haughty minister of state
 With trembling must thy leisure wait;
 And, while his fate is in thy hands,
 The bus'ness of the nation stands.

* *America*, so called from *Americus Vesputio*, one of the first discovers of it.

† *Eubo*, the owl.

Thou dar'st the greatest prince attack,
Can'st hourly set him on the rack,
And, as an instance of thy pow'r,
Inclose him in a wooden tow'r:
With pungent pains on ev'ry side,
So *Regulus* in torments dy'd.

From thee our youth all virtues learn,
Dangers with prudence to discern;
And well thy scholars are endu'd
With temp'rance, and with fortitude;
With patience, which all ills supports;
And secrecy, the art of courts.

The glitt'ring beau could hardly tell,
Without your aid, to read or spell;
But, having long convers'd with you,
Knows how to write a billet-doux.

With what delight, methinks, I trace
Your blood in ev'ry noble race!
In whom thy features, shape, and mien
Are to the life distinctly seen.

The *Britons*, once a savage kind,
By you were brighten'd and refin'd,
Descendents of the barb'rous *Huns*,
With limbs robust, and voice that stuns:
But you have molded them afresh,
Remov'd the tough superfluous flesh,
Taught them to modulate their tongues,
And speak without the help of lungs.

Proteus on you bestow'd the boon
To change your visage like the moon;
You sometimes half a face produce,
Keep t'other half for private use.

Z

How

How fam'd thy conduct in the fight
 With * *Hermes*, son of *Pleias* bright!
 Out-number'd, half encompass'd round,
 You strove for ev'ry inch of ground;
 Then, by a soldierly retreat,
 Retir'd to your imperial seat.
 The victor, when your steps he trac'd,
 Found all the realms before him waste:
 You o'er the high triumphal arch
 Pontifick made your glorious march;
 The wond'rous arch behind you fell,
 And left a chasm profound as hell:
 You, in your capital secur'd,
 A siege as long as *Troy* endur'd.

* THE
 L A M E N T A T I O N
 O F
 G L U M D A L C L I T C H

For the Loss of

G R I L D R I G.

A P A S T O R A L.

SOON as *Glumdalclitch* miss'd her pleasing care,
 She wept, she blubber'd, and she tore her hair:
 No *British* miss sincerer grief has known,
 Her squirrel missing, or her sparrow flown.

* Mercury.

She

THE LAMENTATION OF GLUMDALCLITCH. 171

She furl'd her sampler, and hawl'd in her thread,
And stuck her needle into *Grildrig's* bed;
Then spread her hands, and with a bounce let fall
Her baby, like the giant in *Guildhall*.

In peals of thunder now she roars, and now
She gently whimpers like a lowing cow;
Yet lovely in her sorrow still appears:
Her locks dishevell'd, and her flood of tears,
Seem like the lofty barn of some rich swain,
When from the thatch drips fast a show'r of rain.

In vain she search'd each cranny of the house,
Each gaping chink, impervious to a mouse.

" Was it for this (she cry'd) with daily care

" Within thy reach I set the vinegar,

" And fill'd the cruet with the acid tide,

" While pepper-water worms thy bait supply'd;

" Where twin'd the silver eel around thy hook,

" And all the little monsters of the brook!

" Sure in that lake he dropt; my *Grilly's* drown'd!"---

She dragg'd the cruet, but no *Grildrig* found.

" Vain is thy courage, *Grilly*, vain thy boast;

" But little creatures enterprize the most.

" Trembling, I've seen thee dare the kitten's paw,

" Nay, mix with children, as they play'd at taw,

" Nor fear the marbles, as they bounding flew;

" Marbles to them, but rolling rocks to you.

" Why did I trust thee with that giddy youth?

" Who from a *page* can ever learn the truth?

" Vers'd in court tricks, that money-loving boy

" To some lord's daughter sold the living toy,

" Or rent him limb from limb in cruel play,

" As children tear the wings of flies away.

172 THE LAMENTATION OF GLUMDALCLITCH.

" From place to place o'er *Brobdingnag* I'll roam,
 " And never will return, or bring thee home.
 " But who hath eyes to trace the passing wind?
 " How then thy fairy footsteps can I find?
 " Dost thou bewilder'd wander all alone
 " In the green thicket of a mossy stone;
 " Or, tumbled from the toadstool's slipp'ry round,
 " Perhaps all maim'd lie grov'ling on the ground?
 " Dost thou, imbosom'd in the lovely rose,
 " Or sunk within the peach's down, repose?
 " Within the king-cup if thy limbs are spread,
 " Or in the golden cowslip's velvet head,
 " O shew me, *Flora*, 'midst those sweets, the flow'r
 " Where sleeps my *Grildrig* in his fragrant bow'r!
 " But ah! I fear thy little fancy roves
 " On little females, and on little loves;
 " Thy pigmy children, and thy tiny spouse,
 " The baby play-things that adorn thy house,
 " Doors, windows, chimnies, and the spacious rooms,
 " Equal in size to cells of honey-combs;
 " Hast thou for these now ventur'd from the shore,
 " Thy bark a bean-shell, and a straw thine oar?
 " Or in thy box, now bounding on the main,
 " Shall I ne'er bear thyself and house again?
 " And shall I set thee on my hand no more,
 " To see thee leap the lines, and traverse o'er
 " My spacious palm? of stature scarce a span,
 " Mimick the actions of a real man?
 " No more behold thee turn my watch's key,
 " As seamen at a capstern anchors weigh?
 " How wer't thou wont to walk with cautious tread,
 " A dish of tea, like milk-pail, on thy head?

" How

THE LAMENTATION OF GLUMDALCLITCH. 173

“ How chase the mite that bore thy cheese away,
“ And keep the rolling maggot at a bay ?”

She said ; but broken accents stopt her voice,
Soft as the speaking-trumpet's mellow noise :
She sobb'd a storm, and wip'd her flowing eyes,
Which seem'd like two broad suns in misty skies.
O squander not thy grief ! those tears command
To weep upon our cod in *Newfoundland* :
The plenteous pickle shall preserve the fish,
And *Europe* taste thy sorrows in a dish.

* M A R Y G U L L I V E R

T O

Captain L E M U E L G U L L I V E R.

A R G U M E N T.

The captain, some time after his return, being retired to Mr. Sympson's in the country, Mrs. Gulliver, apprehending from his late behaviour some estrangement of his affections, writes him the following expostulating, soothing, and tenderly complaining epistle.

WELCOME, thrice welcome, to thy native place !
--- What, touch me not ? what, shun a wife's embrace ?
Have I for this thy tedious absence borne,
And wak'd, and wish'd whole nights for thy return ?
In five long years I took no second spouse ;
What *Redriff* wife so long hath kept her vows ?
Your eyes, your nose, inconstancy betray ;
Your nose you stop, your eyes you turn away.

'Tis

'Tis said, that thou should'st *cleave unto thy wife* ;
 Once *thou* did'st cleave, and I could cleave for life.
 Hear, and relent ! hark how thy children moan !
 Be kind at least to these ; they are thy own :
 Be bold, and count them all ; secure to find
 The honest number that you left behind.
 See how they pat thee with their pretty paws :
 Why start you ? are they snakes ? or have they claws ?
 Thy christian seed, our mutual flesh and bone :
 Be kind at least to these ; they are thy own.

* *Biddel*, like thee, might farthest *India* rove ;
 He chang'd his country, but retain'd his love.
 There's captain *Pennel* absent half his life,
 Comes back, and is the kinder to his wife.
 Yet *Pennel's* wife is brown compar'd to me,
 And Mrs. *Biddel* sure is fifty-three.

Not touch me ! never neighbour call'd me slut :
 Was *Flimnap's* dame more sweet in *Lilliput* ?
 I've no red hair to breathe an odious fume ;
 At least thy consort's cleaner than thy groom.
 Why then that dirty stable-boy thy care ?
 What mean those visits to the *forrel mare* ?
 Say, by what witchcraft, or what dæmon led,
 Preferr'st thou *litter* to the marriage bed !

Some say the devil himself is in that *mare* :
 If so, our *dean* shall drive him forth by pray'r.
 Some think you mad, some think you are possest,
 That *Bedlam* and clean straw will suit you best.
 Vain means, alas, this frenzy to appease !
 That *straw*, that *straw* would heighten the disease.

* Names of the sea-captains mention'd in *Gulliver's travels*.

My bed (the scene of all our former joys,
 Witnefs two lovely girls, two lovely boys)
 Alone I prefs; in dreams I call my dear,
 I ftretch my hand; no *Gulliver* is there!
 I wake, I rife, and fhiv'ring with the froft
 Search all the houfe; my *Gulliver* is loft!
 Forth in the ftreet I rufh with frantick cries;
 The windows open, all the neighbours rife;
Where fleeps my Gulliver? O tell me where!
 The neighbours anfwer, "*With the forrel mare.*"

At early morn I to the market hafte,
 (Studious in ev'ry thing to pleafe thy tafte;)
 A curious *fowl* and *fparagrafs* I chofe,
 (For I remember you were fond of thofe:)
 Three fhillings coft the firft, the laft fev'n groats:
 Sullen you turn from both, and call for *oats*.

Others bring goods and treasures to their houfes,
 Something to deck their pretty babes and fpoufes:
 My *only* token was a cup like horn,
 That's made of nothing but a lady's *corn*.
 'Tis not for that I grieve; no, 'tis to fee
 The *groom* and *forrel mare* preferr'd to me!

Thefe, for fome moments when you deign to quit,
 And (at due diftance) fweet difcourfe admit,
 'Tis all my pleafure thy paff toil to know;
 For pleas'd remembrance builds delight on woe.
 At ev'ry danger pants thy confort's breaft,
 And gaping infants fquawl to hear the reft.
 How did I tremble, when by thoufands bound
 I faw thee ftretch'd on *Lilliputian* ground?
 When fcaling armies climb'd up ev'ry part,
 Each ftrep they trod I felt upon my heart.

But

But when thy torrent quench'd the dreadful blaze,
 King, queen, and nation staring with amaze,
 Full in my view how all my husband came!
 And what extinguish'd theirs, increas'd my flame.
 Those *spectacles*, ordain'd thine eyes to save,
 Were once my present; *love* that armour gave.
 How did I mourn at *Bolgolam's* decree!
 For, when he sign'd thy death, he sentenc'd me.

When folks might see thee all the country round
 For six pence, I'd have giv'n a thousand pound.
 Lord! when the *giant-babe* that head of thine
 Got in his mouth, my heart was up in mine!
 When in the *marrow-bone* I see thee ramm'd,
 Or on the house-top by the *monkey* cramm'd,
 The piteous images renew my pain,
 And all thy dangers I weep o'er again.
 But on the *maiden's nipple* when you rid,
 Pray heav'n, 'twas all the wanton maiden did!
Glumdalclitch too!---with thee I mourn her case:
 Heav'n guard the gentle girl from all disgrace!
 O may the king that one neglect forgive,
 And pardon her the fault by which I live!
 Was there no other way to set him free!
 My life, alas! I fear prov'd death to thee.

O teach me, dear, new words to speak my flame!
 Teach me to woo thee by thy best-lov'd name!
 Whether the style of *Grildrig* please thee most,
 So call'd on *Brobdingnag's* stupendous coast,
 When on the monarch's ample hand you fate,
 And hollow'd in his ear intrigues of state;
 Or *Quinbus Flestrin* more endearment brings,
 When like a mountain you look'd down on kings:

If

If ducal *Nardac*, *Lilliputian* peer,
 Or *Glumglum's* humbler title sooth thine ear:
 Nay, wou'd kind *Jove* my organs so dispose,
 To hymn harmonious *Houyhnhnm* through the nose,
 I'd call thee *Houyhnhnm*, that high sounding name;
 Thy children's noses all should twang the same.
 So might I find my loving spouse of course
 Endu'd with all the *virtues* of a *horse*.

* T O

QUINBUS FLESTRIN,

THE

MAN-MOUNTAIN.

A LILLIPUTIAN ODE.

I N amaze
 Lost, I gaze:
 Can our eyes
 Reach thy size?
 May my lays
 Swell with praise,
 Worthy thee!
 Worthy me!
 Muse, inspire
 All thy fire!
 Bards of old
 Of him told,
 When they said,
Atlas' head

A a

Propt

A LILLIPUTIAN ODE.

Propt the skies:
See! and believe your eyes!

See him stride
Vallies wide,
Over woods,
Over floods!
When he treads,
Mountains heads
Groan and shake:
Armies quake:
Left his spurn
Overturn
Man and steed:
Troops, take heed!
Left and right,
Speed your flight!
Left an host

Beneath his foot be lost.

Turn'd aside
From his hide
Safe from wound,
Darts rebound.
From his nose
Clouds he blows:
When he speaks,
Thunder breaks!
When he eats,
Famine threats!
When he drinks,
Neptune shrinks!
Nigh thy ear,
In mid air,

On

On thy hand
 Let me stand;
 So shall I,
 Lofty poet! touch the sky.

* A

GENTLE ECHO ON WOMAN.

In the *Dorick* Manner.*Shepherd,*

ECHO, I ween, will in the woods reply,
 And quaintly answer questions: shall I try?
 Echo, *Try.*

Shepherd,

What must we do our passion to express?
 Echo, *Press.*

Shepherd,

How shall I please her who ne'er lov'd before?
 Echo, *Before.*

Shepherd,

What most moves women, when we them address?
 Echo, *Adress.*

Shepherd,

Say, what can keep her chaste, whom I adore?
 Echo, *A door.*

Shepherd,

If musick softens rocks, love tunes my lyre.
 Echo, *Lyar.*

Shepherd,

Then teach me, echo, how shall I come by her?

Echo, *Buy her.*

Shepherd,

When bought, no question, I shall be her dear?

Echo, *Her deer.*

Shepherd,

But deer have horns; how must I keep her under?

Echo, *Keep her under.*

Shepherd,

How shall I hold her ne'er to part afunder?

Echo, *A-se under.*

Shepherd,

But what can glad me, when she's laid on bier?

Echo, *Beer.*

Shepherd,

What must I do, when woman will be kind?

Echo, *Be kind.*

Shepherd,

What must I do, when woman will be cross?

Echo, *Be cross.*

Shepherd,

Lord! what is she that can so turn and wind?

Echo, *Wind.*

Shepherd,

If she be wind, what stills her when she blows?

Echo, *Blows.*

Shepherd,

But, if she bang again, still shou'd I bang her?

Echo, *Bang her.*

Shepherd,

Shepherd,
Is there no way to moderate her anger?
Echo, Hang her.

Shepherd,
Thanks, gentle echo; right thy answers tell,
What woman is, and how to guard her well.
Echo, Guard her well.

EPILOGUE TO A PLAY

For the benefit of the Weavers in *Ireland*. 1721.

WHO dares affirm this is no pious age,
When charity begins to tread the stage?
When actors, who at best are hardly favers,
Will give a night of benefit to weavers?
Stay, --- let me see, how finely will it sound!
Imprimis, from his grace * a hundred pound:
Peers, clergy, gentry, all are benefactors;
And then comes in the *item* of the actors:
Item, the actors freely give a day, ---
The poet had no more who made the play.
But whence this wond'rous charity in play'rs?
They learnt it not at sermons, or at pray'rs.
Under the rose, since here are none but friends,
To own the truth, we have some private ends:
Since waiting-women, like exacting jades,
Hold up the prices of their old *brocades*,
We'll dress in *manufactures* made at home,
Equip our *kings* and *gen'als* at the *Comb* †:

* Dr. William King, archbishop of Dublin.

† A street in Dublin famous for woollen manufactures.

We'll

We'll rig in *Meath-street* *Ægypt's* haughty queen ;
And *Anthony* shall court her in *ratteen*.

In *blue sballoon* shall *Hannibal* be clad,
And *Scipio* trail an *Irish purple plad*.

In drugget drest, of thirteen pence a yard,
See *Philip's* son amidst his *Persian* guard :

And proud *Roxana*, fir'd with jealous rage,
With fifty yards of crape shall sweep the stage.

In short, our kings and princesses within

Are all resolv'd the project to begin ;

And you, our subjects, when you here resort,

Must imitate the fashions of the court.

Oh! cou'd I see this audience clad in *stuff*,
Though money's scarce, we shou'd have trade enough :

But *chints*, *brocades*, and *lace* take all away,

And scarce a crown is left to see a play.

Perhaps you wonder whence this friendship springs

Between the *weavers*, and us play-house kings :

But wit and weaving had the same beginning ;

Pallas first taught us poetry and spinning.

And next observe how this alliance fits,

For *weavers* now are just as poor as wits :

Their brother quill-men, workers for the stage,

For sorry *stuff* can get a crown a page ;

But *weavers* will be kinder to the *players*,

And sell for twenty pence a yard of theirs :

And, to your knowledge, there is often less in

The *poet's* wit, than in the *player's* dressing.

EPI T A P H.

EPITAPH ON A MISER.

BENEATH this verdant *hillock* lies
Demar, the *wealthy* and the *wise*.
His *heirs*, that he might safely rest,
Have put his *carcass* in a *chest*;
The very *chest*, in which, they say,
His *other self*, his *money* lay.
And, if his *heirs* continue kind
To that dear *self* he left behind,
I dare believe, that four in five
Will think his *better half* alive.

T O S T E L L A.

Who collected and transcribed his Poems. 1720.

AS, when a lofty pile is rais'd,
We never hear the workmen prais'd,
Who bring the lime, or place the stones;
But all admire *Inigo Jones*:
So, if this pile of scatter'd rhymes
Shou'd be approv'd in after-times,
If it both pleases and endures,
The merit and the praise are yours.

Thou, *Stella*, wer't no longer young,
When first for thee my harp I strung,
Without one word of *Cupid's* darts,
Of killing eyes, or bleeding hearts:
With friendship and esteem poss'est,
I ne'er admitted love a guest.

In

In all the habitudes of life,
 The friend, the mistress, and the wife,
 Variety we still pursue,
 In pleasure seek for something new ;
 Or else, comparing with the rest,
 Take comfort, that our own is best ;
 The best we value by the worst,
 (As tradesmen shew their trash at first :)
 But his pursuits are at end,
 Whom *Stella* chuses for a friend.

A poet starving in a garret,
 Conning old topicks like a parrot,
 Invokes his mistress and his muse,
 And stays at home for want of shoes :
 Shou'd but his muse descending drop
 A slice of bread and mutton-chop ;
 Or kindly, when his credit's out,
 Surprize him with a pint of stout * ;
 Or patch his broken stocking soals,
 Or send him in a peck of coals ;
 Exalted in his mighty mind,
 He flies, and leaves the stars behind ;
 Counts all his labours amply paid,
 Adores her for the timely aid.

Or, shou'd a porter make enquiries
 For *Chloe*, *Sylvia*, *Phillis*, *Iris*,
 Be told the lodging, lane, and sign,
 The bow'rs that hold those nymphs divine ;
 Fair *Chloe* would perhaps be found
 With footmen tippling under ground ;

* A cant word for strong beer.

The charming *Sylvia* beating flax,
 Her shoulders mark'd with bloody tracks ;
 Bright *Phillis* mending ragged smocks ;
 And radiant *Iris* in the pox.

These are the goddesses enroll'd
 In *Curll's* * collection, new and old,
 Whose scoundrel fathers wou'd not know 'em,
 If they shou'd meet them in a poem.

True poets can depress and raise,
 Are lords of infamy and praise ;
 They are not scurrilous in satire,
 Nor will in panegyrick flatter.
 Unjustly poets we asperse ;
 Truth shines the brighter clad in verse ;
 And all the fictions they pursue,
 Do but insinuate what is true.

Now, should my praises owe their truth
 To beauty, dress, or paint, or youth,
 What Stoicks call *without our pow'r*,
 They could not be insur'd an hour :
 'Twere grafting on an annual stock,
 That must our expectation mock,
 And, making one luxuriant shoot,
 Die the next year for want of root :
 Before I cou'd my verses bring,
 Perhaps you're quite another thing.

So *Mævius*, when he drain'd his skull
 To celebrate some suburb trull,
 His families in order set,
 And ev'ry crambo he cou'd get ;

† See an account of *Curll*, Vol. II.

Had gone through all the common-places
 Worn out by wits, who rhyme on faces :
 Before he could his poem close,
 The lovely nymph had lost her nose.

Your virtues safely I commend ;
 They on no accidents depend :
 Let malice look with all her eyes,
 She dares not say the poet lyes.

Stella, when you these lines transcribe,
 Lest you should take them for a bribe,
 Resolv'd to mortify your pride,
 I'll here expose your weaker side.

Your spirits kindle to a flame,
 Mov'd with the lightest touch of blame ;
 And, when a friend in kindness tries
 To shew you where your error lies,
 Conviction does but more incense ;
 Perverseness is your whole defence ;
 Truth, judgment, wit, give place to spight,
 Regardless both of wrong and right ;
 Your virtues all suspended wait
 Till time hath open'd reason's gate ;
 And, what is worse, your passion bends
 Its force against your nearest friends ;
 Which manners, decency, and pride
 Have taught you from the world to hide :
 In vain ; for see, your friend hath brought
 To publick light your only fault ;
 And yet a fault we often find
 Mix'd in a noble gen'rous mind ;
 And may compare to *Ætna's* fire,
 Which, though with trembling, all admire ;

The

The heat, that makes the summit glow,
Enriching all the vales below.
Those, who in warmer climes complain
From *Phæbus*' rays they suffer pain,
Must own, that pain is largely paid
By gen'rous wines beneath a shade.

Yet, when I find your passions rise,
And anger sparkling in your eyes,
I grieve those spirits should be spent,
For nobler ends by nature meant.
One passion with a diff'rent turn
Makes wit inflame, or anger burn :
So the sun's heat with diff'rent pow'rs
Ripens the grape, the liquors sours:
Thus *Ajax*, when with rage possesst
By *Pallas* breath'd into his breast,
His valour wou'd no more employ,
Which might alone have conquer'd *Troy*;
But blinded by resentment seeks
For vengeance on his friends the *Greeks*.

You think this turbulence of blood
From stagnating preserves the flood,
Which thus fermenting by degrees
Exalts the spirits, sinks the lees.

Stella, for once you reason wrong;
For, shou'd this ferment last too long,
By time subsiding, you may find
Nothing but acid left behind:
From passion you may then be freed,
When peevishness and spleen succeed.

Say, *Stella*, when you copy next,
Will you keep strictly to the text?

Dare you let these reproaches stand,
 And to your failing set your hand?
 Or, if these lines your anger fire,
 Shall they in baser flames expire?
 Whene'er they burn, if burn they must,
 They'll prove my accusation just.

T H E

JOURNAL OF A MODERN LADY.

Written in 1728.

IT was a most unfriendly part
 In you, who ought to know my heart,
 So well acquainted with my zeal
 For all the female common-weal---
 How cou'd it come into your mind
 To pitch on me, of all mankind,
 Against the sex to write a satire,
 And brand me for a woman-hater?
 On me, who think them all so fair,
 They rival *Venus* to a hair;
 Their virtues never ceas'd to sing,
 Since first I learn'd to tune a string?
 Methinks, I hear the ladies cry,
 Will he his character belye?
 Must never our misfortunes end?
 And have we lost our only friend?
 Ah, lovely nymphs, remove your fears,
 No more let fall those precious tears.
 Sooner shall, *etc.*

[Here

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[*Here several verses are omitted.*]

The hound be hunted by the hare,
Than I turn rebel to the fair.

'Twas you engag'd me first to write,
Then gave the subject out of spite :
The *journal of a modern dame*
Is by my promise what you claim.
My word is past, I must submit ;
And yet perhaps you may be bit.
I but transcribe ; for not a line
Of all the satire shall be mine.
Compell'd by you to tag in rhymes
The common slanders of the times,
Of modern times, the guilt is yours,
And me my innocence secures.
Unwilling muse, begin thy lay,
The annals of a female day.

By nature turn'd to play the rake well,
(As we shall shew you in the sequel)
The modern dame is wak'd by noon,
(Some authors say, not quite so soon),
Because, though sore against her will,
She sat all night up at *Quadrille*.
She stretches, gapes, unglues her eyes,
And asks if it be time to rise ;
Of head-ach and the spleen complains ;
And then to cool her heated brains,
Her night-gown and her slippers brought her,
Takes a large dram of citron-water.

Then

Then to her glass; and "Betty, pray

"Don't I look frightfully to day?

"But was it not confounded hard?

"Well, if I ever touch a card!

"Four *mattadores*, and lose *codill*!

"Depend upon't, I never will.

"But run to *Tom*, and bid him fix

"The ladies here to night by fix."

Madam, the goldsmith waits below:

He says, his business is to know

If you'll redeem the silver cup

He keeps in pawn? --- "Why shew him up."

Your dressing-plate he'll be content

To take, for interest *cent. per cent.*

And, madam, there's my lady *Spade*

Hath sent this letter by her maid.

"Well, I remember what she won;

"And hath she sent so soon to dun?

"Here, carry down those ten pistoles

"My husband left to pay for coals:

"I thank my stars, they all are light;

"And I may have revenge to night."

Now, loit'ring o'er her tea and cream,

She enters on her usual theme;

Her last night's ill success repeats,

Calls lady *Spade* a hundred cheats:

"She slipt *spadillo* in her breast,

"Then thought to turn it to a jest:

"There's Mrs. *Cut* and she combine,

"And to each other give the sign."

Through ev'ry game pursues her tale,

Like hunters o'er their ev'ning ale.

Now

THE JOURNAL OF A MODERN LADY. 191

Now to another scene give place:
Enter the folks with filks and lace:
Fresh matter for a world of chat,
Right *Indian* this, right *Mechlin* that:
Observe this pattern; there's a stuff;
I can have customers enough.
Dear Madam, you are grown so hard---
This lace is worth twelve pounds a yard:
Madam, if there be truth in man,
I never sold so cheap a fan.

This business of importance o'er,
And madam almost drest by four,
The footman, in his usual phrase,
Comes up with, Madam, dinner stays.
She answers in her usual style,
The cook must keep it back a while:
I never can have time to dress;
No woman breathing takes up less;
I'm hurried so, it makes me sick;
I wish the dinner at *Old Nick*.
At table now she acts her part,
Has all the dinner-cant by heart:
"I thought we were to dine alone,
"My dear; for sure, if I had known
"This company would come to day---
"But really 'tis my spouse's way;
"He's so unkind, he never sends
"To tell when he invites his friends:
"I wish ye may but have enough."
And while with all this poultry stuff

She

She sits tormenting ev'ry guest,
 Nor gives her tongue one moment's rest,
 In phrases batter'd, stale, and trite,
 Which modern ladies call polite ;
 You see the booby husband sit
 In admiration at her wit !

But let me now a while survey
 Our madam o'er her ev'ning tea ;
 Surrounded with her noisy clans
 Of prudes, coquets, and harridans ;
 When, frightened at the clam'rous crew,
 Away the God of *silence* flew,
 And fair *discretion* left the place,
 And *modesty* with blushing face :
 Now enters over-weening *pride*,
 And *scandal* ever gaping wide ;
Hypocrisy with frown severe,
Scurrility with gibing air ;
 Rude *laughter* seeming like to burst,
 And *malice* always judging worst ;
 And *vanity* with pocket-glass,
 And *impudence* with front of brass ;
 And study'd *affectation* came,
 Each limb and feature out of frame ;
 While *ignorance* with brain of lead
 Flew hov'ring o'er each female head.

Why should I ask of thee, my muse,
 An hundred tongues, as poets use,
 When to give ev'ry dame her due
 An hundred thousand were to few ?

Or,

Or, how should I, alas! relate
 The sum of all their senseless prate,
 Their innuendos, hints, and slanders,
 Their meanings lewd, and double entendres?
 Now comes the general scandal-charge;
 What some invent, the rest enlarge;
 And, "Madam, if it be a lye,
 " You have the tale as cheap as I:
 " I must conceal my author's name;
 " But now 'tis known to common fame."

Say, foolish females, bold and blind,
 Say, by what fatal turn of mind,
 Are you on vices most severe,
 Wherein yourselves have greatest share?
 Thus every fool herself deludes;
 The prudes condemn the absent prudes:
Mopsa, who stinks her spouse to death,
 Accuses *Chloe's* tainted breath;
Hircina, rank with sweat, presumes
 To censure *Pbillis* for perfumes;
 While crooked *Cynthia* sneering says,
 That *Florimel* wears iron stays:
Chloe, of every coxcomb jealous,
 Admires how girls can talk with fellows,
 And full of indignation frets,
 That women should be such coquets:
Iris, for scandal most notorious,
 Cries, "Lord, the world is so censorious!"
 And *Rufa*, with her combs of lead,
 Whispers that *Sappho's* hair is red:

C c

Aura

Aura, whose tongue you hear a mile hence,
Talks half a day in praise of silence;
And *Sylvia*, full of inward guilt,
Calls *Amoret* an arrant jilt.

Now voices over voices rise,
While each to be the loudest vies;
They contradict, affirm, dispute,
No single tongue one moment mute;
All mad to speak, and none to hearken,
They set the very lap-dog barking;
Their chatt'ring makes a louder din
'Than fish-wives o'er a cup of gin:
Not school-boys at a barring-out
Rais'd ever such incessant rout:
The jumbling particles of matter
In chaos made not such a clatter:
Far less the rabble roar and rail,
When drunk with four election-ale.

Nor do they trust their tongue alone,
But speak a language of their own;
Can read a nod, a shrug, a look,
Far better than a printed book;
Convey a libel in a frown,
And wink a reputation down;
Or by the tossing of the fan
Describe the lady and the man.

But see, the female club disbands,
Each twenty visits on her hands:

Now

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Now all alone poor madam sits
In vapours and hyfterick fits :
“ And was not *Tom* this morning sent ?
“ I’d lay my life he never went :
“ Past six, and not a living soul !
“ I might by this have won a vole.”
A dreadful interval of spleen !
How shall we pass the time between ?
“ Here, *Betty*, let me take my drops ;
“ And feel my pulse, I know it stops :
“ This head of mine, lord, how it swims !
“ And such a pain in all my limbs !”
Dear madam, try to take a nap ---
But now they hear a footman’s rap :
“ Go run, and light the ladies up :
“ It must be one before we sup.”

The table, cards, and counters set,
And all the gamester-ladies met,
Her spleen and fits recover’d quite,
Our madam can sit up all night ;
“ Whoever comes, I’m not within ” ---
Quadrille’s the word, and so begin.

How can the muse her aid impart,
Unskill’d in all the terms of art ?
Or in harmonious numbers put
The deal, the shuffle, and the cut ?
The superstitious whims relate,
That fill a female gamester’s pate ?
What agony of soul she feels
To see a knave’s inverted heels ?

She draws up card by card to find
 Good fortune peeping from behind;
 With panting heart, and earnest eyes,
 In hope to see *spadillo* rise:
 In vain, alas! her hope is fed;
 She draws an ace, and sees it red.
 In ready counters never pays,
 But pawns her snuff-box, rings, and keys;
 Ever with some new fancy struck,
 Tries twenty charms to mend her luck.
 " This morning, when the *parson* came,
 " I said I should not win a game.
 " This odious chair, how came I stuck in't?
 " I think I never had good luck in't.
 " I'm so uneasy in my stays;
 " Your fan a moment, if you please.
 " Stand further, girl, or get you gone;
 " I always lose, when you look on."
 Lord! madam, you have lost *codill*:
 I never saw you play so ill.
 " Nay, madam, give me leave to say
 " 'Twas you that threw the game away;
 " When lady *Tricksey* play'd a four,
 " You took it with a *mattadore*;
 " I saw you touch your wedding-ring
 " Before my lady call'd a king;
 " You spoke a word began with H,
 " And I know whom you meant to teach,
 " Because you held the king of hearts;
 " Fie, madam, leave these little arts."
 That's not so bad as one that rubs
 Her chair to call the king of clubs,

And

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And makes her partner understand
A mattadore is in her hand.

"Madam, you have no cause to flounce,

"I swear I saw you thrice renounce."

And truly, madam, I know when
Instead of five you scor'd me ten.

Spadillo here has got a mark;

A child may know it in the dark:

I guess the hand; it seldom fails:

I wish some folks would pair their nails.

While thus they rail and scold and storm,

It passes but for common form;

And conscious that they all speak true,

And give each other but their due,

It never interrupts the game,

Or makes 'em sensible of shame.

The time too precious now to waste,

And supper gobbled up in haste,

Again afresh to cards they run,

As if they had but just begun.

Yet shall I not again repeat,

How oft they squabble, snarl, and cheat.

At last they hear the watchman knock,

A frosty morn---past four o'clock.

The chairmen are not to be found,

"Come, let us play the t'other round."

Now, all in haste they huddle on

Their hoods and cloaks, and get them gone;

But

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But first the winner must invite
The company to-morrow night.

Unlucky madam left in tears,
(Who now again *Quadrille* forswears)
With empty purse, and aching head,
Steals to her sleeping spouse to bed.

THE COUNTRY LIFE.

Part of a summer spent at the house of *George Rochfort*, esq;

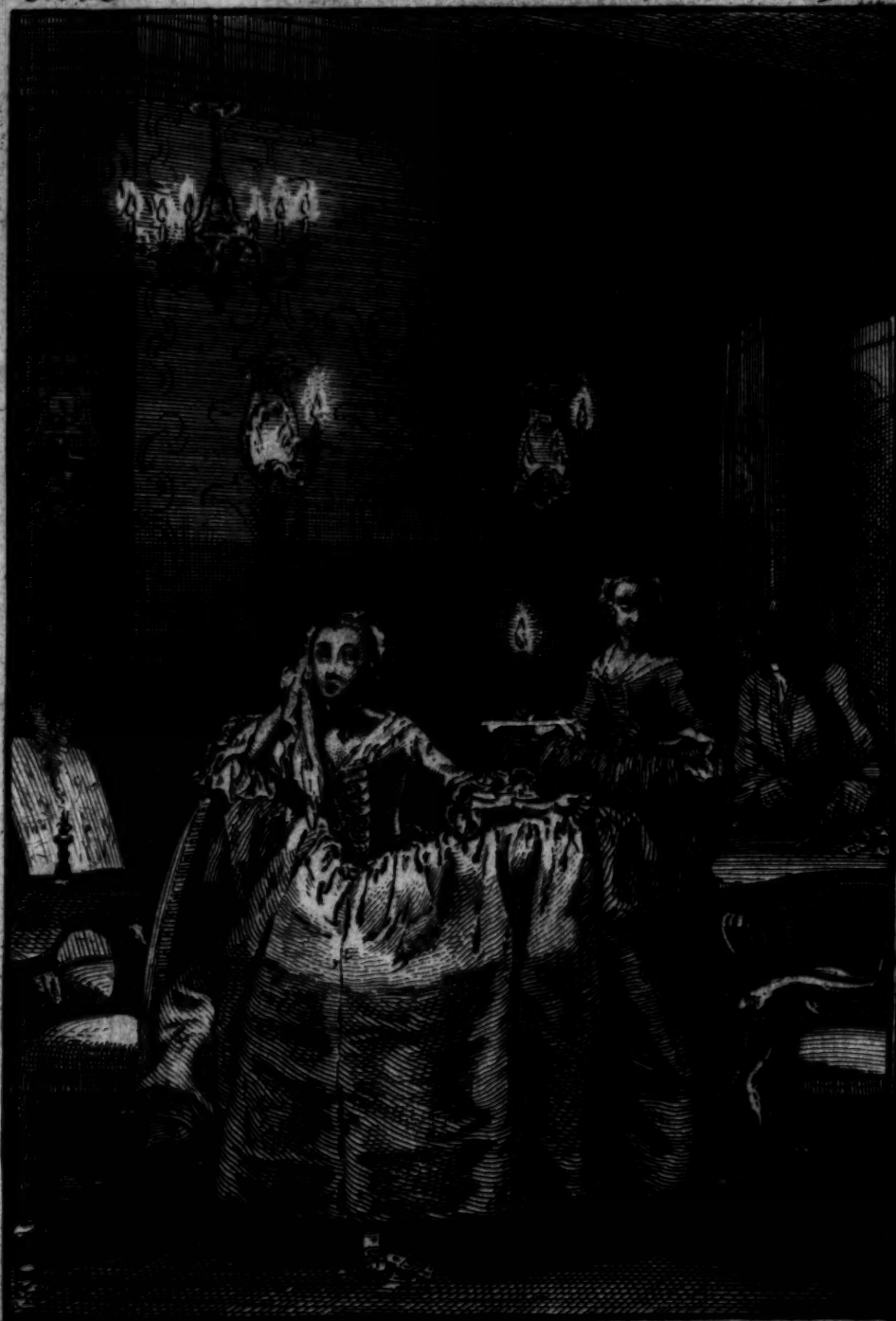
THALIA, tell in sober lays
How *George*, *Nim*, *Dan*, *Dean* pass their days.
Begin, my muse: first from our bow'rs
We sallly forth at different hours;
At seven the *dean* in night-gown drest
Goes round the house to wake the rest;
At nine grave *Nim* and *George* facetious
Go to the *dean* to read *Lucretius*;
At ten my lady comes and hectors,
And kisses *George*, and ends our lectures,
And when she has him by the neck fast,
Hauls him, and scolds us down to breakfast.
We squander there an hour or more,
And then all hands, boys, to the oar;
All, heteroclite *Dan* except,
Who neither time nor order kept,
But by peculiar whimsies drawn,
Peeps in the ponds to look for spawn;
O'ersees the work, or *Dragon* * rows,
Or marris a text, or mends his hose;

* My lord chief-baron's smaller boat.

Or

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Or --- but proceed we in our journal ---
At two, or after, we return all:
From the four elements assembling,
Warn'd by the bell, all folks come trembling:
From airy garrets some descend,
Some from the lake's remotest end:
My lord and dean the fire forsake,
Dan leaves the earthly spade and rake:
The loit'ers quake, no corner hides them,
And lady *Betty* soundly chides them.
Now water's brought, and dinner's done:
With church and king the lady's gone;
(Not reck'ning half an hour we pass
In talking o'er a moderate glass.)
Dan, growing drowsy, like a thief
Steals off to dose away his beef;
And this must pass for reading *Hammond*---
While *George* and *Dean* go to back-gammon.
George, *Nim*, and *Dean* set out at four,
And then again, boys, to the oar.
But, when the sun goes to the deep,
(Not to disturb him in his sleep,
Or make a rumbling o'er his head,
His candle out, and he a-bed)
We watch his motions to a minute,
And leave the flood, when he goes in it.
Now stinted in the short'ning day,
We go to pray'rs, and then to play
Till supper comes; and after that
We sit an hour to drink and chat.
'Tis late--- the old and younger pairs
By * *Adam* lighted walk up stairs.

* The butler.

The

The weary *Dean* goes to his chamber;
 And *Nim* and *Dan* to garret clamber:
 So, when the circle we have run,
 The curtain falls, and all is done.

I might have mention'd sev'ral facts
 Like episodes between the acts;
 And tell who loses, and who wins,
 Who gets a cold, who breaks his shins;
 How *Dan* caught nothing in his net,
 And how the boat was over-set:
 For brevity I have retrench'd
 How in the lake the *dean* was drench'd:
 It would be an exploit to brag on,
 How valiant *George* rode o'er the *Dragon*,
 How steady in the storm he sat,
 And sav'd his oar, but lost his hat:
 How *Nim* (no hunter e'er could match him)
 Still brings us hares, when he can catch 'em:
 How skilfully *Dan* mends his nets;
 How fortune fails him when he sets.
 Or how the *dean* delights to vex
 The ladies, or lampoon the sex:
 Or how our neighbour lifts his nose
 To tell what ev'ry school-boy knows;
 Then with his finger on his thumb
 Explaining strikes opposers dumb:
 Or how his wife, that female pedant,
 (But now there need no more be said on't)
 Shews all her secrets of house-keeping;
 For candles how she trucks her dripping;
 Was forc'd to send three miles for yeast
 To brew her ale, and raise her paste;

Tells

Tells ev'ry thing that you can think of,
 How she cur'd *Tommy* of the chin-cough;
 What gave her brats and pigs the measles,
 And how her doves were kill'd by weasels;
 How *Fowler* howl'd, and what a fright
 She had with dreams the other night.

But now, since I have gone so far on,
 A word or two of * lord chief-baron;
 And tell how little weight he sets
 On all *whig* papers, and *gazettes*;
 But for the politicks of *Pue*, †
 Thinks ev'ry syllable is true.
 And since he owns the king of *Sweden*
 Is dead at last, without evading,
 Now all his hopes are in the *Czar*:
 "Why, *Muscovy* is not so far;
 "Down the black sea, and up the streights,
 "And in a month he's at your gates;
 "Perhaps, from what the packet brings,
 "By *Christmas* we shall see strange things."
 Why should I tell of ponds and drains,
 What carps we met with for our pains;
 Of sparrows tam'd, and nuts innumerable
 To choak the girls, and to consume a rabble?
 But you, who are a scholar, know
 How transient all things are below,
 How prone to change is human life!
 Last night arriv'd *Clem*. ‡ and his wife ---

* Mr. *Rochfort's* father.

† A tory news-writer.

‡ Mr. *Clement Barry*.

This grand event hath broke our measures;
 Their reign began with cruel seizures:
 The *dean* must with his quilt supply
 The bed in which those tyrants lie;
Nim lost his wig-block, *Dan* his *jordan*,
 (My lady says she can't afford one;)
George is half scar'd out of his wits,
 For *Clem.* gets all the dainty bits.
 Henceforth expect a diff'rent survey,
 This house will soon turn topsy-turvy:
 They talk of further alterations,
 Which causes many speculations.

A

PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

Written in the Year 1728.

DERMOT, SHEELAH.

A Nymph and swain, *Sheelah* and *Dermot* hight,
 Who went to weed the court of *Gosford knight* *
 While each with stubbed knife remov'd the roots
 That rais'd between the stones their daily shoots;
 As at their work they sat in counterview,
 With mutual beauty smit, their passion grew:
 Sing, heavenly muse! in sweetly-flowing strain
 The soft endearments of the nymph and swain.

DERMOT.

My love to *Sheelah* is more firmly fixt,
 Than strongest weeds that grow these stones betwixt:

* *Sir Arthur Acheson*, whose great grandfather was *Sir Archibald of Gosford* in Scotland.

My

My spud these nettles from the stones can part,
No knife so keen to weed thee from my heart.

SHEELAH.

My love for gentle *Dermot* faster grows,
Than yon tall dock that rises to thy nose.
Cut down the dock, 'twill sprout again; but oh!
Love rooted out again will never grow.

DERMOT.

No more that brier thy tender legs shall rake;
(I spare the thistle for Sir *Arthur's* * fake.)
Sharp are the stones; take thou this rushy matt;
The hardest bum will bruise with sitting squat.

SHEELAH.

Thy breeches torn behind stand gaping wide;
This petticoat shall save thy dear backside;
Nor need I blush, although you feel it wet;
Dermot, I vow, 'tis nothing else but sweat.

DERMOT.

At an old stubborn root I chanc'd to tug,
When the *dean* threw me this tobacco plug:
A longer ha'-p'orth never did I see;
This, dearest *Sheelah*, thou shalt share with me.

SHEELAH.

In at the pantry door this morn I slipt,
And from the shelf a charming crust I whipt;
† *Dennis* was out, and I got hither safe;
And thou, my dear, shalt have the bigger half.

* Who is a great lover of *Scotland*.

* Sir *Arthur's* butler.

DERMOT.

When you saw *Tady* at long-bullets play,
 You sat and lous'd him all the sun-shine day.
 How could you, *Sheelah*, listen to his tales,
 Or crack such lice as his between your nails?

SHEELAH.

When you with *Oonah* stood behind a ditch,
 I peep'd, and saw you kiss the dirty bitch.
Dermot, how could you touch those nasty fluts!
 I almost wish'd this spud were in your guts.

DERMOT.

If *Oonah* once I kiss'd, forbear to chide;
 Her aunt's my gossip by my father's side:
 But, if I ever touch her lips again,
 May I be doom'd for life to weed in rain.

SHEELAH.

Dermot, I swear, though *Tady's* locks could hold
 Ten thousand lice, and ev'ry louse was gold,
 Him on my lap you never more should see;
 Or may I lose my weeding-knife---and thee.

DERMOT.

Oh! could I earn for thee, my lovely lass,
 A pair of brogues to bear thee dry to mass!
 But see, where *Norah* with the sowins comes ---
 Then let us rise, and rest our weary bums.

MARY

MARY the Cook-maid's Letter to
Dr. SHERIDAN.

Written in the Year 1723.

WELL, if ever I saw such another man since my mother
bound my head!

You a gentleman! marry come up, I wonder where you were
bred.

I am sure such words do not become a man of your cloth;

I would not give such language to a dog, faith and troth.

Yes, you call'd my master a knave: fie, Mr. *Sheridan*! 'tis a
shame

For a parson, who shou'd know better things, to come out
with such a name:

Knave in your teeth, Mr. *Sheridan*! 'tis both a shame and a
sin;

And the dean my master is an honest man than you and all
your kin:

He has more goodness in his little finger, than you have in
your whole body:

My master is a personable man, and not a spindle-shank'd hodd-
doddy.

And now, whereby I find you would fain make an excuse,

Because my master one day in anger call'd you goose;

Which, and I am sure I have been his servant four years since

October,

And he never call'd me worse than sweetheart, drunk or sober:

Not that I know his reverence was ever concern'd to my
knowledge,

Though you and your come-rogues keep him out so late in your
wicked college.

You

You say you will eat grafs on his grave: a christian eat grafs!
Whereby you now confests yourself to be a goose or an afs:
But that's as much as to say, that my master should die before
ye;

Well, well, that's as God pleases; and I don't believe that's a
true story:

And so say I told you so, and you may go tell my master; what
care I?

And I don't care who knows it; 'tis all one to *Mary*.

Every body knows, that I love to tell truth and shame the
devil.

I am but a poor servant; but I think gentlefolks should be civil.
Besides, you found fault with our victuals one day that you was
here;

I remember it was on a *Tuesday*, of all days in the year.

And *Saunders* the man says, you are always jesting and mock-
ing:

Mary, said he (one day, as I was mending my master's stock-
ing,)

My master is so fond of that minister that keeps the school---

I thought my master a wise man, but that man makes him a
fool.

Saunders, said I, I would rather than a quart of ale
He would come into our kitchen, and I would pin a dish-clout
to his tail.

And now I must go and get *Saunders* to direct this letter;
For I write but a sad scrawl; but my sister *Marget* she writes
better.

Well, but I must run and make the bed, before my master
comes from pray'rs;

And see now, it strikes ten, and I hear him coming up stairs:
Whereof

Whereof I cou'd say more to your verses, if I cou'd write written hand:

And so I remain, in a civil way, your servant to command,

MARY.

A

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

Mad MULLINIX and TIMOTHY*.

Written in 1728.

M. I Own, 'tis not my bread and butter ;
But pr'ythee, *Tim*, why all this clutter ?
Why ever in these raging fits,
Damning to hell the *Jacobites* ?
When, if you search the kingdom round,
There's hardly twenty to be found ;
No, not among the *priests* and *friers*---

T. 'Twixt you and me, G-- damn the lyars.

M. The *Tories* are gone ev'ry man over
To our illustrious house of *Hanover* ;
From all their conduct this is plain ;
And then---

T. G-- damn the lyars again.
Did not an earl but lately vote
To bring in (I could cut his throat)

* See *Tim* and the fables, Vol. IV.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN

Our whole accounts of publick debts?

M. Lord! how this frothy coxcomb frets! [*aside.*]

T. Did not an able statesman-bishop

This dang'rous horrid motion dish-up

As *popish* craft? did he not rail on't?

Shew fire and faggot in the tail on't?

Proving the earl a grand offender,

And in a plot for the *pretender*,

Whose fleet, 'tis all our friends opinion,

Was then embarking at *Avignon*.

M. These brangling jars of *Whig* and *Tory*
Are stale, and worn as *Troy-town story*:

The wrong, 'tis certain, you were both in,

And now you find you fought for nothing.

Your faction, when their game was new,

Might want such noisy fools as you;

But you, when all the show is past,

Resolve to stand it out at last;

Like *Martin Marr-all* *, gaping on,

Nor minding when the song is done.

When all the *bees* are gone to settle,

You clatter still your brazen kettle.

The leaders, whom you lifted under,

Have dropt their arms, and seiz'd the plunder;

And when the war is past, you come

To rattle in their ears your drum:

And as that hateful hideous *Grecian*

Thersites (he was your relation)

* Sir *Martin Marr-all* is a character in one of *Dryden's* comedies. Sir *Martin* was to serenade his mistress; but, as he could not play, his man undertook to conceal himself, and do

it for him, while he should thrum the instrument; but this ingenious project miscarried by the knight's continuing his exercise, when the musick was at an end.

Was

Was more abhorr'd and scorn'd by those
With whom he serv'd, than by his foes;
So thou art grown the detestation
Of all thy party through the nation:
Thy peevish and perpetual teasing
With plots, and *Jacobites*, and treason;
Thy busy, never-meaning face,
Thy screw'd-up front, thy state-grimace,
Thy formal nods, important sneers,
Thy whisp'rings foisted in all ears,
(Which are, whatever you may think,
But nonsense wrapt up in a stink)
Have made thy presence, in a true sense,
To thy own side so damn'd a nuisance,
That, when they have you in their eye,
As if the devil drove, they fly.

T. My good friend *Mullinix*, forbear;
I vow to G--, you're too severe:
If it could ever yet be known
I took advice, except my own,
It shou'd be yours: but d--- my blood,
I must pursue the publick good:
The faction (is it not notorious?)
Keck at the memory of *glorious*:
'Tis true; nor need I to be told,
My *quondam* friends are grown so cold,
That scarce a creature can be found
To prance with me his statue round.
The publick safety, I foresee,
Henceforth depends alone on me;
And while this vital breath I blow
Or from above, or from below,

I'll sputter, swagger, curse and rail,
The *Tories* terror, scourge, and flail.

M. Tim, you mistake the matter quite;
The *Tories*! you are their *delight*;
And should you act a diff'rent part,
Be grave and wise, 'twou'd break their heart.
Why, *Tim*, you have a taste I know,
And often see a *puppet-show*:
Observe, the audience is in pain,
While *Punch* is hid behind the scene;
But, when they hear his rusty voice,
With what impatience they rejoice!
And then they value not two straws,
How *Solomon* decides the cause,
Which the true mother, which *pretender*;
Nor listen to the witch of *Endor*.
Shou'd *Faustus* with the devil behind him
Enter the stage, they never mind him:
If *Punch*, to spur their fancy, shows
In at the door his monstrous nose,
Then sudden draws it back again;
O what a pleasure mixt with pain!
You ev'ry moment think an age,
'Till he appears upon the stage:
And first his bum you see him clap
Upon the queen of *Sheba's* lap:
The duke of *Lorrain* drew his sword;
Punch roaring run, and running roar'd,
Revil'd all people in his jargon,
And sold the king of *Spain* a bargain;
St. *George* himself he plays the wag on,
And mounts astride upon the *Dragon*;

He

He gets a thousand thumps and kicks,
 Yet cannot leave his roguish tricks;
 In every action thrusts his nose;
 The reason why, no mortal knows:
 In doleful scenes that break our heart,
Punch comes, like you, and lets a fart.
 There's not a puppet made of wood,
 But what wou'd hang him, if they cou'd;
 While, teasing all, by all he's teaz'd,
 How well are the spectators pleas'd!
 Who in the motion have no share,
 But purely come to hear and stare;
 Have no concern for *Sabra's* sake,
 Which gets the better, faint or snake,
 Provided *Punch* (for there's the jest)
 Be soundly maul'd, and plague the rest.

Thus, *Tim*, philosophers suppose,
The world consists of puppet-shows;
 Where petulant conceited fellows
 Perform the part of *Punchinelloes*:
 So at this booth, which we call *Dublin*,
Tim, thou'rt the *Punch* to stir up troubl' in;
 You wriggle, fidge, and make a rout,
 Put all your brother puppets out,
 Run on in a perpetual round
 To teaze, perplex, disturb, confound,
 Intrude with monkey-grin and clatter
 To interrupt all serious matter,
 Are grown the nuisance of your *clan*,
 Who hate and scorn you to a man:
 But then the lookers-on, the *Tories*,
 You still divert with merry stories;

They wou'd consent, that all the crew
Were hang'd, before they'd part with you.

But tell me, *Tim*, upon the spot,
By all this coil what hast thou got?
If *Tories* must have all the sport,
I fear you'll be disgrac'd at court.

T. Got? D--- my blood, I frank my letters,
Walk to my place before my betters,
And, simple as I now stand here,
Expect in time to be a peer ---
Got? D--- me, why I got my will!
Ne'er hold my peace, and ne'er stand still:
I fart with twenty ladies by;
They call me beast; and what care I?
I bravely call the *Tories* *Jacks*,
And sons of whores--- behind their backs.
But, could you bring me once to think,
That, when I strut, and stare, and stink,
Revile and slander, fume and storm,
Betray, make oath, impeach, inform,
With such a constant loyal zeal
To serve myself and common-weal,
And fret the *Tories* souls to death,
I did but lose my precious breath,
And when I damn my soul to plague 'em,
Am, as you tell me, but their may-game;
Consume my vitals! they should know,
I am not to be treated so;
I'd rather hang myself by half,
Than give those rascals cause to laugh.

But how, my friend, can I endure,
Once so renown'd, to live obscure?

No

No little boys and girls to cry,
There's nimble Tim a passing by?
 No more my dear delightful way tread
 Of keeping up a *party hatred?*
 Will none the *Tory dogs* pursue,
 When through the streets I cry *halloo?*
 Must all my d--mee's, bloods, and wounds,
 Pass only now for empty sounds?
 Shall *Tory* rascals be elected,
 Although I swear them disaffected?
 And when I roar, *a plot, a plot,*
 Will our own party mind me not?
 So qualified to swear and lye,
 Will they not trust me for a *spy?*

Dear *Mullinix*, your good advice
 I beg; you see the case is nice:
 O! were I equal in renown,
 Like thee to please this thankless town!
 Or bless'd with such engaging parts
 To win the truant school-boys hearts!
 Thy virtues meet their just reward,
 Attended by the *sable guard*.
 Charm'd by thy voice the 'prentice drops
 The snow-ball destin'd at thy chops:
 Thy graceful steps, and col'nel's air,
 Allure the *cinder-picking fair*.

M. No more --- in mark of true affection,
 I take thee under my protection:
 Thy parts are good, 'tis not deny'd;
 I wish they had been well apply'd.
 But now observe my counsel, (*viz.*)
 Adapt your habit to your phyz;

You

You must no longer thus equip ye,
 As *Horace* says, *optat ephippia*;
 (There's *Latin* too, that you may see
 How much improv'd by dr. ---).
 I have a coat at home, that you may try;
 'Tis just like this, which hangs by geometry.
 My hat has much the nicer air;
 Your block will fit it to a hair.
 That wig, I would not for the world
 Have it so formal, and so curl'd;
 'Twill be so oily and so sleek,
 When I have lain in it a week,
 You'll find it well prepar'd to take
 The figure of *toupee* or *snake*.
 Thus dress'd alike from top to toe,
 That which is which 'tis hard to know,
 When first in publick we appear,
 I'll lead the van, keep you the rear;
 Be careful, as you walk behind;
 Use all the talents of your mind;
 Be studious well to imitate
 My portly motion, mein, and gait;
 Mark my address, and learn my stile,
 When to look scornful, when to smile;
 Nor sputter out your oaths so fast,
 But keep your swearing to the last.
 Then at our leisure we'll be witty,
 And in the streets divert the city;
 The ladies from the windows gaping,
 The children all our motions aping.
 Your conversation to refine
 I'll take you to some friends of mine,

Choice

Choice spirits, who employ their parts
To mend the world by useful arts ;
Some cleansing hollow tubes to spy
Direct the zenith of the sky ;
Some have the city in their care
From noxious steams to purge the air ;
Some teach us in these dang'rous days
How to walk upright in our ways ;
Some whose reforming hands engage
To lash the lewdness of the age ;
Some for the publick service go
Perpetual envoys to and fro ;
Whose able heads support the weight
Of twenty ministers of state.
We scorn, for want of talk, to jabber
Of parties o'er our *bonny-clabber* :
Nor are we studious to enquire,
Who votes for manours, who for hire :
Our care is to improve the mind
With what concerns all human-kind ;
The various scenes of mortal life ;
Who beats her husband, who his wife ;
Or how the bully at a stroke
Knock'd down the boy, the lanthorn broke.
One tells the rise of cheese and oatmeal ;
Another when he got a hot meal ;
One gives advice in proverbs old,
Instructs us how to tame a scold ;
Or how by *almanacks* 'tis clear,
That herrings will be cheap this year.

T. Dear *Mullinix*, I now lament
My precious time so long mispent,

By

By nature meant for nobler ends :
 O, introduce me to your friends !
 For whom by birth I was design'd,
 'Till politicks debas'd my mind :
 I give myself entire to you ;
 G-- d-- the *Whigs*, and *Tories* too.

* E P I T A P H.

HERE

Continueth to rot

The body of FRANCIS CHARTRES ;

Who, with an INFLEXIBLE CONSTANCY
 and INIMITABLE UNIFORMITY of life,

PERSISTED,

In spite of AGE and INFIRMITIES,

In the practice of EVERY HUMAN VICE,

Excepting PRODIGALITY and HYPOCRISY :

His insatiable AVARICE exempted him from the first,

His matchless IMPUDENCE from the second.

Nor was he more singular
 in the undeviating *pravity* of his manners,
 Than successful

in *accumulating* WEALTH :

For, without TRADE or PROFESSION,

Without TRUST of PUBLICK MONEY,

And without BRIBE-WORTHY SERVICE,

He acquired, or more properly created,

A MINISTERIAL ESTATE.

He

He was the only person of his time
 Who cou'd CHEAT without the mask of HONESTY,
 Retain his primeval MEANNESS
 when possess'd of TEN THOUSAND a year;
 And, having daily deserv'd the GIBBET for what he *did*,
 Was at last condemn'd to it for what he *could* not do.

O indignant reader!

Think not his life useless to mankind!
 PROVIDENCE conniv'd at his execrable designs,
 To give to after-ages a conspicuous PROOF and EXAMPLE
 Of how small estimation is EXORBITANT WEALTH in the
 sight of GOD, by his bestowing it on the most UN-
 WORTHY of ALL MORTALS.

* *Joannes jacet hic Mirandula --- cætera norunt
 Et Tagus et Ganges --- forsan et Antipodes.*

Apply'd to F. C.

HERE *Francis Chartres* lies---be civil!
 The rest God knows---perhaps the devil.

* EPIGRAM.

PETER complains, that God has given
To his poor babe a life so short:
Consider, *Peter*, he's in heaven;
'Tis good to have a friend at court.

* ANOTHER.

YOU beat your pate, and fancy wit will come:
Knock as you please, there's nobody at home.

* EPITAPH of By-Words.

HERE lies a *round* woman, who thought *mighty odd*
Ev'ry word she e'er heard in this church about God.
To convince her of *God* the good dean did endeavour;
But still in her heart she held *nature* more *clever*.
Though he talk'd much of virtue, her head always run
Upon something or other she found better *fun*:
For the dame, by her skill in affairs astronomical,
Imagin'd, to live in the clouds was but *comical*.
In this world she despis'd ev'ry soul she met here;
And now she's in t'other, she thinks it but *queer*.

* EPIGRAM.

EPIGRAM.

On seeing a worthy prelate go out of church in the time of divine service to wait on his grace the D. of D----

LORD Pam in the church (cou'd you think it?) kneel'd
down;

When told the lieutenant was just come to town,
His *station* despising, unaw'd by the *place*,
He flies from his *God* to attend on his *grace*:
To the *court* it was fitter to pay his *devotion*,
Since *God* had no hand in his lordship's *promotion*.

* EPIGRAM from the *French*.

SIR, I admit your gen'ral rule,
That ev'ry poet is a fool:
But you yourself may serve to show it,
That ev'ry fool is not a poet.

* EPITAPH.

WELL then, poor G---- lies under ground!
So there's an end of honest *Jack*.
So little justice here he found,
'Tis ten to one he'll ne'er come back.

F f 2

* EPIGRAM.

* E P I G R A M.

On the Toasts of the Kit-Kat Club.

Anno 1716.

WHENCE deathless *kit-cat* took its name,
Few criticks can unriddle;
Some say from *pastry-cook* it came,
And some from *cat* and *fiddle*.
From no trim beaux its name it boasts,
Grey statesmen, or green wits;
But from this pell-mell pack of toasts
Of old *cats* and young *kits*.

* To a L A D Y, with the *Temple of Fame*.

WHAT's fame with men, by custom of the nation,
Is call'd in women only reputation:
About them both why keep we such a pother?
Part you with one, and I'll renounce the other.

* V E R S E S

*To be placed under the picture of England's arch-poet; containing
a compleat catalogue of his works.*

SEE who ne'er was or will be half-read!
Who first fung ^a *Arthur*, then fung ^b *Alfred*;
Prais'd great ^c *Eliza* in God's anger,
'Till all true *Englishmen* cry'd, hang her!

^a Two heroick poems in folio, twenty books.

^c Heroick poems in folio, ten books.

^b Heroick poems in twelve books.

Made

Made *William's* virtues wipe the bare a ---
 And hang'd up *Marlb'rough* in ^d arras :
 Then hiss'd from earth, grew heav'nly quite ;
 Made ev'ry reader curse the ^e light ;
 Maul'd human *wit* in one thick ^f satire ;
 Next in three books funk human ^g nature,
 Undid ^h *Creation* at a jerk,
 And of ⁱ *Redemption* made damn'd work.
 Then took his muse at once, and dipt her
 Full in the middle of the scripture:
 What wonders there the man grown old did !
Sternbold himself he *out-Sternbolded* :
 Made ^k *David* seem so mad and freakish,
 All thought him just what thought king *Achish*.
 No mortal read his ^l *Solomon*,
 But judg'd *R'oboam* his own son.
Moses ^m he serv'd as *Moses Pharaoh*,
 And *Deborah* as she *Siferab* ;
 Made ⁿ *Jeremy* full sore to cry,
 And ^o *Job* himself curse God and die.

What punishment all this must follow ?
 Shall *Arthur* use him like king *Tollo* ?
 Shall *David* as *Uriah* slay him ?
 Or dext'rous *Deb'rah Siferab* him ?

^d Instructions to *Vanderbank*, a tapestry-weaver.

^e Hymn to the light.

^f Satire against *wit*.

^g Of the *nature* of man.

^h *Creation*, a poem, in seven books.

ⁱ The *Redeemer*, another heroick poem, in six books.

^k Translation of all the *Psalms*.

^l *Canticles* and *Ecclesiastes*.

^m Paraphrase of the canticles of *Moses* and *Deborah*, etc.

ⁿ The *Lamentations*.

^o The whole book of *Job*, a poem, in

Or

Or shall *Eliza* lay a plot
 To treat him like her sister *Scot*?
 Shall *William* dub his better end *?
 Or *Marlb'rough* serve him like a friend?
 No, none of these---heav'n spare his life!
 But send him, honest *Job*, thy wife.

Dr. S W I F T to Mr. P O P E,

While he was writing the Dunciad.

P O P E has the talent well to speak,
 But not to reach the ear;
 His loudest voice is low and weak,
 The *Dean* too deaf to hear.

A while they on each other look,
 Then diff'rent studies chuse;
 The *Dean* sits plodding on a book,
Pope walks, and courts the muse.

Now backs of letters, though design'd
 For those who more will need 'em,
 Are fill'd with hints, and interlin'd,
 Himself can hardly read 'em.

Each atom by some other struck
 All turns and motions tries:
 Till in a lump together stuck,
 Behold a *poem* rise!

* Kick him on the breech, not knight him on the shoulder.

Yet

Yet to the *Dean* his share allot ;
 He claims it by a canon ;
That without which a thing is not,
Is, causa sine qua non.

Thus, * *Pope*, in vain you boast your wit ;
 For, had our deaf divine
 Been for your conversation fit,
 You had not writ a line.

Of prelate thus for preaching fam'd.
 The sexton reason'd well ;
 And justly half the merit claim'd,
 Because he *rang the bell.*

* BOUNCE to FOP.

An epistle from a dog at *Twickenham* to a dog at court.

TO thee, sweet *Fop*, these lines I send,
 Who, though no spaniel, am a friend.
 Though once my tail, in wanton play
 Now frisking this and then that way,
 Chanc'd with a touch of just the tip
 To hurt your lady-lap-dog-ship :
 Yet thence to think I'd bite your head off !
 Sure *Bounce* is one you never read of.
Fop ! you can dance, and make a leg,
 Can fetch and carry, cringe and beg,

* A polite turn is given to this incident by Mr. *Pope* in his letter to Dr. *Sheridan*,
 Vol. VI. Letter 32.

And

BOUNCE TO FOP.

And (what's the top of all your tricks)
 Can stoop to pick up *strings* and *sticks*.
 We country dogs love nobler sport,
 And scorn the pranks of dogs at court.
 Fie, naughty *Fop*! where-e'er you come,
 To fart and piss about the room,
 To lay your head in ev'ry lap,
 And, when they think not of you---fnap!
 The worst that envy, or that spite
 E'er said of me, is, I can bite;
 That idle gypsies, rogues in rags,
 Who poke at me, can make no brags;
 And that to towze such things as *flutter*
 To honest *Bounce* is bread and butter.

While you, and ev'ry courtly fop,
 Fawn on the devil for a chop,
 I've the humanity to hate
 A butcher, though he brings me meat;
 And, let me tell you, have a nose,
 (Whatever stinking fops suppose)
 That under cloth of gold or tissue
 Can smell a plaister, or an issue.

Your pilf'ring lord with simple pride
 May wear a pick-lock at his side;
 My master wants no key of state,
 For *Bounce* can keep his house and gate.

When all such dogs have had their days,
 As knavish *Pams*, and fawning *Trays*;

When

When pamper'd *Cupids*, beastly *Venis*,
 And motly, squinting *Harlequinis* *,
 Shall lick no more their ladies br---,
 But die of loofeness, claps, or itch;
 Fair *Thames* from either echoing shore
 Shall hear and dread my manly roar.

See *Bounce*, like *Berecynthia*, crown'd
 With thund'ring offspring all around;
 Beneath, beside me, and at top,
 A hundred sons, and not one *fop*!

Before my children set your beef,
 Not one true *Bounce* will be a thief;
 Not one without permission feed,
 (Though some of *J---n's* hungry breed :)
 But, whatsoe'er the father's race,
 From me they suck a little grace:
 While your fine whelps learn all to steal,
 Bred up by hand on chick and veal.

My eldest-born resides not far,
 Where shines great *Strafford's* glitt'ring star:
 My second (child of fortune!) waits
 At *Burlington's* Palladian gates:
 A third majestically stalks
 (Happiest of dogs!) in *Cobham's* walks:
 One ushers friends to *Bathurst's* door;
 One fawns at *Oxford's* on the poor.

* Alii legunt *Harvequinis*.

Nobles, whom arms or arts adorn,
Wait for my infants yet unborn.
None but a peer of wit and grace
Can hope a puppy of my race.

And O! wou'd fate the bliss decree
To mine, (a bliss too great for me!)
That two my tallest sons might grace,
Attending each with stately pace,
Lulus' side, as erst *Evander's* *,
To keep off flatt'ers, spies, and panders,
To let no noble slave come near,
And scare lord *Fannys* from his ear:
Then might a royal youth, and true,
Enjoy at least a friend --- or two;
A treasure, which of royal kind
Few but himself deserve to find.
Then *Bounce* ('tis all that *Bounce* can crave)
Shall wag her tail within the grave.

* *On the countess of Burlington cutting paper.*

PALLAS grew vap'rish once and odd;
She would not do the least right thing:
Either for Goddesses or for God,
Nor work, nor play, nor paint, nor sing.

Jove frown'd, and "Ufe (he cry'd) those eyes;
" So skilful, and those hands so taper;
" Do something exquisite and wise" ---
She bow'd, obey'd him, and cut paper.

* Virg. *Æn.* 8.

This vexing him who gave her birth,
Thought by all heav'n a burning shame,
What does she next, but bids on earth
Her *Burlington* do just the same?

Pallas, you give yourself strange airs;
But sure you'll find it hard to spoil
The sense and taste of one, that bears
The name of *Savile* and of *Boyle*.

Alas! one bad example shown,
How quickly all the sex pursue!
See, madam! see, the arts o'erthrown
Between *John Overton* and you.

* *On a certain lady at court.*

I Know the thing that's most uncommon,
(Envy, be silent, and attend!)

I know a reasonable woman,
Handsome and witty, yet a friend.

Not warp'd by passion, aw'd by rumour;
Not grave thro' pride, or gay thro' folly;
An equal-mixture of good-humour,
And sensible soft melancholy.

"Has she no faults then, (envy says) sir?"
Yes, she has one, I must aver:
When all the world conspires to praise her,
The woman's deaf, and does not hear.

722 *To Doctor DELANY,*

On the Libels written against him.

AS some raw youth in country bred;
To arms by thirst of honour led,
When at a skirmish first he hears
The bullets whistling round his ears,
Will duck his head aside, will start,
And feel a trembling at his heart;
Till 'scaping oft without a wound
Lessens the terror of the sound:
Fly bullets now as thick as hops,
He runs into a cannon's chops,
An author thus, who pants for fame,
Begins the world with fear and shame:
When first in print, you see him dread
Each pop-gun levell'd at his head:
The lead yon critick's quill contains
Is destin'd to beat out his brains.
As if he heard loud thunders roll,
Cries, Lord, have mercy on his soul!
Concluding, that another shot
Will strike him dead upon the spot.
But, when with squibbing, flashing, popping,
He cannot see one creature dropping;
That, missing fire, or missing aim,
His life is safe, I mean his fame;
The danger past, takes heart of grace,
And looks a critick in the face.

Though splendor gives the fairest mark
To poison'd arrows from the dark,

Yet,

Yet, * *in yourself when smooth and round,*
They glance aside without a wound.

'Tis said, the Gods try'd all their art;
How *pain* they might from *pleasure* part;
But little could their strength avail;
Both still are fasten'd by the tail.
Thus *fame* and *censure* with a tether
By fate are always link'd together.

Why will you aim to be preferr'd
In wit before the common herd?
And yet grow mortify'd and vext
To pay the penalty annex't?

'Tis eminence makes envy rise;
As fairest fruits attract the flies.
Shou'd stupid libels grieve your mind,
You soon a remedy may find:
Lie down obscure like other folks
Below the lash of snarlers jokes.
Their faction is five hundred odds;
For ev'ry coxcomb lends them rods;
And sneers as learnedly as they;
Like females o'er their morning tea.

You say, the muse will not contain,
And write you must, or break a vein.
Then, if you find the terms too hard,
No longer my advice regard :-

* In seipso totus teres atque rotundus.

But raise your fancy on the wing ;
 The *Irish senate's* praises sing ;
 How jealous of the nation's freedom,
 And for corruptions, how they weed 'em ;
 How each the publick good pursues,
 How far their hearts from private views ;
 Make all true patriots up to shoe-boys
 Huzza their brethren at the *Blue-boys* * ;
 Thus grown a member of the club,
 No longer dread the rage of *Grub*.

How oft am I for rhyme to seek !
 To dress a thought I toil a week :
 And then how thankful to the town,
 If all my pains will earn a crown !
 Whilst ev'ry critick can devour
 My work and me in half an hour.
 Would men of genius cease to write,
 The rogues must die for want and spight,
 Must die for want of food and raiment,
 If scandal did not find them payment.
 How chearfully the hawkers cry
 A satire, and the gentry buy !
 While my hard-labour'd poem pines
 Unfold upon the printer's lines.

A *genius* in the rev'rend gown
 Must ever keep its owner down :
 'Tis an unnatural conjunction,
 And spoils the credit of the function.

* The *Irish* parliament sat at the *Blue-boys* hospital, while the new parliament-house was building.

LIBELS WRITTEN AGAINST HIM. 235

Round all your brethren cast your eyes ;
 Point out the surest men to rise :
 That club of candidates in black,
 The least deserving of the pack,
 Aspiring, factious, fierce and loud,
 With grace and learning unendow'd,
 Will sooner coin a thousand lyes
 Than suffer men of parts to rise :
 They croud about preferment's gate,
 And press you down with all their weight.
 For, as of old mathematicians
 Were by the vulgar thought magicians ;
 So academick dull ale-drinkers
 Pronounce all men of wit *free-thinkers*.

Wit, as the chief of virtue's friends,
 Disdains to serve ignoble ends.
 Observe what loads of stupid rhymes
 Oppress us in corrupted times :
 What pamphlets in a court's defence
 Shew reason, grammar, truth, or sense ?
 For, though the muse delights in fiction,
 She ne'er inspires against conviction.
 Then keep your virtue still unmixt,
 And let not faction come betwixt :
 By party steps no grandeur clime at,
 Though it would make you *England's* primate :
 First learn the science to be dull,
 You then may soon your conscience lull ;
 If not, however seated high,
 Your genius in your face will fly.

When

When *Jove* was from his teeming head
 Of wit's fair goddess brought to bed,
 There follow'd at his lying-in
 For after-birth a *Sooterkin*;
 Which, as the nurse pursu'd to kill,
 Attain'd by flight the muses hill;
 There in the soil began to root,
 And litter'd at *Parnassus'* foot.
 From hence the critick vermin sprung
 With harpy claws and pois'nous tongue,
 Who fatten on poetick scraps,
 Too cunning to be caught in traps.
 Dame nature, as the learned show,
 Provides each animal its foe:
 Hounds hunt the hare, the wily fox
 Devours your geese, the wolf your flocks;
 Thus envy pleads a nat'ral claim
 To persecute the muses fame;
 On poets in all times abusive,
 From *Homer* down to *Pope* inclusive.

Yet what avails it to complain?
 You try to take revenge in vain.
 A rat your utmost rage defies,
 That safe behind the wainscot lies:
 Say, did you ever know by fight
 In cheese an individual mite?
 Shew me the same numerick flea,
 That bit your neck but yesterday:
 You then may boldly go in quest
 To find the *Grub-street* poets nest;

What

What spunging-house in dread of jayl
 Receives them, while they wait for bail;
 What alley they are nestled in
 To flourish o'er a cup of gin:
 Find the last garret where they lay,
 Or cellar, where they starve to-day.
 Suppose you had them all trepann'd,
 With each a libel in his hand,
 What punishment would you inflict?
 Or call 'em rogues, or get 'em kickt?
 These they have often try'd before;
 You but oblige 'em so much more:
 Themselves would be the first to tell,
 To make their trash the better sell.

You have been libell'd---Let us know,
 What fool officious told you so?
 Will you regard the hawker's cries,
 Who in his titles always lies?
 Whate'er the noisy scoundrel says,
 It might be something in your praise:
 And praise bestow'd in *Grub-street* rhymes
 Would vex one more a thousand times.
 Till criticks blame, and judges praise,
 The poet cannot claim his bays.
 On me when dunces are satirick,
 I take it for a panegyrick.
Hated by fools, and fools to hate,
 Be that my *motto*, and my *fate*.

On D R E A M S.

An Imitation of Petronius.

Somnia quæ mentes ludunt volitantibus umbris, etc.

THOSE dreams, that on the silent night intrude,
And with false flitting shades our minds delude,
Jove never sends us downward from the skies;
Nor can they from infernal mansions rise;
But are all meer productions of the brain,
And fools consult interpreters in vain.

For, when in bed we rest our weary limbs,
The mind unburthen'd sports in various whims;
The busy head with mimic art runs o'er
The scenes and actions of the day before.

The drowsy tyrant, by his minions led,
To regal rage devotes some patriot's head.
With equal terrors, not with equal guilt,
The murd'rer dreams of all the blood he spilt.

The soldier smiling hears the widow's cries,
And stabs the son before the mother's eyes.
With like remorse his brother of the trade,
The butcher, fells the lamb beneath his blade.

The statesman rakes the town to find a plot,
And dreams of forfeitures by treason got.
Nor less Tom-t--d-man of true statesman mold
Collects the city filth in search of gold.

Orphans around his bed the lawyer sees,
And takes the plaintiff's and defendant's fees.
His fellow pick-purse, watching for a job,
Fancies his fingers in the cully's fob.

The kind physician grants the husband's pray'rs,
Or gives relief to long-expecting heirs.

The

The sleeping hangman ties the fatal noose,
Nor unsuccessful waits for dead mens shoes.

The grave divine with knotty points perplext,
As if he was awake, nods o'er his text:
While the sly mountebank attends his trade,
Harangues the rabble, and is better paid.

The hireling senator of modern days
Bedaubs the guilty great with nauseous praise:
And *Dick* the scavenger with equal grace
Flirts from his cart the mud in ---'s face.

T O S T E L L A,

Visiting me in my sickness, *October 1727.*

PALLAS, observing *Stella's* wit
Was more than for her sex was fit,
And that her beauty soon or late
Might breed confusion in the state,
In high concern for human-kind,
Fixt *honour* in her infant mind.

But, (not in wranglings to engage
With such a stupid vicious age)
If honour I would here define,
It answers faith in things divine.
As nat'ral life the body warms,
And, scholars teach, the soul informs;
So honour animates the whole,
And is the spirit of the soul.

Those num'rous virtues, which the tribe
Of tedious moralists describe,

H h 2

And

And by such various titles call,
 True honour comprehends them all.
 Let melancholy rule supreme,
 Choler preside, or blood, or phlegm,
 It makes no difference in the case,
 Nor is complexion honour's place.

But, lest we should for honour take
 The drunken quarrels of a rake;
 Or think it seated in a scar,
 Or on a proud triumphal car,
 Or in the payment of a debt
 We lose with sharpers at *picquet*;
 Or when a whore in her vocation
 Keeps punctual to an assignation;
 Or that on which his lordship swears,
 When vulgar knaves would lose their ears;
 Let *Stella's* fair example preach
 A lesson, she alone can teach.

In points of honour to be try'd
 All passions must be laid aside:
 Ask no advice, but think alone;
 Suppose the question not your own:
 How shall I act? is not the case;
 But how would *Brutus* in my place?
 In such a case would *Cato* bleed?
 And how would *Socrates* proceed?

Drive all objections from your mind,
 Else you relapse to human-kind;
 Ambition, avarice, and lust,
 And factious rage, and breach of trust,
 And flatt'ry tipt with nauseous flier,
 And guilty shame, and servile fear,

bna

Envy,

Envy, and cruelty, and pride,
Will in your tainted heart preside.

Heroes and heroines of old
By honour only were enroll'd
Among their brethren in the skies,
To which (though late) shall *Stella* rise.
Ten thousand oaths upon record
Are not so sacred as her word :
The world shall in its atoms end,
E're *Stella* can deceive a friend.
By honour seated in her breast
She still determines what is best :
What indignation in her mind
Against enslavers of mankind !
Base kings, and ministers of state,
Eternal objects of her hate !

She thinks, that nature ne'er design'd
Courage to man alone confin'd :
Can cowardice her sex adorn,
Which most exposes ours to scorn ?
She wonders where the charm appears
In *Florimel's* affected fears ;
For *Stella* never learn'd the art
At proper times to scream and start ;
Nor calls up all the house at night,
And swears she saw a thing in white.
Doll never flies to cut her lace,
Or throw cold water in her face,
Because she heard a sudden drum,
Or found an earwig in a plum.

Her hearers are amaz'd, from whence
Proceeds that fund of wit and sense ;

Which,

TO STELLA.

Which, though her modesty wou'd shroud,
Breaks like the sun behind a cloud ;
While gracefulness its art conceals,
And yet through ev'ry motion steals.

Say, *Stella*, was *Prometheus* blind,
And, forming you, mistook your kind ?
No ; 'twas for you alone he stole
The fire, that forms a manly soul ;
Then, to complete it ev'ry way,
He moulded it with female clay :
To that you owe the nobler flame,
To this the beauty of your frame.

How wou'd ingratitude delight,
And how wou'd censure glut her spight,
If I should *Stella's* kindness hide
In silence, or forget with pride ?
When on my sickly couch I lay,
Impatient both of night and day,
Lamenting in unmanly strains,
Call'd ev'ry pow'r to ease my pains,
Then *Stella* ran to my relief
With chearful face, and inward grief ;
And, though by heav'n's severe decree
She suffers hourly more than me,
No cruel master could require
From slaves employ'd for daily hire
What *Stella*, by her friendship warm'd,
With vigour and delight perform'd :
My sinking spirits now supplies
With cordials in her hands and eyes ;
Now with a soft and silent tread
Unheard she moves about my bed.

I see

I see her taste each nauseous draught,
And so obligingly am caught:
I bless the hand from whence they came,
Nor dare distort my face for shame.

Best pattern of true friends, beware:
You pay too dearly for your care,
If, while your tenderness secures
My life, it must endanger yours;
For such a fool was never found,
Who pull'd a palace to the ground
Only to have the ruins made
Materials for an house decay'd.

V E R S E S
ON THE
DEATH OF DR. SWIFT,

Occasioned by reading the following maxim, in ROCHEFOUCAULT.

Written in Nov. 1731.

Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis nous trouvons toujours quelque chose, qui ne nous déplaist pas.

In the adversity of our best friends we always find something
that doth not displease us.

AS Rochefoucault his maxims drew
From nature, I believe them true:
They argue no corrupted mind
In him; the fault is in mankind.

I i

This

This maxim more than all the rest
 Is thought too base for human breast:
 " In all distresses of our friends
 " We first consult our private ends;
 " While nature, kindly bent to ease us,
 " Points out some circumstance to please us."

If this perhaps your patience move,
 Let reason and experience prove.

We all behold with envious eyes
 Our equal rais'd above our size.
 I love my friend as well as you:
 But why should he obstruct my view?
 Then let me have the higher post;
 Suppose it but an inch at most.
 If in a battle you should find
 One, whom you love of all mankind,
 Had some heroick action done,
 A champion kill'd, or trophy won;
 Rather than thus be overtop,
 Wou'd you not wish his laurels cropt?
 Dear honest *Ned* is in the gout,
 Lies rack'd with pain, and you without:
 How patiently you hear him groan!
 How glad, the case is not your own!

What poet would not grieve to see
 His brother write as well as he?
 But, rather than they should excell,
 Would with his rivals all in hell?

Her

Her end when emulation misses,
She turns to envy, stings and hisses:
The strongest friendship yields to pride,
Unless the odds be on our side.

Vain human-kind! fantastick race!
Thy various follies who can trace?
Self-love, ambition, envy, pride,
Their empire in our hearts divide.
Give others riches, power, and station;
'Tis all on me an usurpation.
I have no title to aspire;
Yet, when you sink, I seem the higher.
In *Pope* I cannot read a line,
But with a sigh I wish it mine:
When he can in one couplet fix
More sense, than I can do in six,
It gives me such a jealous fit,
I cry, pox take him and his wit.
I grieve to be outdone by *Gay*
In my own hum'rous biting way.
Arbutnot is no more my friend,
Who dares to irony pretend,
Which I was born to introduce,
Refin'd it first, and shew'd its use.
St. John *, as well as *Pulteney* †, knows
That I had some repute for prose;
And, till they drove me out of date,
Could maul a minister of state.

* Lord viscount *Bolingbroke*.

† *William Pulteney*, esq; now earl of *Bath*.

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If they have mortify'd my pride,
And made me throw my pen aside;
If with such talents heav'n hath blest 'em,
Have I not reason to detest 'em?

To all my foes, dear fortune, send
Thy gifts; but never to my friend:
I tamely can endure the first;
But this with envy makes me burst.

Thus much may serve by way of proem;
Proceed we therefore to our poem.

The time is not remote, when I
Must by the course of nature die;
When, I foresee, my special friends
Will try to find their private ends:
And, though 'tis hardly understood,
Which way my death can do them good,
Yet thus, methinks, I hear them speak:
See, how the dean begins to break!
Poor gentleman! he droops apace!
You plainly find it in his face.
That old vertigo in his head
Will never leave him, till he's dead.
Besides, his memory decays:
He recollects not what he says;
He cannot call his friends to mind;
Forgets the place where last he din'd:
Plies you with stories o'er and o'er;
He told them fifty times before.

How

VERSES ON THE DEATH OF DR. SWIFT. 243

How does he fancy, we can fit
To hear his out-of-fashion wit?
But he takes up with younger folks,
Who for his wine will bear his jokes.
Faith, he must make his stories shorter,
Or change his comrades once a quarter:
In half the time he talks them round:
There must another set be found.

For poetry, he's past his prime;
He takes an hour to find a rhyme:
His fire is out, his wit decay'd,
His fancy funk, his muse a jade.
I'd have him throw away his pen; ---
But there's no talking to some men.

And then their tenderness appears
By adding largely to my years:
He's older than he would be reckon'd,
And well remembers *Charles* the second.
He hardly drinks a pint of wine;
And that, I doubt, is no good sign.
His stomach too begins to fail:
Last year we thought him strong and hale;
But now he's quite another thing:
I wish he may hold out till spring.
They hug themselves, and reason thus;
It is not yet so bad with us.

In such a case they talk in tropes,
And by their fears express their hopes.

Some

Some great misfortune to portend
 No enemy can match a friend.
 With all the kindness they profess,
 The merit of a lucky guess
 (When daily how-d'ye's come of course,
 And servants answer, "Worse and worse!")
 Wou'd please them better, than to tell,
 That, God be prais'd! the dean is well.
 Then he, who prophesy'd the best,
 Approves his foresight to the rest:
 "You know I always fear'd the worst,
 "And often told you so at first."
 He'd rather chuse that I should die,
 Than his prediction prove a lie.
 Not one foretels, I shall recover;
 But all agree to give me over.

Yet, should some neighbour feel a pain
 Just in the parts where I complain;
 How many a message would he send?
 What hearty prayers, that I should mend?
 Enquire what regimen I kept;
 What gave me ease, and how I slept?
 And more lament, when I was dead,
 Than all the sniv'lers round my bed.

My good companions, never fear;
 For, though you may mistake a year,
 Though your prognosticks run too fast,
 They must be verifys'd at last.

Behold

Behold the fatal day arrive!
How is the dean? he's just alive.
Now the departing pray'r is read;
He hardly breathes---The dean is dead.

Before the passing-bell begun,
The news through half the town has run.
Oh! may we all for death prepare!
What has he left? and who's his heir?
I know no more than what the news is;
'Tis all bequeath'd to publick uses.
To publick uses! there's a whim!
What had the publick done for him?
Mere envy, avarice, and pride:
He gave it all---but first he dy'd.
And had the dean in all the nation
No worthy friend, no poor relation?
So ready to do strangers good,
Forgetting his own flesh and blood?

Now *Grubstreet* wits are all employ'd;
With elegies the town is cloy'd:
Some paragraph in ev'ry paper
To *curse* the dean, or *bless* the drapier.
The doctors, tender of their fame,
Wisely on me lay all the blame.
We must confess his case was nice;
But he would never take advice.
Had he been rul'd, for ought appears,
He might have liv'd these twenty years:

For

246 VERSES ON THE DEATH OF DR. SWIFT

For when we open'd him, we found,
That all his vital parts were found.
From *Dublin* soon to *London* spread,
'Tis told at court, the dean is dead.
And lady *Suffolk* * in the spleen
Runs laughing up to tell ***

** so gracious, mild, and good,
Cries, "Is he gone! 'tis time he shou'd."

" * * * * *

" * * * * *

" * * * * *

" * * * * *

" * * * * *

" * * * * *

" * * * * *

Now *Chartres* †, at sir *Robert's* † levee,
Tells with a sneer the tidings heavy:
Why, if he dy'd without his shoes,
(Cries *Bob*) I'm sorry for the news:
Oh, were the wretch but living still,
And in his place my good friend § *Will*!
Or had a mitre on his head,
Provided *Bolingbroke* were dead!

Now *Curl* ** his shop from rubbish drains:
Three genuine tomes of *Swift's* remains!
And then, to make them pass the glibber,
Revis'd by *Tibbalds*, *Moore*, and *Cibber*.

* Mrs. *Howard*, then countess of *Suffolk*, and of the bedchamber to the late queen.

† Colonel *Francis Chartres*, whose character may be seen in an epitaph written by Dr. *Arbutnot*, p. 216.

‡ Sir *Robert Walpole*, then first minister of state, afterwards earl of *Orford*.

§ *William Pulteney*, esq; since earl of *Bath*.

** An infamous bookseller, who published things in the dean's name, which he never wrote.

He'll

VERSES ON THE DEATH OF DR. SWIFT. 247

He'll treat me, as he does my betters,
 * Publish my will, my life, my letters;
 Revive the libels born to die;
 Which *Pope* must bear, as well as I.

Here shift the scene to represent
 How those I love my death lament.
 Poor *Pope* will grieve a month, and *Gay*
 A week, and *Arbutnot* a day.

St. John himself will scarce forbear
 To bite his pen, and drop a tear.
 The rest will give a shrug, and cry,
 "I'm sorry---but we all must die!"

Indiff'rence clad in wisdom's guise
 All fortitude of mind supplies:
 For how can stony bowels melt
 In those, who never pity felt?
 When we are lash'd, they kiss the rod,
 Resigning to the will of God.

The fools my juniors by a year
 Are tortur'd with suspense and fear;
 Who wisely thought my age a screen,
 When death approach'd, to stand between:
 The screen remov'd, their hearts are trembling;
 They mourn for me without dissembling.

My female friends, whose tender hearts
 Have better learn'd to act their parts,

* For some of these practices he was brought before the house of lords.

248 VERSES ON THE DEATH OF DR. SWIFT

Receive the news in doleful dumps:

" The dean is dead (pray, what is trumps?)

" Then, Lord, have mercy on his soul!

" (Ladies, I'll venture for the vole.)

" Six deans, they say, must bear the pall.

" (I wish I knew what king to call.)

" Madam, your husband will attend

" The fun'ral of so good a friend:

" No, madam, 'tis a shocking sight;

" And he's engag'd to-morrow night:

" My lady *Club* will take it ill,

" If he should fail her at quadrille.

" He lov'd the dean---(I lead a heart)

" But dearest friends, they say, must part.

" His time was come; he ran his race;

" We hope he's in a better place."

Why do we grieve that friends should die?
No loss more easy to supply.

One year is past; a diff'rent scene!

No farther mention of the dean,

Who now, alas! no more is mist,

Than if he never did exist.

Where's now the fav'rite of *Apollo*?

Departed:---and his works must follow,

Must undergo the common fate;

His kind of wit is out of date.

Some country 'squire to *Lintot* * goes,
Inquires for *Swift* in verse and prose.

* *Bernard Lintot*, a bookseller. See *Pope's Dunciad* and letters.

Says

VERSES ON THE DEATH OF DR. SWIFT. 249

Says *Lintot*, " I have heard the name ;
 " He dy'd a year ago." The same.
 He searches all the shop in vain.
 " Sir, you may find them in *Duck-lane* † :
 " I sent them, with a load of books,
 " Last *Monday* to the pastry-cook's.
 " To fancy, they could live a year !
 " I find, you're but a stranger here.
 " The dean was famous in his time,
 " And had a kind of knack at rhyme.
 " His way of writing now is past :
 " The town has got a better taste.
 " I keep no antiquated stuff ;
 " But spick and span I have enough.
 " Pray, do but give me leave to shew 'em :
 " Here's *Colley Cibber's* birth-day poem.
 " This ode you never yet have seen
 " By *Stephen Duck* upon the queen.
 " Then here's a letter finely penn'd
 " Against the *Craftsman* and his friend :
 " It clearly shews, that all reflection
 " On ministers is disaffection.
 " Next, here's fir *Robert's* vindication,
 " And mr. *Henley's* * last oration.
 " The hawkers have not got them yet :
 " Your honour please to buy a set?"

Suppose me dead ; and then suppose
 A club assembled at the *Rose* ;

† A place where old books are sold.

* Commonly called orator *Henley*, whose rhapsodies burlesque religion, and disgrace his country.

250 VERSES ON THE DEATH OF DR. SWIFT.

Where, from discourse of this and that,
I grow the subject of their chat.

The dean, if we believe report,
Was never ill-receiv'd at court.
Although ironically grave,
He sham'd the fool, and lash'd the knave.

" Sir, I have heard another story;
" He was a most *confounded tory*,
" And grew, or he is much bely'd,
" Extremely *dull*, before he dy'd."

Can we the *Drapier* e'er forget?
Is not our nation in his debt?
'Twas he that writ the *Drapier's letters*!---

" He should have left them for his *bettors*;
" We had a hundred *abler men*,
" Nor need *depend* upon his *pen*.---
" Say what you will about his *reading*,
" You never can *defend* his *breeding*;
" Who, in his *satires* running riot,
" Could never leave the *world* in *quiet*;
" Attacking, when he took the *whim*,
" *Court, city, camp*,--all one to him.---

" But why would he, except he *flobber'd*,
" Offend our *patriot*, great sir *Robert*,
" Whose *counsels* aid the sov'reign pow'r
" To *save* the *nation* ev'ry hour?

" What

VERSES ON THE DEATH OF DR. SWIFT. 251

- “ What *scenes* of evil he unravels
- “ In *satires, libels, lying travels!*
- “ Not sparing his own *clergy-cloth,*
- “ But *eats* into it, like a *moth!*”---

Perhaps I may allow, the dean
 Had too much satire in his vein,
 And seem'd determin'd not to starve it,
 Because no age could more deserve it.
 Vice, if it e'er can be abash'd,
 Must be or *ridicul'd* or *lash'd*.
 If you *resent* it, who's to blame?
 He neither knew *you*, nor your *name*:
 Should *vice* expect to 'scape rebuke,
 Because its *owner* is a *duke*?
 His friendships, still to few confin'd,
 Were always of the middling kind;
 No fools of rank, or mongrel breed,
 Who fain would pass for lords indeed,
 Where titles give no right or power,
 And peerage is a wither'd flower.
 He would have deem'd it a disgrace,
 If such a wretch had known his face.
 He never thought an honour done him,
 Because a peer was proud to own him;
 Would rather slip aside, and chuse
 To talk with wits in dirty shoes;
 And scorn the tools with stars and garters,
 So often seen caressing *Chartres*.

He kept with princes due decorum;
 Yet never stood in awe before 'em.

He

252 VERSES ON THE DEATH OF DR. SWIFT.

He follow'd *David's* lesson just;
In princes never put his trust:
And, would you make him truly sower,
Provoke him with a slave in power.

" Alas, poor *dean*! his only scope
" Was to be held a *misanthrope*.
" This into gen'ral *odium* drew him,
" Which if he lik'd, *much good may't do him*.
" His *zeal* was not to lash our crimes,
" But *discontent* against the times:
" For, had we made him *timely* offers
" To *raise* his *post*, or *fill* his *coffers*,
" Perhaps he might have truckled down,
" Like other *brethren* of his *gown*.
" For *party* he would scarce have bled:---
" I say no more,---because he's *dead*.---
" What *writings* has he left behind?---

I hear, they're of a diff'rent kind:

A few in *verse*; but most in *prose*---

" Some *high-flown pamphlets*, I suppose:---
" All scribbled in the *worst* of *times*,
" To *palliate* his friend *Oxford's* crimes,
" To praise queen *Anne*, nay more, defend her,
" As never fav'ring the *pretender*:---
" Or *libels* yet conceal'd from sight,
" Against the *court* to shew his *spight*:---
" Perhaps his *travels*, *part the third*;
" A *lye* at ev'ry *second* word---
" Offensive to a *loyal* ear:---
" But---not one *sermon*, you may *swear*.---

As

As for his works in verse or prose,
 I own myself no judge of those.
 Nor can I tell what criticks thought 'em;
 But this I know, all people bought 'em,
 As with a moral view design'd,
 To *please*, and to *reform* mankind:
 And, if he often miss'd his aim,
 The *world* must own it, to their *shame*,
 The *praise* is *his*, and *theirs* the *blame*.
 He gave the little wealth he had
 To build a house for fools and mad;
 To shew, by one satiric touch,
 No nation wanted it so much.
 And, since you *dread* no farther *lashes*,
 Methinks you may *forgive his ashes*.

F I N I S.

As for his works in verse or prose
 I own myself no judge of these
 Nor can I tell what critics thought
 But this I know, all people brought
 As with a mortal view design'd
 To please, and to be understood
 And, if he often miss'd his aim,
 The world must own it to their shame
 The praise is his, and that is all
 He gave the first and last
 To build a house, and to be true
 To show, be of good use
 No nation wanted more
 And, since you want no more
 Methinks you may forgive



